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*Beginning*  
*A New Novel*  
*By* ELINOR GLYN



**"A COLORED SUPPLEMENT"**

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# COSMOPOLITAN

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## *A Mission and a Million*

*By Herbert Kaufman*

GREAT fiction is truth dug out of actuality—garbed and illuminated by the interpretive resources of artistry.

Authors must live broadly, deeply, intensely—or their characters are squeaking marionettes, jerking on artificial lines.

Human nature is the Great Adventure. Fate provides all the plots. The astounding romance is Reality.

Novelists do not invent characters; they discover them. Otherwise, they play with waxworks.

There are just so many possible combinations and conflicts of temperament; and so many thousands of pens, from Sophocles to Galsworthy, have already drawn upon them that the conception of a new and logical situation is a labor of infinite insight and observation.

Nothing of literary worth is done in haste.

It is the ambition and purpose of *Cosmopolitan* to foster and print the ablest in contemporary fiction.

Not "highbrow stuff"—nothing is so tiresome as ornate style. Only a pedant or a prig critic applauds the involutions and grandiloquence of a verbal snob. Men who plainly know what they are doing are plain-spoken.

Genius is always simple; that's what genius is—the gift of translating the Beautiful to Everyman.

*Cosmopolitan* authors must possess this supreme faculty, or they aren't important enough to be contributors.

Owen Johnson, Gouverneur Morris, Samuel Merwin, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Elinor Glyn, Robert W. Chambers, and Maurice Maeterlinck, for example, in *March Cosmopolitan*, are as illustrious a company as our time knows.

But even these surpassing artists could not maintain their existing standards if they diluted their output.

*Cosmopolitan*, by its far-sighted policy of contracting, wherever possible, for the exclusive services of its distinguished writers and illustrators, enables them to limit their expression, and provides an abundance of leisure for the production of vital, masterly work.

An artist without a definite market must necessarily speculate and turn out an excess amount of promiscuous material, much of which is inferior to his possibilities.

*Cosmopolitan* has grown because it has afforded opportunities for the biggest writers to surpass themselves.

At the height of their powers, they can devote the most time to the least work. This means concentration, ripe craftsmanship, and the inspiration that springs from the consciousness of self-respecting, whole-souled endeavor.

*Cosmopolitan* is publishing more of the finished, brilliant, forceful literature of our day than any dozen of its contemporaries—work that will stand on to-morrow's book-shelves.

It has a *mission*—that's why it has a *million*.

# *The Crimes of Peace*

*By Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

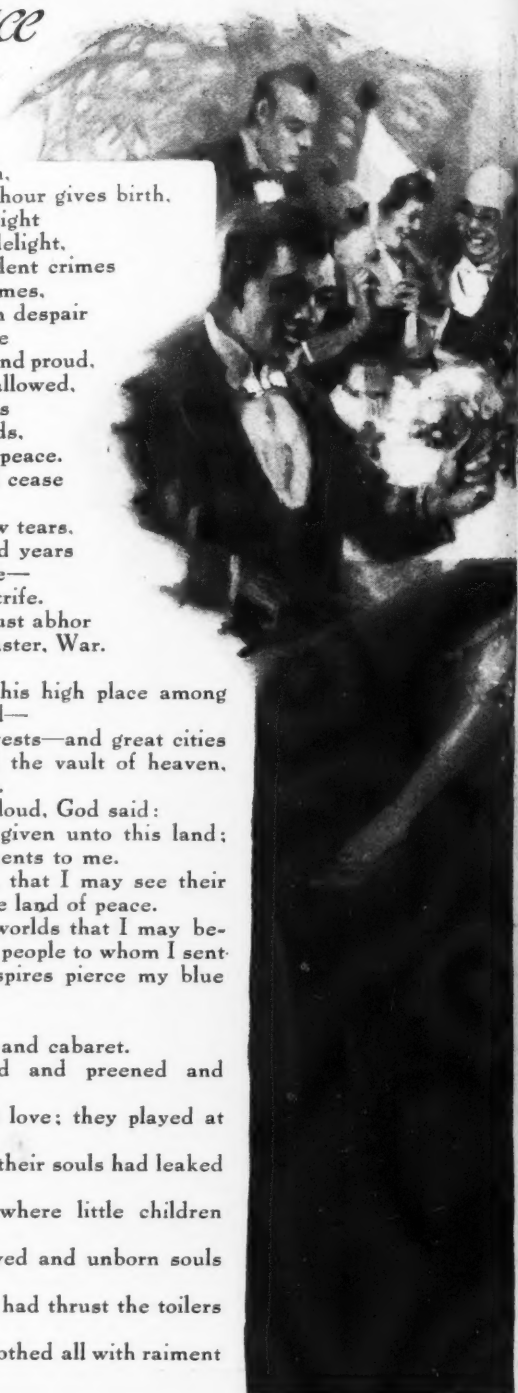
*Drawing by J.D. Skidmore*

MUSING upon the tragedies of earth,  
Of each new horror which each hour gives birth,  
Of sins that scar and cruelties that blight  
Life's little season, meant for man's delight,  
Methought those monstrous and repellent crimes  
Which hate engenders in war-heated times,  
To God's great heart bring not so much despair  
As other sins which flourish everywhere  
And in all times—bold sins, bare-faced and proud,  
Unchecked by college, and by Church allowed,  
Lifting their lusty heads like ugly weeds  
Above wise precepts and religious creeds,  
And growing rank in prosperous days of peace.  
Think you the evils of this world would cease  
With war's cessation?

If God's eyes know tears,  
Methinks he weeps more for the wasted years  
And the lost meaning of this earthly life—  
This big, brief life—than over bloody strife.  
Yea; there are mean, lean sins God must abhor  
More than the fatted, blood-drunk monster, War.

Looking from his place, looking from his high place among  
the stars, God saw a peaceful land—  
A land of fertile fields and golden harvests—and great cities  
whose innumerable spires pierced the vault of heaven,  
like bayonets of an invading army.  
And God said, speaking unto himself aloud, God said:  
"Peace and power and plenty have I given unto this land;  
and those tall steeples are monuments to me.  
Now let my people reveal themselves, that I may see their  
works, done in my name in a fertile land of peace.  
I will withdraw mine eyes from other worlds that I may be-  
hold them, that I may behold these people to whom I sent  
Christ—they whose innumerable spires pierce my blue  
vault like bayonets."

God saw the restless, idle rich in club and cabaret.  
Meat-gorged, wine-filled, they played and preened and  
danced till dawn o' day;  
They played at sports; they played at love; they played at  
being gay.  
They were but empty, silk-clad shells; their souls had leaked  
away.  
He saw the sweat-shop and the mill where little children  
toiled,  
The sunless rooms where mothers slaved and unborn souls  
were spoiled;  
While those whose greedy, selfish lives had thrust the toilers  
there,  
He saw whirled down broad avenues, clothed all with raiment  
fair.





He saw in homes made beautiful with all that gold can give  
Unhappy souls at odds with life, not knowing how to live.  
He saw fair, pampered women turn from motherhood's sweet  
joy,

Obsessed with methods to prevent or mania to destroy.  
He saw men sell their souls to vice and avarice and greed;  
He heard race quarreling with race and creed decrying creed,  
And shameful weal; and waste he saw, and shameful want  
and need.

He saw bold little children come from church and school-  
room, blind

To suffering of lesser things, unfeeling and unkind;  
He heard them taunt the poor, and tease their furred and  
feathered kin;

And no voice spake from home or church, to tell them this was  
sin.

He heard the cry of wounded things, the wasteful gun's  
report;

He saw the morbid craze to kill, which Christian men called  
sport.

And then God hid his grieving face behind a wall of cloud,  
On earth they said, "A thunder-storm"—but God had wept  
aloud.





DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

"You'll look sweet in pink, darling," he lisped, as he kissed her, "and it will be so soft and cozy"

# The Career of Katherine Bush

## By Elinor Glyn

*Illustrated by André Castaigne*

EDITOR'S NOTE—Elinor Glyn belongs to the school of fiction-writers who devote their powers to an unsparing and critical consideration of life. She does not invent romances; she uses her highly specialized intellect for the dissection of the mind and heart of the social world she knows. Students of twentieth-century manners will turn to her work for an accurate picture of the so-called upper class of British society. Such a picture is here presented.

Without conceit or vanity, Katherine Bush knows that she is a glorious purse which, judiciously expended, will command all the contraband of ambition. Too daring for hypocrisy, she estimates the probable cost of place and power, and calmly prepares to pay it. You cannot approve of her early code, but the intolerable circumstances of the dull, mean environment of her girlhood help to explain, without excusing, a character of such astounding determination and competence. Beauty and audacity provide her with infinite resource. She plunges into an aristocratic London swamp—and there, in its iridescent waters, she discovers her own soul. Here's another Becky Sharp—a new "Vanity Fair," in which British society is exposed with a Thackerayan scalpel!

D USK was coming on when Katherine Bush left the office of the Jew money-lenders, Livingstone & Devereux, in Holles Street. There was a modest establishment, with no indication upon the wire blind of the only street-window as to the trade practised by the two owners of the aristocratic names emblazoned upon the dingy transparency. But it was very well known all the same to numerous young bloods who often sought temporary relief within its doors.

Katherine Bush had been the shorthand typist there since she was nineteen. They paid her well, and she had the whole of Saturday to herself.

She sat clicking at her machine most of the day behind a high glass screen, and, when she lifted her head, she could see those who came to the desk beyond, she could hear their voices, and, if she listened very carefully, she could distinguish the words they said. In the three years in which she had earned thirty shillings a week

sitting there, she had become quite a connoisseur in male voices, and had made numerous deductions therefrom. "Liv" and "Dev," as Mr. Percival Livingstone and Mr. Benjamin Devereux were called with undue familiarity by their subordinates, often wondered how Katherine Bush seemed to know exactly the suitable sort of letter to write to each client without being told. She was certainly a most valuable young woman, and worth the rise the firm meant to offer her shortly.

She hardly ever spoke, and when she did raise her sullen grayish-green eyes with a question in them, you were wiser to answer it without too much palaver. The eyes were darkly, heavily lashed, and were compelling and disconcertingly steady, and set like Greek eyes under broad brows. Her cheeks were flat and her nose straight, and her mouth was full and large and red.

For the rest, she was a colorless creature with a mop of ashen-hued hair which gleamed with silvery lights. She was tall and slight, and she could, at any moment,



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have been turned by a clever dressmaker and hair-dresser into a great beauty. But as it was, she gave no thought to her appearance, and looked unremarkable and ordinary and lower middle class.

She had wonderful hands. Where they came from, the good God alone knew, with their whiteness and their shape. They were strong, too, and perhaps appeared boyish more than feminine. She did not inherit them from that excellent mother, retired to a better world some ten years before, or from that astute auctioneer father, who, dying suddenly, had left that comfortable, red-brick, semidetached villa at Bindon's Green, Brixton, as a permanent home for his large family.

But from whence come souls and bodies and hands and eyes—and whither do they go?

Katherine Bush often asked herself questions like these, and plodded on until she could give herself some kind of answer.

Not one single moment of her conscious hours had ever been wasted. She was always learning something, and before she had reached sixteen, she had realized that power to rule will eventually be in the grasp of the man or woman who can reap the benefit of lessons.

She had enjoyed her work at the night-schools, and the wet Sundays, curled up with a book in the armchair in the tiny attic, which she preferred to a larger bedroom because she could have it alone, unshared with a sister.

Her mind had become a storehouse of miscellaneous English literature, a good deal mispronounced in the words, because she had never heard it read aloud by a cultivated voice. She knew French grammatically, but her accent would have made a delicate ear wince. Her own voice was singularly refined; it was not for nothing that she had diligently listened to the voices of impecunious aristocrats for over three years.

For the moment, Katherine Bush was in love. Lord Algy had happened to glance over the glass screen upon his first visit to "Liv & Dev," to be accommodated with a thousand pounds, and his attractive blue eyes had met the gray-green ones.

He had spoken to her when she came out to luncheon. But he had done it really intelligently, and Katherine was not insulted. Indeed, accustomed as she was to

weigh everything in life, she accorded him a meed of praise for the manner in which he had carried out his intention to make her acquaintance. She had flouted him and turned him more or less inside out for over a month, but she had let him give her lunch—and now she had decided to spend the Saturday to Monday with him.

For the scheme of existence which she had planned out for herself, she decided her experience must be more complete. One must see life, she argued, and it was better to make a first plunge with a person of refinement who knew the whole game than with one of her own class, who would be but a very sorry instructor.

Heavens—to spend a Saturday-to-Monday with the counterpart of her brothers Fred and Bert! The idea made her shudder. She disliked them and their friends enough as it was—and the idea of marriage in that circle never entered her level head. Of what use would be all her studies and the lessons she had mastered, if she buried herself forever at Brixton with Charlie Progers or at Clapham with Percy Watson.

At this stage, no moral questions troubled her at all, nor had she begun to apply the laws of cause and effect in their full measure, although she was fully aware that what she purposed to do was the last thing she would have considered wise or safe for another woman to attempt. Rules of conduct were wisely made for communities, she felt, and must be kept, or disaster would inevitably follow. But, in her own case, she was willing to take risks.

The outlook for her should always be vast.

Lord Algy was passionately devoted, and it was wiser early in life to know the nature of men.

Thus she argued to herself, being totally unaware that her point of view was altogether affected because her heart and her senses pleaded hard, being touched for the first time in her twenty-two years.

She was quite untroubled by what the world calls morality—and she had no scruples. These were for a later date in her career.

The path looked clear and full of roses.

She had not been in the habit of consulting her family as to her movements, and had many times gone by herself for holidays at the seaside. No questions would be asked her when she returned on the

Monday. If the matter could have created scandal, she would not have gone—to create scandal was not at all part of her game.

Lord Algy had arranged to take her to Paris by that Friday night's train. They would have all Saturday and Sunday, and then return on Monday night. "Liv & Dev" had granted her a holiday until the Tuesday. She had put on her best blue-serve suit that morning, and had taken a small valise with what she considered necessary things.

And now her heart beat rather fast as she turned into Oxford Street in the gathering October dusk.

For a few moments she wondered what it would have been like if she had been going to marry Lord Algy—before all the world. Quite a great pleasure, no doubt, for a month or two—but then? He was the fourth son of a stingy Welsh marquis, and nothing would ever induce his family to pardon such a *mésalliance*. Of this she was well aware. It was the business of "Liv & Dev" to make themselves acquainted with a good deal about the peerage, and whatever her employers knew, Katherine Bush knew.

Life for her held no illusions. Her studies had convinced her that to be strong and perfectly honest were alone of any avail, and to acquire a thorough knowledge of human beings, so as then to be able to manipulate these pawns.

Lord Algy, she believed, was only a most agreeable part of her education, but of no vital importance. She would have been horrified if anyone had told her that she was mixing up sentiment in the affair.

To get everything down to its bed-rock meaning had been her endeavor ever since she had first read Darwin and Herbert Spencer.

"I shall have the experience of a widow," she said to herself, "and can then decide what is next to be done."

Lord Algy was a guardsman—and knew, among other things, exactly how to spend an agreeable Saturday to Monday. He was piqued by Katherine Bush, and almost in love. He looked forward to his brief honeymoon with delight.

He was waiting for her in a taxi-cab at the corner of Oxford Circus, and when she got in with her little valise, he caught and kissed her hand.

"We will go and dine at the Great Terminus," he told her, in his charming voice, "and don't you think it would be much nicer if we stayed there to-night and went on by the morning train? It is such a miserable hour to arrive in Paris otherwise."

He was holding her hand, and the nearness of him thrilled her in some new and delicious way. She hesitated, though, for a moment—she never acted on impulse. She crushed down a strange sensation of gasp which came in her throat. After all, of what matter if she stayed or started to-night, since she had already cast the die, and did not mean to shirk the payment of the stakes.

"Very well," she said, quite low.

"I hoped you would agree, pet," he whispered, encircling her with his arm. "I meant to persuade you. I sent my servant this afternoon to take the rooms for us, and everything will be ready."

This sounded agreeable enough, and Katherine Bush permitted herself to smile, which was a rare occurrence; she would spend hours and days without the flicker of one coming near her red lips.

In the uncertain light, Lord Algy felt it more than he actually saw it, and it warmed him.

She was, as he had confessed to his best friend in the battalion, an enigma to him—hence her charm.

"She treats me as though I were the ground under her feet at times," he recounted to Jack Kilcourcy. "I don't think she cares two straws for me really; but, by Jove, she is worth while! She has no nonsense about her, and she is so awfully game."

He had taken good care never to let Jack see her, though—or tell him her name.

It did not take them long to reach the hotel, and Katherine Bush was a little angry with herself because she felt a little quiver of nervousness when they were in the big hall.

Lord Algy knew all the ropes, and his air of complete *insouciance* reassured her. A discreet valet stepped forward and spoke to his master, and they were soon in the lift, and so to a well-lighted and -warmed suite.

"These colors and this imitation Chipendale are rather awful—aren't they?"—Lord Algy said, looking round; "but we



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must not mind, as it is only for one night; the Palatial, in Paris, will be different. I am glad Hanson saw to the flowers."

Huge bunches of roses stood upon the table and mantelpiece. Katherine Bush thought it a splendid place, but if it appeared "rather awful" to him, she must not show her admiration.

"Tea will come in a moment—I mean chocolate, pet—and I think we shall be as jolly as can be. In there is your room; they will have brought up your valise by now, I expect."

Katherine Bush moved forward and went through the door.

A cheery fire was burning and the curtains were drawn, and on a chair there was a big cardboard box.

She looked at it; it was addressed, "Mrs. Rufus."

"Who—is that—and what is it for?" she asked, in a voice deep as a well.

"It is just a fur-lined coat, darling," Lord Algy answered, as he pulled undone the string, "and a little wrap. I thought you would be so awfully cold on the boat—and probably would not have been able to bring much luggage."

A slight flush came into the young woman's white cheeks; something in her loathed taking presents.

"Thanks awfully—I'll be glad to have you lend them me for this trip—but why is it addressed 'Mrs. Rufus'? Mr. Devereux has got a sister of that name."

Lord Algy laughed.

"Well, you see, I could not have it 'Fitz-Rufus,' because everyone knows that is the Merioneth name—given us poor devils by the Normans, because we were such a red-headed lot, and I bet they found our own too difficult to pronounce." He began pulling out the coat and a soft, pink-silk dressing-gown from the box. "I always am just 'Rufus' when I come out like this." He laughed again a little constrainedly; it had just struck him that the latter part of his sentence was perhaps not very felicitously expressed—since he knew Katherine Bush was not the kind of woman accustomed to temporary wedded appellations.

She looked him straight in the eyes with her strange, disconcertingly steady gray-green ones; and then she smiled again—as the Sphinx might have done before being set in eternal immobility of stone.

Lord Algy felt stupidly uncomfortable;

so he folded her in his arms with a fond caress, a far better plan, he had always found, than any argument or explanation with women.

Katherine Bush realized the joy of it. This was how things were done in Lord Algy's world, then—so be it!

Together they looked at the coat and wrap, and he helped her to take off her hat and jacket and try them on. Lord Algy suggested that, as the dressing-gown was almost a tea-gown and was fairly pretty, she might wear it for dinner, which they would have in the sitting-room.

"You'll look sweet in pink, darling," he lisped, as he kissed her, "and it will be so soft and cozy."

Then the waiter knocked at the door and said the chocolate was ready, so they went back to the sitting-room.

He was quite adorable as he assisted her to pour in the cream, but Katherine Bush now decided she would keep him at arm's length for a while—the game was really so entertaining, and its moves must be made to last as long as possible.

Lord Algy enjoyed fencing, too, so they talked in a more matter-of-fact way for an hour or more, and then she told him she would go and change for dinner, as it would be ready in twenty minutes.

"I'll have to be your maid, darling—I make an awfully good maid—I never bungle with the beastly hooks—and I should love to brush your hair!"

His eyes shone, and his good-looking face was close to her own.

"You shall perhaps—to-morrow," Katherine Bush retorted—and slipping into the room beyond, she shut the door.

Lord Algy flung himself into an armchair, lit a cigarette, and laughed softly. He had never had such an experience as this.

"She is a wonder!" he said to himself. "Astonishing for her class—for any class! She reminds me of some French heroine—what's her name—fellow wrote jolly nice stuff—oh—er—'Mademoiselle de Maupin,' of course! By Jove, I believe I am going to have a time like that chap had—only she won't go off into limbo on Monday night! Confound it, I believe I'm in love!"

Then he threw away his cigarette-end, and went round through the outer passage to his room beyond hers, where he found his servant turning on his bath in the bathroom which divided their apartments.



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"The lady did not seem to require it—yet," Hanson said respectfully, "so I have turned on your lordship's first."

And in a few minutes Lord Algy was splashing in the scented water, while he gaily whistled a tune.

And Katherine Bush heard him as she was sponging her white face—and stopped and listened surprisedly.

"Whatever can he be having a bath for at this time of day," she said to herself, "and it is not Saturday!"

Then the thought came—it might be the custom of his class to bathe before dinner! A scarlet spot grew in each cheek—she must never forget to learn and profit by her lessons; so she deliberately went and knocked on the communicating door and called out:

"Algy, you are mean to take the first! When you have finished, turn on mine."

And then she stood and trembled for a minute while she piled up her great mass of ashen hair.

"All right, darling!" he called back.

At dinner she looked quite pretty; the pink suited her pale skin, and the unusual feminine fluffiness of the garment altered her rather stern appearance. She had not yet begun to employ any art whatever or to alter the rough bundling-up of her hair, but now, out to enjoy herself under the most propitious and rose-colored circumstances, her strange, sullen eyes shone with a subtle fascination, and her deep voice had tones in it which seduced the ear.

She had never dined with him before—only lunched—and now it behooved her to observe the ways of things, as she was quite ignorant of the art of dining-out. Mr. Benjamin Devereux had made advances to her in her first year at "Liv & Dev's," but she had annihilated him, and withered his proposals for unlimited dinners and a generous settlement with scorn. There had never been a moment when she had contemplated her charms being wasted upon anything but an aristocrat from whom she could acquire "tone."

No denizen of Bindon's Green, no friend of the family, no companion in the morning train had ever had so much as a kind word, much less the tip of one of her strong white fingers. She was as a bunch of grapes with perfect bloom retained.

She was taking in every line of Lord Algy as she sat there sipping her soup. She had

refused oysters, and had watched him as he devoured his with the joy of an epicure. She had not been quite certain as to which was the right implement to employ. She supposed it was that little fork with the three prongs—but she determined to make no mistakes.

It was easy enough to gobble oysters soured in vinegar and red pepper, with huge slices of bread and butter and a bottle of stout, as her brother Fred was wont to enjoy them at supper on Saturday nights. Or they could be pulled about in the mincing fashion in which his *fiancée*, that genteel Mabel Cawber, treated them, with little finger daintily curved, and the first and the thumb only in use; but before she, Katherine Bush, swallowed one, she would ascertain exactly how they were eaten in Lord Algy's world. No good out of this trip should be wasted.

As dinner advanced, he began to make more ardent love to her—and the champagne elevated both their spirits. He reproached her for her hardness in not having allowed him to play the part of maid, after all. She was a capricious little darling, but surely did not mean to go on being unkind!

No; she did not—but she had suddenly realized, while dressing, that some of her garments were not fine enough for the situation and must be kept out of sight.

She did not tell him this, however, but continued to enact the rôle of condescending queen, while quietly she watched him as a cat watches a mouse.

She loved the way his hair was brushed—how different to Charlie Prodgers! She loved the finely cut back to his head. She was perfectly aware that he showed outwardly every mark of breeding in his weak, handsome face and lean, well-drilled figure. These things pleased her—especially the breeding; it was so very far from what she ever saw at Bindon's Green!

Lord Algy had the easy, pleasant manner of his kind, with a strong personal attraction, amply balancing absence of brain for general purposes, and he was versed in every art for the cajoling of women.

The dinner grew more and more agreeable, until, when coffee and liqueurs came, Katherine Bush felt exalted into a strange heaven. She had analyzed almost all emotions in the abstract, but not their possible effects upon herself. She found the ones she was experiencing now peculiarly de-

lightful. To be twenty-two and in love, for the first time in life, with an extremely delectable specimen of manhood, to be free as air, answerable to no one, untroubled by backward or forward thoughts, unworried by tormenting speculations as to whether the affair was right or wrong, wise or unwise—this was a state of things which made the cup worth drinking, and Katherine Bush knew it.

No possibility of bitter dregs to follow the last sip entered her calculations.

The imp gods laughed, no doubt, and Lord Algy's blue eyes were full of eager delight!

Thus, with all things *couleur de rose*, Katherine Bush began her brief honeymoon.

## II

"AND I shall not see you for a whole month, my precious pet!" Lord Algy whispered, as the train was approaching Charing Cross at about eleven o'clock on the Monday night of the return journey. "I don't know how I shall bear it, but you will write every day, won't you? Promise me, darling. I wish now that I had not taken first leave and arranged to shoot with my brother-in-law next week."

His arm still encircled her, and her ashen-hued head leaned against his shoulder, so that he could not see the expression in her somber eyes. It was that of an animal in pain.

"No; I shall not write, Algy, and you must not, either. We have had a divine time, and I shall never forget it. But it is stupid to write—what good would it be to either of us?"

He pleaded that he would not be able to live without a word, after the three days of perfect bliss they had enjoyed—and, of course, they would enjoy many more, when he returned from Wales.

Katherine Bush did not argue with him—of what use, since her own mind was entirely made up? She just let him kiss her as much as he desired without speaking a word, and then she arranged her hat and veil, and was demurely ready to get out when the train should draw up at the platform.

Lord Algy could not have been more loverlike. He was really feeling full of emotion and awfully sorry to part. She had

been so wonderful, he told himself. She had enjoyed the whole thing so simply, and was such a delightful companion. She had not asked any silly questions or plagued him with sentimental forever-and-ever kind of suggestions, as lots of girls might have done with her limited experience of these transitory affairs. She had accepted the situation as frankly as a savage who had never heard that there could be any more binding unions. He really did not know how he was going to stand a whole month of separation, but perhaps it was just as well, as he was on the verge of being ridiculously in love, and to plunge in, he knew, would be a hopeless mistake. She was a thousand times nicer and more interesting than any girl he had ever met in his life. If she had only been a lady, and there would not be any row about it, he could imagine any fellow being glad to marry her.

She was not at all cold, either—indeed, far from it, and seemed instinctively to understand the most enchanting passion. He thought of Mademoiselle de Maupin again, and felt he had been as equally blessed as d'Albert. She would make the sweetest friend for months and months, and he would rush back from Wales the moment he could break from his family. He would have got himself in hand again by then, so as not to do anything stupid. He always meant to be very, very good to her, though. Thus he dreamed, and grew more demonstrative, clasping her once again in a fond farewell embrace during the last available moment, and his charming blue eyes, with their brown curly lashes, looked half full of tears.

"Say you love me, darling!" he commanded, wishing, like all lovers, to hear the spoken words.

Katherine Bush was very pale, and there was concentrated feeling in her face which startled him.

Then she answered, her voice deeper than usual:

"Yes—I love you, Algy—perhaps you will never know how much. I do not suppose I will ever really love anyone else in the same way in my life."

Then the train drew up at the station.

The people all looked unreal in the foggy October air under the glaring lights—and the whole thing appeared as a dream indeed when, half an hour later, Katherine sped through the suburban roads to Bindon's

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Green, alone in the taxi. Lord Algy had put her in and paid the man liberally, and with many last love words had bidden her good-night and—*au revoir*.

So this chapter was finished—she realized that. An outlook had opened for her into a whole new world—where realities lived, where new beings moved, where new standpoints could be reached. She saw that her former life had been swept from her—and now, to look back upon, appeared an impossible tedium. She had mastered all the shades of what three days' most intimate companionship with a gentleman could mean, and the memory contained no flaw. Algy's chivalry and courtesy had never faltered; she might have been a princess or his bride from the homage he had paid her. Dear, much loved Algy! Her feeling for him was tinged with almost a mother-love—there was something so tender and open-hearted about him. But now she must take stern hold of herself, and must have pluck enough to profit by what she had learned of life—though to-night she was too tired to do more than retrospect.

Oh, the wonder of it all—the wonder of love and the wonder of emotion! She clenched her cold hands round the handle of her little valise. She was trembling. She had insisted upon his keeping the fur-lined coat for the present.

How could she account for it to her family? she had argued. But she never meant to take it again.

No one was awake at Laburnum Villa when she opened the door with her latch-key, and she crept up to her little icy chamber under the roof, numb in mind and body and soul, and was soon shivering between the cotton sheets.

Oh, the contrast to the warm, flower-scented room at the Palatial! And once she had not known the difference between linen and cotton!

She said this over to herself while she felt the nap—and then the tears gathered in her eyes one by one, and she sobbed uncontrollably for a while.

Alas, to have to renounce all joy—for evermore!

She fell asleep toward morning, and woke with a start as her alarm-clock thundered. But her face was set like marble, and there was not a trace of weakness upon it when

she appeared at the family scramble which did duty for breakfast.

There had been a row between Fred and Gladys, the sister a year older than herself, who was a saleswoman at a fashionable dressmaker's establishment. Matilda, the eldest of the family, was trying to smooth matters while she sewed up a rent in the skirt which Ethel, the youngest, would presently wear to the school "for young ladies" which she daily attended. This, the most youthful Miss Bush, meanwhile sat in a very soiled Japanese quilted dressing-gown, devouring sausages.

There were bloaters on the table, too, and treacle, and the little general servant was just bringing in the unsavory coffee in the tin coffee-pot.

Tea had been good enough for them always in the father's time, and Matilda, for her part, could not see why Fred had insisted upon having coffee on the strength of a trip to Boulogne on Bank Holiday.

But there it was! When Fred insisted, things had to be done—even if one hated coffee.

Katherine Bush loathed most of her family. She had not an expansive nature and was quite ruthless. Why should she love them just because they were her brothers and sisters? She had not asked to be born among them. They were completely uncongenial to her, and always had been. It was obviously ridiculous and illogical, then, to expect her to feel affection for them, just because of this accident of birth, so she argued.

Matilda, the eldest, who had always been a mother to the rest, did hold one small corner of her heart.

"Poor old Tild," as she called her, "the greatest old fool living!" And Matilda adored her difficult sister.

How doubly impossible they all appeared now to the unveiled eyes of Katherine!

"This is simply disgusting stuff, this coffee!" she said, putting her cup down with a grimace. "It is no more like French coffee than Ett looks like a Japanese because she has got on that dirty dressing-gown."

"What do you know of French coffee, I'd like to ask? What ho!" Bert, the brother just younger than herself, demanded, with one of his bright flashes. "Have you been to Boulong for a bit of a song, like the *guy*'nor?"

"I wish you'd give over calling me 'the



guy'nor', Bert!" Mr. Frederick Bush interposed, stopping for a moment his bicker with Gladys. "Mabel strongly objects to it. She says it is elderly, and she dislikes slang, anyway."

But Albert Bush waved half a sausage on his fork, and subsided into a chuckle of laughter. He was the recognized wit of the family, and Ethel giggled in chorus.

Katherine never replied to any of their remarks unless she wished to. There was never any use in throwing down the gauntlet to her; it remained lying there. She did not even answer Matilda's tentative suggestion that she had always drunk the coffee before without abusing it.

If they only knew how significant the word "before" sounded to her that morning!

She finished her bit of burnt toast, and began putting on her hat at a side mirror, preparatory to starting. She did not tell Gladys that she would be late if she did not leave also.

That was her sister's own affair; she never interfered with people.

As she left the dining-room, she said to Matilda:

"I want a fire in my room when I come back this evening, please. I'll have one every day. Make out how much it will be, and Em'ly's extra work, and I'll pay for it."

"Whatever do you want that for, Kitten?" the astonished Matilda demanded. "Why, it is only October yet. No one ever has a fire until November, even in the drawing-room—let alone a bedroom. It is ridiculous, dearie!"

"That aspect does not matter at all to me," Katherine retorted. "I want it, and so I shall have it. I have some work to do, and I am not going to freeze."

Matilda knew better than to continue arguing. She had not lived with Katherine for twenty-two years for nothing.

"She takes after father, in a way," she sighed to herself, as she began helping the little servant to clear away the breakfast things, when they had all departed to the "West End," where it was their boast to announce that they were all employed—they looked down upon the City.

"Yes; it's father, not mother or her family. Father would have his way, and Fred has got this idea, too, but nothing like Kitten's! How I wish she'd look at

Charlie Prodgers and get married and settled!"

Then she sighed again and sat down by the window to enjoy her one great pleasure of the day, the perusal of the *feuilleton* in the *Morning Reflector*. In these brief moments she forgot all family worries, all sordid cares—and reveled in the adventures of aristocratic villains and persecuted innocent governesses and actresses, and felt she, too, had a link with the great world. She was a good, sound Radical in what represented politics to her; so she knew all aristocrats must be bad and ought to be exterminated, but she loved to read about them, and hear first-hand descriptions of the female members from Gladys, who saw many in the showrooms of Madame Erman-tine.

"Glad *knows*," she often said to herself with pride.

Meanwhile, Katherine Bush—having snubbed Mr. Prodgers into silence in the train, where he maneuvered to meet her every morning—reached her employers' establishment and began her usual typing.

There was work to be done by twelve o'clock in connection with the renewal of the loan to Lord Algernon Fitz-Rufus—the old marquis would be obliged to pay before Christmas-time, Mr. Percival Livingstone said.

Miss Bush, to his intense astonishment, gave a sudden, short laugh. It was quite mirthless and stopped abruptly, but it was undoubtedly a laugh.

"What is amusing you?" he asked, with a full lisp, too taken off his guard to be as refined and careful in tone as usual.

"The old marquis having to pay, of course," Katherine responded.

Never once, during the whole day, did she allow her thoughts to wander from her work, which she accomplished with her usual precision. Even during her luncheon-hour she deliberately read the papers. She had trained herself to do one thing at a time, and the moment for reflection would not come until she could be undisturbed. She would go back as soon as she was free, to her own attic, and there think everything out, and decide upon the next step to be taken in her game of life.

A few burnt sticks and a lump of coal in the tiny grate were all she discovered on her return that evening to her sanctuary. The



DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

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maid of all work was not a talented fire-lighter and objected to criticism. Katherine's level brows met with annoyance, and she proceeded to correct matters herself, while she muttered: "Inefficient creature—and they say that we are all equals! Why can't she do her work, then, as well as I can mine?"

Her firm touch and common-sense arrangement of paper and kindling soon produced a bright blaze, and, when she had removed her outdoor things, she sat down to think determinedly.

She loved Lord Algy—that was the first and most dominant thing to face. She loved him so much that it would never be safe to see him again, since she had not the slightest intention of ever drifting into the position of being a man's mistress. She had tasted of the tree of knowledge with her eyes open, and the fruit that she had eaten was too dangerously sweet for continuous food. Love would obtain a mastery over her, if things went on; she knew that she might grow not to care about anything else in the world but only Algy. Thus, obviously, all connection with him must be broken off at once or her career would be at an end and her years of study wasted. Even if he offered to marry her, she could never take the position with a high hand. There would always be this delicious memory of illicit joys between them, which would unconsciously bias Algy's valuation of her. She had learned things of consequence which she could not have acquired in any other way, and now she must have strength to profit by them. She utterly despised weaklings and had no pity for love-sick maidens. For a woman to throw over her future for a man was to her completely contemptible. She probed the possible consequences of her course of action unflinchingly.

She could not endure living under the family roof of Laburnum Villa any longer—that was incontestable. She must go out and learn exactly how the the ladies of Lord Algy's world conducted themselves. Not that she wished to dawn once more upon his horizon as a polished Vere de Vere—but that, for her own satisfaction, she must make herself his equal in all respects. There had been so many trifles about which she had felt she had been ignorant. Almost every moment of the three days had given her new visions, and had shown her her own shortcomings.

"There are no bars to anything in life but stupidity and vanity," she told herself, "and they, at least, shall not stand in my way."

The temptation to have one more farewell interview with Algy was great, but there was nothing the least dramatic about her, so that aspect did not appeal to her as it would have done to an ordinary woman who is ruled by emotional love for dramatic situations; she was merely drawn by the desire for her mate once more, and this she knew and crushed.

It would mean greater pain than pleasure to her afterward, and would certainly spoil all chance of a career. She gloried in the fact that she had had the courage to taste of life's joys for experience, but she would have burned with shame to feel that she was being drawn into an equivocal position through her own weakness.

Katherine Bush was as proud as Lucifer. She fully understood—apart from moral questions, which did not trouble her—that what she had done would have been fatal to a fool like Gladys, or to any girl except one with her exceptional deliberation and iron will. She truly believed that such experiments were extremely dangerous, and on no account to be adopted as a principle of action in general. The straight and narrow path of orthodox virtue was the only one for most women to follow, and the only one she would have advocated for her sisters or friends. The proof being that, as a rule, when women erred, they invariably suffered because they had not the pluck or the strength to know when to stop.

Katherine Bush was absolutely determined that she should never be hampered in her game by her own emotions or weakness.

Before Lord Algy would return from Wales, she would have left "Liv & Dev's." She had never given him her home address, and there would be no trace of her. She would look in the *Morning Post* for information, and then endeavor to secure some post as companion or secretary to some great lady. There she would pick up the rest of the necessary equipment to make herself into a person in whom no flaws could be found.

And when she had accomplished this, then fate would have opened up some path worth following.

"Some day I shall be one of the greatest women in England," she told herself, as

she looked unblinking into the glowing coals.

Then, having settled her plans, she allowed herself to go over the whole of her little holiday, incident by incident.

How utterly adorable Algy had been! She found herself thrilling again at each remembrance. How refined and how considerate! How easy were his manners! He was too sure of himself and his welcome in life ever to show the deplorable self-consciousness which marked the friends who came on Sundays, or the bumptious self-assertion of her brothers Fred and Bert.

If only she had been born in his world, and had, by right of birth, those prerogatives which she meant to obtain by might of intelligence! How good it would have been to marry him—for a few years! But even now, in her moment of fierce, passionate first love—which, in her case, was so largely made up of the physical—her brain was too level and speculative not to balance the pros and cons of such a situation. And while she felt she loved him with all her being, she knew that he was no match for her intellectually, and that, when the glamour faded, he would weary her.

But the wrench of present renunciation was none the less bitter. Never any more to feel his fond arms clasping her—never again to hear his caressing words of love!

If a coronet for her brow shone at the end of the climb, her heart, at all events, must turn to ice by the way, or so she felt at the moment.

He had talked so tenderly about their future meetings—how they would go again to Paris when he returned from Wales, how she must let him give her pretty clothes and a diamond ring, and how she was his darling pet and his own girl. She knew that he was growing really to love her; Katherine Bush never deceived herself or attempted to throw dust in her own eyes. She had eaten her cake and could not have it. If she had held out and drawn him on, no doubt she could have been his wife, but it was only for one second that this thought agitated her. Yes; she could have been his wife—but to what end? Only one of humiliation. She was not yet ready to carry off such a position with a certainty of success; she knew she was ignorant, and that the knowledge of such ignorance would destroy her self-confidence and leave her at the mercy of circumstance. So all was for the best.

She had not guessed that it would be so very painful to part from him—dear, attractive Algy! She could not sit still any longer. A convulsion of anguish and longing shook her, and she got up and stamped across the room. Then she put on her outdoor things again and stalked down into the gathering night, powerful emotion filling her soul.

But when she came back an hour later, after tramping the wet roads round the common, the battle was won.

And this night she fell asleep without any tears.

### III

It was about a fortnight later that Katherine got Matilda to meet her at a Lyons' Popular Café for tea on a Wednesday afternoon. Livingstone & Devereux had given her a half-holiday, being on country business bent; and having matured her plans, and having set fresh schemes in train, she thought she might as well communicate them to the one sister who mattered to her. Matilda loved an excuse to "get up to town," and had come in her best hat, with smiling face. Katherine was always very generous to her, though she was no more careless about money than she was about other things.

"It is all very well, Tild," she said, in her deep voice, after they had spoken upon indifferent subjects for a while. "But I am tired of it. I am absolutely tired of it—so there! I am tired of 'Liv & Dev'—tired of the hateful old click of the machine with no change of work. I am tired of seeing the people of another class through the glass screen—and I mean to get out of it."

"Whatever are you talking of, Kitten!" the elder Miss Bush exclaimed, as she stirred her cocoa. "Why, 'Liv & Dev's' is as good a berth as you'd get—thirty bob a week, and a whole holiday on Saturday—to say nothing of off-times like this! You must be mad, dearie!" Then something further in her sister's remark aroused comment. "And what do you mean by people of 'another class'? Why, aren't we as good as anyone—if we had their money?"

Katherine Bush put down her empty cup before she replied.

"No; we're not—and if you weren't as ignorant as you are, dear old Tild, you'd know it. There are lots and lots of classes

## The Career of Katherine Bush

above us—they mayn't be any cleverer—indeed, they are often fools, and many aren't any richer, but they're ladies and gentlemen."

Matilda felt personally insulted.

"Upon my word, Kitten! If you are such a poor thing that you don't consider yourself a young lady, I am not! I always did say that you would pick up rubbishy ideas bothering after those evening lectures and French classes—instead of coming with Glad and Bert and me to the cinema, like a decent Christian. It was a low sort of thing to do, I think, and looked as if we'd none of us had a proper education, and all they have done for you is to unsettle your mind, my dear—so I tell you."

Katherine Bush smiled complacently and looked at her sister straight in the eyes in her disconcerting way, which insured attention. Matilda knew that she would now have to listen probably to some home truths. She could manage Gladys very well in spite of her giggles and irresponsibility, but she had never been able to have the slightest influence upon Katherine from the moment of their mother's death, years before, when she had taken her place as head of the orphaned household. Katherine had always been odd. She had a vile temper as a child, and was silent and morose, and at constant war with that bright boy, Bert, loved of the other sisters. Matilda remembered very well many scenes when Katherine had puzzled her. She was so often scornful and disapproving, and used to sit there with a book scowling at them on Sundays when a rowdy friend or two came in to tea, and never once joined in the chorus of the comic songs they sang, while she simply loathed the gramophone records.

"You say awfully silly things sometimes, Tild," Katherine announced calmly. "There would not be any good in my considering myself a young lady, because, at my present stage, anyone who really knew would know that I am not—but I mean to become one, some day. You can do anything with will."

Matilda bridled.

"I don't know what more of a lady you could be than we all are. Why, Mabel Cawber always says that we are the most refined family of the whole lot at Bindon's Green—and Mabel ought to know, surely!"

"Because her father was a solicitor and

she has never done a stroke of work in her life?"

Katherine smiled again. It made Matilda feel uncomfortable.

"Mabel is a perfect lady," she affirmed indignantly.

"I will be able to tell you about that in a year's time, I expect," Katherine said reflectively. "At present, I am not experienced enough to say, but I strongly feel that she is not. You see, Tild, you get your ideas of things from the trash you read—and from the ridiculous nonsense Fred and Albert talk after they come home from those meetings at the National Brotherhood Club—fool's stuff about the equality of all men—"

"Of course we are all equal!" broke in Matilda, still ruffled.

Katherine Bush smiled again.

"Well, I wish you could see the difference between Fred and Bert and those gentlemen I see through the glass screen. They have all got eyes and noses and legs and arms in common, but everything else is different, and if you knew anything about evolution, you'd understand why."

"Should I?" indignantly.

"Yes; it is the something inside the head, something in the ideas produced by hundreds of years of different environment and a wider point of view—and it is immensely in the little customs and manners of speech and action. If you had ever seen and spoken to a real gentleman, Tild, you would grasp it."

Matilda was quite unmollified and on the defensive.

"You can't have two more honorable, straightforward young fellows than our brothers in no family in England, and I expect lots of your gents borrowing money are as crooked as can be!"

Katherine became contemplative.

"Probably—the thing I mean does not lie in moral qualities—I suppose it ought to, but it doesn't. We had a real sharp last week, and to look at and to hear him talk, he was a perfect gentleman, with refined and easy manners. He would never have done anything in bad taste like Fred and Bert often do."

"Bad taste!" snorted Matilda.

"Yes; we all do. No gentleman ever tells people in words that he is one—Fred and Bert say it once a week, at least. They lay the greatest stress on it. No real gen-

tlemen get huffy and touchy. They are too sure of themselves and do not pretend anything; they are quite natural, and you take them as they are. They don't do one thing at home at ease, and another when they are dressed up, and they aren't a bit ashamed of knowing anyone. Fred does not speak to Ernie Gibbs when he is out with Mabel, although they were at school together."

"Ernie Gibbs! Why, Kitten, he is only a foreman in the Bindon Gas Works! Of course not! Mabel *would* take on!"

Matilda thought her sister was being too stupid.

"Yes; I am sure she would—that is just it."

"And quite right, too!"

Katherine shrugged her shoulders. There was not much use in arguing with Matilda, she felt—Matilda, who had never thought out any problem for herself in her life, Matilda, who had not the privilege of knowing any attractive Lord Algies, and who therefore could not have grasped the immeasurable gulf that she, Katherine, had found there lay between his class and hers!

"They say Fred is a capable auctioneer because father and grandfather were. You hear people saying, 'It is in the blood.' Well, why is it, Tild? Because heredity counts just as it does in animals, of course. So why, if a man's father and grandfather, and much further back still, have been gentlemen, commanding their inferiors and fulfilling the duties of their station, should not the traits which mean that show as plainly as the auctioneer traits show in Fred?" Matilda had no answer ready; she felt resentful. But words did not come, so Katherine went on: "You can't jump straight to things; they either have to come by instinct through a long line of forebears, or you have to have intelligence enough to make yourself acquire the outward signs of them, through watching and learning from those who you can see for yourself have what you want."

Matilda called for another cup of cocoa. She disliked these views of Katherine's.

"You see," that young woman went on, "no one who is a real thing ever has to tell people so in words. 'Liv & Dev' don't have to say they are two of the sharpest business men in London—anyone can realize it who knows them. You, and all of us, don't have to tell people we belong to

the lower middle class, because it is plain to be seen, but we would have to tell them we were ladies and gentlemen, because we are not. Lord Al—oh, any lord who comes to our office, does not have to say he is an aristocrat; you can see it for yourself in a minute by his ways. It is the shams that always keep shouting. Mabel Cawber insists upon it that she is a tip-top swell; Fred thinks he is deceiving everyone by telling them what a gentleman he is, and by not speaking to Ernie Gibbs, who is an awfully good fellow. Emily says she is a splendid general, and can't even light a fire, and won't learn how to. George Berker in our office says he is a first-class clerk, and muddles his accounts. Everything true speaks for itself. I always mean to be perfectly true and win out by learning."

Matilda, though somewhat crushed, was still antagonistic.

"I'm sure I hope you'll succeed then, my dear!" she snapped.

"Yes, I shall." Katherine fired her bomb. "It may take me some time, but that does not matter, and the first step I have already taken is that I am leaving 'Liv & Dev's' on Friday—and, I hope, going to be secretary to Sarah Lady Garribardine at a Hundred and Ten Berkeley Square and Blissington Court, Blankshire!"

"Well, there, you could have knocked me over with a feather!" as Matilda told Gladys, later in the evening. "And wasn't it like Katherine—never telling us a thing about it until everything was almost settled?" But, at the moment, she merely breathed a strangled "Oh, my!"

"If I get it, I go to my new situation next week. I had a tremendous piece of luck coming across it."

"Well, however did you do it, Kitten?" Matilda demanded.

"I saw an advertisement in the *Morning Post*. It was quite a strange one, and seemed to be advertising for a kind of Admirable Crichton—some one who could take down shorthand at lightning speed, and typewrite, and speak French, and read aloud, and who had a good knowledge of English literature, and thoroughly knew the duties of a secretary."

"Oh, my!" said Matilda again. "But you can't do half of those things, Kitten—we none of us know French, do we?"

Katherine smiled; how little her family understood her in any way!



"I wrote first and said they seemed to want a great deal, but as I had been with Livingstone & Devereux for three years, and accustomed to composing every sort of letter that a money-lender's business required, I thought I could soon become proficient in the other things."

"Well, I never! What cheek!"

"Then I got an answer saying Lady Garribardine liked my communication, and if I proved satisfactory in appearance and had some credentials, she would engage me immediately, because her secretary, who had been with her for years, had gone to be married. The salary would be ninety pounds a year with a rise; so it's a slight move up, anyway, as I am to be kept and live in the house."

"You are cocksure of getting it, Katherine?"

"Yes; I mean to. I am going to see her on Saturday."

"And what are your references besides 'Liv & Dev'? Some folks don't like money-lenders."

"I wrote and said I had none others—but they would testify to my capacity. 'Liv' nearly had a fit when I gave my notice—he almost cried to get me to stay on. I like the old boy—he is a good sort, and will tell the truth about me."

"And did they answer?"

"Yes; just to say I was to come for the interview on Saturday."

"They want to see you, anyway. What is the family, I wonder?"

Here Katherine recited the details from *Debrett*, in which volume she was very proficient.

"An old lady, then," Matilda commented, "and with no children except a married daughter. That will be easier for you—but why is she called 'Sarah'? I often have wondered about that, when I read names in the *Flare*. Why 'Sarah Lady Something'—and not plain 'Lady Something'?"

"It's when the man in possession is married and you are not his mother," Katherine told her, "and, if you are and still have your Christian name tacked on, it is to make you sound younger. 'Dev' says dowagers are quite out of fashion. Every widow is 'Sarah' or 'Cordelia' now in high society, and when he first went into business, there were only two or three. Queen Victoria never stood any nonsense."

Matilda was very interested.

"Whatever will you do about your clothes, Kitten? You have nothing nobby and smart, like Gladys. She could lend you her purple taffeta if you weren't so tall."

"Oh, I'll manage all right. I'll have a talk with Gladys to-night; she sees the right sort of people at Ermantine's, and can tell me what to get—and I'll buy it to-morrow in my lunch-hour."

"Well, I am just rattled," Matilda admitted. "Then you'll be leaving home quite, dearie?"

"Yes, Tild—and I shan't be sorry except to be parted from you—but I dare say I shall be able to come and see you now and then."

Matilda looked tearful.

"You never were one of us, Katherine."

"No; I know I never was. I often have wondered what accident pitchforked me in among you, always the discordant note and the wet blanket. I hark back to some one, I suppose. I've always determined to get out when I was ready."

"You never did care for us—never, Kitten."

Katherine Bush remained quite unmoved.

"No; never for the others—but always for you, Tild, and I'll never forget you, dear. There, don't be a donkey and cry—the people at the next table are looking at you!"

This argument she knew would calm her sister, who was intensely sensitive to everyone's opinion.

"And supposing they don't take you?" Matilda suggested, in a still quavering voice, "and you've given notice to 'Liv & Dev'—I call it awfully risky."

"Then I will look out for something else. I am determined to make a change and see a new world, whatever happens."

After supper that evening, Gladys was invited up to the warmed attic with Matilda, an honor she duly appreciated. They all stood in irritated awe of Katherine.

"I want to talk about clothes, Glad," she said, when they neared the tiny fireplace. "I have told Tild I am going about a new berth on Saturday."

This caused the same astonishment and exclamations as Matilda had already indulged in, and, when calm was restored, Gladys was only too pleased to show her superior knowledge.

"I don't want to hear about any of those



DRAWN BY ANNIE CASTAIGNE

"Come and sit here in the light, please," Lady Garribardine said, as Katherine came toward her



actresses you dress, or those ladies who look like them: I want to know what a real, quiet, well-bred countess, say, would have, Glad."

Miss Gladys Bush smiled contemptuously.

"Oh, a regular frump, you mean—like the ones we can't persuade to have tight skirts when they are first the fashion, or loose ones when it changes—that is easy enough. It is to get 'the look' that is difficult."

"They probably would not engage me if I had 'the look,'" Katherine remarked cynically.

"You'd better have something like we made for Lady Beatrice Strobbridge last week, then," Gladys suggested. "One of our hands can copy it at home; but there won't be time by Saturday. You'd better wear your best blue serge and get a new hat for the first meeting."

"Lady Beatrice Strobbridge must be the Honorable Gerard Strobbridge's wife, my new employer's late husband's nephew. Strobbridge is the Garribardine name." Katherine had looked up diligently the whole family, and knew the details of each unit by heart.

"She only got married two years ago," Gladys continued. "She was Thorvil before—Lady Beatrice Thorvil."

"Wife of the present man's younger brother," quoted Katherine, remembering Debrett. "He is about thirty-five; the present man is forty."

"She is a regular dowdy, anyway," Gladys remarked. "One of those—we have a bunch of them—that wants the things, and yet with their own touch on them, spoiling the style. They come together generally, and do make a lot of fuss over each other—calling 'darlings' and 'precious' all the time—fit to make me and the girls die laughing with their nonsense."

"What is she like—good-looking?" Katherine asked.

She only questioned when she wanted specific information, never idly, and it was as well to know everything about her possible new employer's family.

"She would not be bad if she did not stoop so. She hasn't got the walk, neither, no more than the look; sometimes she's all right—at least, the things are all right when they go home, but she adds bits herself afterward and spoils them."

Here Matilda interrupted.

"Anyway, she is one of the ladies you'll

see in your new place, Kitten. I'd certainly have that same dress; it will just show them you are as good as they if you have an Ermantine model."

But Katherine thought differently. She agreed she would have something in the same subdued style as Lady Beatrice would have chosen, but not the actual copy, and, after settling details, the other two sisters left her for bed.

When they had gone, she sat by the fire and looked deeply into it while she thought for a few moments. Then she drew a letter from her blouse and reread it. It was from Lord Algy—a sweet little love-epistle. Just to tell her he could not possibly wait for the whole month before seeing her, and was coming up to town the following week—and would not she lunch with him at the old place—and perhaps stay with him again at the Great Terminus? It ended with protestations of passionate devotion.

No; never again. She had tasted of the cup of bliss, and fate was asking her to pay no price. She must have courage now to renounce all further pleasure. Once was an experience; twice would be weakness, which could grow into a habit—and thence lead to an abyss which she shuddered to think of.

Katherine Bush had never read Théophile Gautier's masterpiece; but there was something in her character, as Lord Algy had remarked, which resembled Mademoiselle de Maupin's.

She went to her little writing-case and got out a sheet of paper, and then, in her firm, round hand, which looked like a man's, she wrote him these few lines:

DEAR ALGY:

I want you to forget all about me—I loved our little trip, but I am never going on another. I shall have left "Liv & Dev's" before you get back, and you won't see me again. With best love always,

K. B.

She folded it, put it in the envelop, addressed it, and stamped it; then she put it ready to post in the morning.

Her face was white and set. It takes a strong will to renounce tangible present happiness, however profound the beliefs in the future may be.

#### IV

SARAH LADY GARRIBARDINE said to her nephew, Gerard Strobbridge, who had been lunching with her on that Saturday:

"You must go now, G. I am expecting a new secretary."

"How will you get on without Miss Arnott, Seraphim? I thought she was irreplaceable."

"So she is. I am interviewing quite a new type—she has been a money-lender's shorthand typist."

Mr. Strobbridge raised his eyebrows and smiled his whimsical smile. His aunt Sarah always was original.

"Then I'll leave you. Beatrice has at last made up her mind not to chuck the Arberrys, so we motor down at three o'clock."

"Has Beatrice been unusually tiresome?"

"N—no; she has been writing odes all the morning."

"You ought never to have married, G. You would not have, if Alice Southerwood had not become a widow—a man can't always face his obvious obligations."

Gerard Strobbridge laughed.

"Then I shall kiss your hand and say farewell until next week—wisest of aunts!"

He suited the action to the word, and left the room just as the butler was about to open the door and announce,

"Miss Bush, your ladyship."

He glanced quickly at Katherine—this was the young person who would take the estimable Miss Arnott's place, he supposed. She was quite ordinary-looking. He went on down the stairs.

"Come and sit here in the light, please," Lady Garribardine said, as Katherine came toward her.

It was a very well arranged Katherine in the best blue serge—and a new hat, not of Gladys's choosing. The mop of hair was twisted tight without the least pretension to express "the look." Some gray-suede gloves—bought in Paris by Lord Algy—were on the wonderful hands, which remained perfectly still in their owner's lap.

"How old are you?" asked Lady Garribardine, by way of a beginning.

"I was twenty-two last September." There was not a trace of nervousness in Katharine Bush's deep voice—indeed, she felt none.

"And what does your family consist of—what is your status in life?" Lady Garribardine felt perhaps she ought to ascertain this before going further.

"We are just middle class. My father was an auctioneer at Bindon's Green, where

we live. He and my mother are both dead. I have a sister who is a saleswoman at Madame Ermantine's; the others are at home. My eldest brother has taken father's place; the younger one is in a bank."

"And how long have you been at this business?"

"Since I was nineteen—before that, I kept the accounts at a pork-butcher's."

"Indeed! And what makes you think you would be capable of filling my situation?"

"It is not very easy to be a competent money-lender's secretary and shorthand writer."

"No; perhaps not."

"Mr. Livingstone and Mr. Devereux will tell you that I did not make a failure of it."

"Really?"

Katherine was silent.

"Really?" Lady Garribardine repeated again. "You mean that you think you can pick up things quickly?"

"Yes."

"It is certainly an advantage. I hoped to find something exceptional when I advertised."

"Yes; I noticed that—and it was because your advertisement was unusual that I applied for the post."

She rather wondered if she ought to have put in any "ladyships,"—she remembered Hanson, Lord Algy's valet, was very prodigal of such marks of respect—that is what had deterred her. "Liv" and "Dev" often used them, too—to new and prosperously connected clients—but she did not wish to be subservient more than was necessary. She would watch and listen—as she had watched about the oysters.

"Can you read aloud?"

Lady Garribardine was fixing her with her flashing black eyes, which contrasted so unfavorably with the bronze-gold wig she wore so bravely.

"I have never tried. If I did it wrong the first time, and you corrected me, I expect I wouldn't do it twice."

"That is something—and your voice is refined. You did not acquire that at the—er—pork-butcher's?"

"No; I acquired it by listening to members of the upper classes who came to borrow money. I had a cockney twang like my sisters, I dare say, in the beginning."

"That shows you can learn things."

"Yes; it is only stupid people who can't."

"You are not stupid, then?"

"No; but Mr. Livingstone or Mr. Devereux can tell you. Either will speak for me."

Lady Garribardine was amused; she digressed a little from her cross-examination.

"You found Jews agreeable to work with?"

"Very. You know where you are with them. They do not pretend, and they are very generous."

"In-deed!"

"Yes; people have a preconceived notion of Jews, I find—quite faulty as a rule. They know what to pay for; they are far less fools than other races. I respect them."

"That is most interesting."

Katherine was silent again.

"Why did you leave them?"—after a pause in which Lady Garribardine was pitilessly scrutinizing her possible secretary.

"Because I had learned all that I could there, and I wanted a new vista."

"And you think you would find it with me?"

"With any lady in your world you can learn things wherever you go, if you want to."

"Very true. And how about French—you speak that?"

Katherine Bush reddened a little. A memory came to her of the profound shock that the French of Paris had been to her ear.

"I can write it quite correctly; but I have discovered that my pronunciation is ridiculous." She confessed it quite frankly.

"How did that happen?"

"I taught it to myself—mostly—and then I heard it spoken—and I knew mine would sound wrong."

"Do you think you could overcome that?"

"Yes; if I were in France long enough."

"Have you traveled?"

"No—not really. I have been to Paris for a holiday once—I have only learned about places."

"And English literature?"

"It is the thing I care most for. I have read a great many books."

"Have you a good temper? You are not uppish, eh?"

"I suppose it depends. I know that, when you take money to do a thing, you have got

to do it, and put up with orders and manners that you would not stand for one second if you were the person paying."

"That is quite a good definition of respectful service."

"It is common sense."

"You appear to have some of that."

Again silence.

"I have not a good temper." Lady Garribardine laughed—she was greatly diverted.

"I guessed not."

"How?"

"I had to read characters quickly at Livingstone & Devereux's."

"You are observant?"

"I think so——"

"Can you play the piano?"

"I could once—but I have never practised since we had a gramophone. I grew to loathe music."

"That is hopeful."

Then her ladyship got up and went to her writing-table, terribly littered with all sorts of papers.

She dived among a conglomerate mass and picked up two letters.

"Would you oblige me by answering these, Miss—er—Bush? I could then better judge of your capabilities."

Katherine took them—on one envelop was written in a spidery hand in pencil, "Refuse gracefully"; upon the other, "Get out as best can."

She looked for a portion of the blotting-pad which was clear enough to use; then she sat and selected a pen, while she glanced up with her steady, wise eyes.

"Has your ladyship any particular paper for these sort of things?" Here was a suitable moment for the use of the honorific, she felt.

"Yes; that white with the coronet in plain black and the address."

Lady Garribardine sat down by the fire and stared into it. She had not been so interested in a specimen of humanity for years.

Katherine Bush read the letters through carefully, and the first one a second time; then she began to write——

To the Secretary of the League for Discouraging Polygamy among the Mohammedans of India:  
DEAR SIR:

I am asked by Sarah Lady Garribardine to tell you that, while sympathizing deeply with the admirable object of your League, she thinks the field over which it must obviously be spread is too vast for a small contribution to be of much avail, and there-

fore, while thanking you for your interesting papers upon the subject, she is sorry that she is unable to forward you any more substantial help.

I am, dear Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
KATHERINE BUSH  
(Secretary).

The other letter ran:

To the Matron of the Nonconformist Detention and Penitential Hostel for Lost Women:

MADAM:

I beg to inform you that Sarah Lady Garribardine is leaving town shortly and therefore cannot avail herself of the pleasure and honor of visiting your useful institution. She desires me to express to you her thanks for your invitation.

I remain, Madame,  
Yours faithfully,  
K. BUSH  
(Sec.).

She then looked carefully to see what style of address was necessary and wrote out the envelop—and when all was ready, she rose and took them to the young-old lady by the fire.

She stood quite still while they were perused, and then smiled inwardly when Lady Garribardine gave a cynical chuckle.

"I think you will do very well, Miss Bush. Please find some stamps, and put them in that basket to be posted—and er—you can ring the bell. I shall expect you, bag and baggage, on Wednesday next."

This was abrupt, but Katherine Bush felt it was what it should be.

"You do not require the testimony of Mr. Livingstone or Mr. Devereux?"

"No—I can judge for myself—er—good morning."

The bell had been answered almost instantly, and so, bowing, Katherine Bush followed the servant down the stairs, and soon found herself in the street, a strange sense of content in her heart.

She knew the West End very well—and walked briskly along Hill Street and so on past Dorchester House into the park. All the leaves were off the trees. The

November day was beautifully fine and bright, and movement was a pleasure.

So the first part of her new game was won, at all events. She reviewed the whole set of impressions she had taken.

Firstly, that the house was a fine one—it had "the look," if houses could be said to show this quality. That is, it was beautifully kept and filled with what she guessed, from study at the Wallace collection, must be rare and costly furniture. There were some things she thought ugly—but "the look" was often ugly, she knew by experience—from Gladys's verbose descriptions to Ethel and Matilda.

Apart from "the look," it had an air of distinction. It was the abode of denizens of Lord Algy's world—that was evident. The man she had met on the threshold of the morning-room door was certainly of his class—and rather nice-looking.

As for her future employer, she was a new specimen to her. Katherine meant what the French call a *type*, but she did not know this expression.

"She is certainly over sixty," she said to herself. "She is a dark woman naturally, and her hair ought to be gray. The whole thing is spoiled by that silly golden wig—curled tight like royalties. She would have quite a nice figure for her age if she were not all pushed up by those old-fashioned corsets. Why had she such big ears and such red hands for so great a lady? Her rings were buried in fat. The circulation was evidently wrong somewhere. As for her voice, it was one of *the* voices! The female counterpart of the echoes from over the glass screen—and the manner was quite as casual.

"Just as insolent as I shall be when I hold the same sort of place. She was born to it—I shall have acquired it. We both, when we are dead, will be said to have well filled our situations."

Thus mused Katherine Bush on a November day in Hyde Park—and, turning out of Albert Gate suddenly, she almost walked into the arms of Lord Algy.

The next instalment of *The Career of Katherine Bush* will appear in the April issue.

**Booth Tarkington's next Penrod story,**

***Penrod's Nervous Breakdown,***

**will appear in April Cosmopolitan.**



DRAWN BY HARRISON FIDLER

Ellen Faraway

*(Suffrage in the Wild-wood)*



# Suffrage in the Wild-wood

Of course Ellen was a plucky girl and she certainly had a very interesting experience, but what do you think of her performance and the conclusion she drew therefrom as an argument on the question of suffrage for women? We imagine that many readers, especially of the fair sex, will be impelled to express themselves on the subject, and we hope they will. Mr. Morris again shows himself the supreme artist in this delightful love-story.

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by Harrison Fisher

SHE began to repent almost at once; for, her adventure not yet three days old, she already looked shabby, and, after the first hour, she had felt lonely. In addition, her hands were blistered; her ax was dull (the more she rubbed it with the whetstone the duller it got); it had taken an unbelievable number of matches to start a fire, and her shoulders were still galled from the straps of an ill adjusted pack.

And then there was the gray squirrel. The case of the gray squirrel not only troubled her conscience but deepened her sense of impending failure. For a long time the gray squirrel had seemed to enjoy the bullets that "phitted" up at him from the twenty-two. He had scolded and bristled, but all in fun; for surely no mere girl would attempt anything serious against him. And then, all of a sudden, a heavy jar in the side knocked him clean off his branch, and he went whirling down—down in terrible fear and pain, and the forest floor rose and struck him a terrible blow, and he lay still and dying.

She had planned to eat that squirrel for supper. Men did such things. Instead, she dug a hole and buried him, and sniffled at the work. And as for the twenty-two, she began to regard that as her partner in crime, and to detest it accordingly. But she couldn't throw it away. It didn't belong to her. She satisfied herself by hiding it, uncleaned, in the remotest and dampest corner of that mountain cave in which she purposed to prove that woman is man's equal and entitled to vote.

If only they hadn't teased her—but they

had. The anti-suffrage vote in New York had been too much for one young man's sense of humor. If he hadn't teased her all the way from New York to Valley Brook, in the South Carolina foothills, he had started the teasing, and other young men and even two maidens had taken it up. It wasn't fair; it wasn't kind. She had made nearly thirty speeches in the course of the campaign, and she had blistered her heel in the votes-for-women parade. Of course they were only joking. She knew that. Just because she was smiling and good-natured, they failed to realize how genuinely she smarted underneath over the defeat of her cause at the polls.

The very first night, in the big living-room at Valley Brook, the climax had come. He had said:

"We could have a place like this. We could have a stable full of hunters and a house filled with old friends and new friends if only you'd—"

"If only I'd behave like a sensible girl? Tell me this: Do you really think I'm a fool not to marry you?"

"If you like me enough to marry me," he said, "I think you're what you said—not to do it. I don't want to be boastful; but a catch like me is not to be knocked out of every tree with a stick. I don't smoke much; I don't drink much. I'm well and strong and I've got lots of money, and I've loved you for a good many years, and I'm going to keep on loving you, no matter what you do."

"We wouldn't be happy together, Billy. We've got nothing in common."

## Suffrage in the Wild-wood

"We love sport; we love outdoor things and dogs and horses."

"Oh, but you know what I mean! We could never agree politically. You don't believe in any of the things that are almost life and death to me."

"Ellen," he said, "the things that are almost life and death to you—"

"Justice—equality—liberty—"

"Exactly. You don't believe in them yourself."

"I don't *what*?"

"You think you do, but you don't."

"Don't believe that Woman ought to be treated as Man's equal? That she ought to vote? That there ought to be one moral law common to both? I *do* believe these things."

"Man," said Billy, "has proved again and again that he is capable of—what he's capable of. No woman has ever proved that she is capable of what almost all women *think* they are capable of."

"That's just rigmarole."

"Is it? Once I went into the Canadian woods all alone and stayed a month. I did all the work, naturally; got my moose and brought out his head, which was a good one. Could you do that?"

"Of course I could," she said, and, standing with her back to the big fire in the big fireplace, very comfortable in low neck and short sleeves, and well-fed, she felt herself capable of enduring and surmounting any hardship in a good cause.

"You really think that?"

"I know it."

"And if you tried and failed?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"At least," she said, "I'm as logical as a man. I'd admit, of course, that I had failed."

"And you'd come to me to be taken care of?"

"I might." And she laughed at him.

"Wish you'd try and fail," he said hopefully.

"And suppose I tried and didn't fail?"

"I'd give a hundred thousand dollars to woman's suffrage."

"And stop making love to me?"

"Never."

"A hundred thousand dollars!" she said.

"How long would I have to live in the woods, all by my wild lone?"

"Ten days," he said promptly, as if he had often considered the matter and come to that conclusion.

"Is it a dare?"

"No; it's a bet. If you succeed, the check for your cause; if you fail, why you—for me."

"I shan't fail; don't worry about that."

It was not easy to persuade their host that his own private hills, woods, and mountains were just the place for Ellen to try her experiment in efficiency.

"Why," he said, "it's preposterous! Young woman! Cave in woods! Wild beasts! Rain! Night! Bandits!"

"Well, of course," Billy said, "you know your own woods. I know they are posted, because I've seen the signs, and if your own gamekeepers can't keep trespassers and other bandits off, why, it's not *my* fault. And we'll have to find another woods for you, won't we, Ellen? Somewhere in Georgia, I should say. The rattlesnakes there haven't *all* gone into winter quarters."

"I could live in the cave on Long Top," Ellen said, "where we had the picnic last year. If I needed help, I could set fire to the blasted pine. You could have some of your men keep an eye out for the signal. But unless I *do* signal, nobody is to come near me. And it's only for *ten* days. If you won't lend me *your* cave, I'll go to some really truly wild cave where there won't be a single soul to keep a distant eye on me."

"You're too old," said their host, "to be told what I'd do to you if you were my daughter. Live in cave! Ten days! Prove she ought to vote!"

But he had to give in at last, and it was decided that she should start for the cave on the day following the next day. She was to go on foot. It was a ten-mile walk, all up-hill. She was to carry her own provisions, an ax, a kettle, a twenty-two, a jack-knife, blankets, some other textile necessities, a dozen boxes of matches, a tooth-brush, etc.

Now, if the female reader will make a bundle of these things—especially don't forget the provisions for ten days, the ax, and the kettle—and carry it for one mile of good going, she will have some idea of what Ellen Faraway had undertaken to do.

But Ellen Faraway was one of those modern girls with a brown face, sea-blue eyes, and sunburned hair, who all her life had sailed boats, and ridden horses, and tooled fours, which takes real strength, and played golf and tennis, and climbed mountains, and swum, seal-like, in semi-Arctic





DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

The forest floor rose and struck him a terrible blow, and he lay still and dying

water by the hour. In physical address she really did resemble a man. Some people said that the only real difference between Ellen Faraway and a man was that she wanted to vote and couldn't, whereas he could and didn't want to. But there must have been other differences, because so many men, at different times, had wanted to marry her, and because so many still wanted to.

## II

A MAN in the least used to camping could have made himself very comfortable in that cave. He would have built up backlogs, three or four deep, facing the entrance, made a hot fire against these, and so kept the interior warm and dry. But Ellen had not the skill to fell trees and cut them into backlogs. The utmost she could manage was a soft sapling about two inches in diameter, the severed ends of which, when at last the leafy top had swished to the ground, looked as if generations of mice had nibbled them. Her technique with the ax failed in two essentials: when she wanted to, she couldn't strike twice in the same place, and when she didn't want to strike twice in the same place, she was utterly unable to strike anywhere else.

So for firewood she had to depend on fallen branches which she could break across her knee. Fires made of such material have an unhappy faculty of going out the moment their builder who depends upon them for warmth during a dank, dripping night has gone to sleep.

That Ellen did not catch her death of cold was owing to the fact that there were no germs in that part of the world. Her nose ran a little, but that was only because it thought it ought to have a cold in it.

Her attempts at cooking were on an exact par with her fire-making. And she was unable, after the first day, to remove the grease which kept forming on the inside of her kettle. She had bacon, beans, flour, tea, sugar, salt, and a few potatoes, enough provisions, added to the small game which she had purposed to kill with the twenty-two, to last her for ten days. But sooner than slaughter another squirrel or any other forest innocent, she would have starved to death.

But she had a splendid digestion, and bacon pleasantly warmed but quite raw,

with potatoes, black on the outside, then soft and mealy for an eighth of an inch, and then cold and hard (excellent for burns) furnished her with a consummate opportunity to prove that she had.

Still, she lost weight and color. She had thought that it would be delightful to get away from people, to have no company but her own thoughts, to be on terms of complete intimacy with nature, to rest. But it wasn't. She was frightfully lonely. When her thoughts didn't bore her, they terrified her, and as for any intimacy with nature, the two never even got upon speaking terms. Though it must be admitted that nature, with her lavish capacity for friendships, never ceased to make advances.

A beetle, with interminable horns, escaping from a newly lighted fire, would run affectionately toward her, brandishing those same horns and making biting motions with his mandibles. A large rat-snake offered to share the cave with her and was rudely repulsed. It is said that snakes are deaf. If so, it was fortunate for that one. Spiders, immense, mushy, gray ones, and black ones with yellow markings, inhabited the roof of the cave and longed to know her better. Shy as these were, so great was their longing that it was not unusual for one of them to lower itself upon a thread of unrolling gossamer until it could gaze into her face. One morning, she found in her left shoe wisps of dry grass and a very fat field-mouse with eyes like glass beads. And after that she slept with her shoes on.

The whole of the fourth day it rained, and all that night. And on the morning of the fifth day, although the sun shone bright through the dripping trees, she was not able to start a fire. She fasted till noon, drying herself in the sun, and then was about ready to give in. It would be humiliating to march back to the big house and to fall fainting, perhaps into Billy's arms. But if he teased her by word or look, she wouldn't marry him. She had promised to marry him in the event of failure; but if that Constitution which forbade her the vote was nothing among friends, promises need be nothing among lovers.

She was quite ready to admit that in some (unimportant) ways, Woman is not the equal of Man. In four days, a man would have learned how to use an ax and how to sharpen it. He would have learned how to economize matches, and, if not how

to cook a potato, at least how to soften it all the way through.

She was ready to give in, but she wouldn't give in. Often she rose with the idea of returning to her friends, and as often she sat down again, utterly unwomaned at the idea of facing them and confessing her failure.

About the middle of the afternoon, she went for a weak-kneed stroll—with a purpose. For some hours she had heard, from time to time, the ringing of an ax. Now the sound seemed to come from far off; now from close at hand. If the chopper should not be one of her host's gamekeepers, she had a right to ask assistance from him. One of the stipulations of the bet was that she could make use of anything she found in the forest. And, with fine logic, she said to herself,

"After all, a man is only a *thing*."

For a quarter of a mile the sound of chopping drew her in a northerly direction, then north by east, and then it stopped. But she kept on. She felt very sure of her direction now. And if there was any mistake, the chopping was certain to begin again. But it didn't. And the stillness and the approach of dusk began to frighten her. How did she know what manner of man it was whom she had so hurried to find? She was an idiot. Instead of trying to find him, she ought to have hidden in her cave, loaded her little rifle, and been ready for him in case he happened to find her.

So she turned, almost in a panic, and started back for the cave. But the cave—well, the cave wasn't lost, but she was. And while she walked in a desperate circle trying to find the well-beaten trail which connected the cave with civilized places, the short day came to an end. And the night announced that it was going to be cold.

It was then, dizzy with hunger and well frightened and bewildered, that she smelled a pleasant, almost an edifying smell of chicken and bacon, frying in company.

It was a fragrant, potent, almost a visible smell. It was as easy to follow to its source as a brook, and she followed it, stumbling in the darkness, barking her shins, and receiving stinging blows in the face from branches. But she was used to hard knocks. She had received plenty of them during the long campaign for suffrage. And then she had only wanted to vote. *Now*, she wanted to eat fried chicken.

And presently she came to the edge of a clearing. At the farther end was a little hut built of bark. In front of this burned, not too brightly, a most scientifically laid fire. Over this, in a large black frying-pan, the chicken and the bacon were hissing and sizzling.

He who knowingly held the long handle of the frying-pan had an earnest, determined, but pleasant face. He was young and clean-looking. She was greatly reassured. Somehow, she had expected to find a ferocious, dirty old mountaineer with a tobacco-stained beard.

But she did not at once declare herself. For a moment, she clung to the black shadows. The youth, perhaps, was not alone. That bark shack, small though it was, was big enough for two. This idea so alarmed her that she forgot her hunger and weakness, and turned strongly with the intention of retreating. But, at that, the fryer called to her in a lazy, drawling, reassuring voice:

"Come right in. Don't be afraid."

She hesitated, drew a deep breath, and advanced into the circle of light.

"I allow you'll excuse me if I don't rise up. This chicken-dinner—"

But he looked up, and her ragged, disheveled, woebegone appearance most obviously gave him concern.

"Why, you're mos' dead!" he exclaimed. "Set right down an' warm yourself."

She shivered into place, close to her host and close to his fire.

"You poor lil' thing!" he said.

Somehow, that speech was very comforting to her and made her smile. What a gentle way the young mountaineer had with him! Surely she need have no fear of him; and at that she glanced nervously over her shoulder at the bark hut.

"You all alone?"

Her host allowed that he was, and added very, very gently:

"It's wild. I lives in the woods."

Then he withdrew the frying-pan from over the fire and set it upon a rock to cool. And he gave her a piece of clean bark for a plate, and brought from the hut a dilapidated fork and knife and two battered tin cups. Hot tea went into the cups, from a kettle that stood close to the fire. And then there was a period of delightful, greasy silence.

Supper over, the young mountaineer



Her attempts at cooking were  
on an exact par with her  
fire-making

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER





## Suffrage in the Wild-wood

gathered his cooking utensils together and "allowed" that he'd step down to the branch and wash up. She noticed that he half filled his frying-pan with ashes, and when she asked him why, he said it was to "cut the grease." He went swiftly into the night, and swiftly returned. And she remembered the long, unsuccessful hours that *she* had put in at trying to wash up.

Stacked against one side of the bark hut was half a cord of neatly chopped logs and smaller fire-wood. Helping himself from this, the young mountaineer turned his subdued cooking fire into a gorgeous blaze, from which, seated side by side, they had to retreat farther and farther.

She kept thinking:

"What a real gentleman he is! How courteous and how thoughtful! He hasn't asked me a single question. He just takes me for granted."

The wish to explain herself grew upon her. But it was hard to make a beginning. At last, she said,

"Do you believe in votes for women?"

"No, ma'am," he said simply.

"Why not?"

"Why, when it comes to hard licks, they ain't in it with a man, and so it's man's duty to love 'em an' protect 'em."

"Tell me," she said: "Was it you I heard chopping this afternoon?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you chop *all* that wood?"

"That ain't much."

She looked at him sidewise with a kind of awe. She was thinking of that one two-inch sapling which she had managed to "chew" down with her ax, at the sacrifice of that ax's edge (twenty-eight times it had glanced from the sapling to a stone) and the palms of her own hands.

"Do you know," she said, after a time, "I don't believe in votes for women, either. I think with you that a woman ought to be loved and protected unless she's an idiot."

"Or cantankerous," said the mountaineer gently.

"And I," said Ellen humbly, "have been both in my time. But I'm going to be different. Would you like me to tell you a story about a cantankerous idiot?"

Her host pulled out an immense silver watch with a picture of an old-fashioned locomotive on the back, glanced at the time, and returned the watch to his pocket. Then he nodded.

"Of course," said Ellen, a little nettled, "if you'd rather not."

"It ain't that, ma'am," he said gently; "only, every night at eight o'clock I have to read a chapter. I promised."

"Your mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"But why at eight o'clock?"

"That was the hour she died, ma'am."

Then there was a long silence; both were sunk in revery. In the midst of his, the young mountaineer smiled.

"If you'd rather not tell me about that there cantankerous idiot—" he purred.

### III

WHEN Ellen had finished her narrative, the mountaineer broke into a kind of joyous, childlike laugh.

"'N all you've got to do is stick for five days more, to fool everybody and win the bet. With me to help, that's easy!"

"I can't even find my way back to the cave," said Ellen, with self contempt. "And it's getting late."

"Yes, it is—it's most eight o'clock. And that reminds me—you don't mind waiting, ma'am?"

"Of course not."

"I read real fast."

"I was hoping that you'd read the chapter aloud."

But he became dreadfully embarrassed at the mere thought.

"Surely you don't mind me."

"Oh, 't ain't that," he said; "it's the chapter. It's Old Testament, and kind of—of tough."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ellen, and she burst out laughing.

From the hut he brought two books, a black and tattered Bible with microscopic print, and a paper novel which he thrust into Ellen's hands. It was entitled "The Red Avenger."

It told of a youth who lived in the woods, and made a business of taking from the rich and giving to the poor. The author perhaps had heard of Robin Hood.

As she skimmed the dull, soiled pages, Ellen glanced up from time to time to see how the Bible reading was progressing. Her host was not so rapid a reader as he had boasted. Indeed, he had, it seemed, to knit his brows very hard and go through the

motions of enunciating each word in order to read at all.

He had rather a fine face, delicately cut. His head was broad above the ears and well rounded. He looked as if he was descended from good old Cavalier stock. His ancestors, perhaps, had worn armor and "ridden at the glove." But generations of poverty, narrow living, and scanty education had landed him on a very low level of the social order.

"What a pity," thought Ellen. She wished there was some way in which she could offer him a helping hand.

The chapter finished, he closed the book, and perhaps meditated on what he had been reading, perhaps not—for his first words had no connection with the Old Testament.

"I've been thinking," he said, "I could go over to your cave—it's not more'n a couple of miles—and bring your blankets 'n anything else you wanted. It would be more sociable if you stayed." And thereupon he became embarrassed and blushed. It was obvious that he wished to say more but had temporarily lost his nerve.

"Wouldn't that be imposing on your hospitality?" said Ellen.

"Nope; it wouldn't." And then, his eyes suddenly shining with admiration, "I wish," he said, "you'd always stay."

"That's nice of you," said Ellen; "but I couldn't very well. Could I? And you—you don't stay here always either, do you?"

"No, ma'am. Only till I've got as many squirrel-skins as I can tote. But I'll be here all the rest of the month. And—but you haven't seen my shack. It ain't very big to look at, but it's divided in two, and, honest, you'll be heaps more comfortable than you was. 'N I'll feed you up and you can go back to your friends lookin' like a two-year-old."

"Do I look as if I needed to be fed up?"

"You look most starved, you poor thing!" he said.

The more Ellen looked at the dry, comfortable hut, the less she liked the idea of returning to her damp limestone cave with all its spiders and other terrors. Always impulsive and daring, her mind was very soon made up.

"But you've got to let me pay board," she said.

His face seemed to stiffen and grow cold.

"Forgive me," she said; "I've hurt your

feelings. I take it all back. But it's awful to think of your having to go all that long, dark way to get my things.

"Shucks!" said he.

And a few moments later, a squirrel-rifle over his shoulder, he had vanished in the night.

#### IV

"LISTEN," she said: "You've been sweet to me. You are one of the best gentlemen I know. And remember our friendship has only just begun. You are to do more with your life than live in the woods and hunt squirrels."

He had accompanied her to the edge of the forest, to the beginning of the rolling farmlands. He looked very wistful and sad at having to part with her. Far off, gleaming among trees, they could see the white columns of the great Valley Brook house, and above the trees the pale smoke from many chimneys.

"And you'll come to see me soon? You've promised."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Make it very soon, will you?"

And upon one of her sudden impulses she kissed him. His face grew very rosy. His emotions choked him. He couldn't speak. And all at once, with a strangled cry, he turned and ran, and presently disappeared in the forest. And as he ran, he whose favorite reading was the Bible and "The Red Avenger," tears streamed from his eyes and his heart felt as if it were going to burst.

Ellen went on her way, slowly and thoughtfully. But long before she reached the big house she was seen, and Billy came running to greet her. She affected an airy indifference to the hardships of life in the woods.

"Of course I'm all in rags," she said, "but I did myself very well; I rather think I've put on weight. It's been a delightful experience on the whole. And of course it proves all my contention and theories, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does," said Billy gloomily.

She smiled inwardly.

"I wasn't even lonely after the first few days," she said.

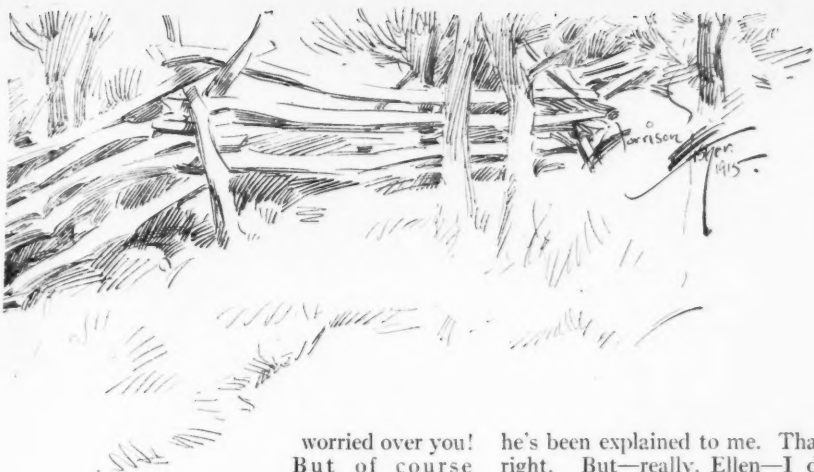
Billy groaned.

"I'd give my right hand if you'd only failed," he said. "O my Lord, how I've



DRAWN BY DARGUS ERIKS

"I wasn't even lonely after the first few days," she said



worried over you! But of course there were always men to take care of you in case of need. Did they show themselves at all?" His face was so sad and humble that all of a sudden she took pity on him.

"Billy," she said, "I'm a fraud. At the end of a few days I was half starved; I had no fire; I was wet to the bone; I was all ready to give in. Then I got lost and I met a young fellow—a squirrel-hunter—Eric Hastings—such a fine person. And—and he looked after me. So, you see, I cheated."

"And I win?"

A look of wonderful happiness began to come into his face, and suddenly froze half-way.

"How do you mean—he looked after you?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "he had a nice, dry, warm hut, and he fetched my things from the cave——"

"Why, Ellen," he said, "this is a most extraordinary statement! Do you mean, you—you camped out with this fellow? I never in all my born days heard of such a crazy performance!"

"Why not?" she said. "He was such a good gentleman, Billy."

"Thank God for that!"

"Every night he read a chapter in the Bible because he'd promised his mother."

"Lots of fellows read the Bible and make promises," said Billy darkly. "But isn't it going to be a little awkward to explain this *preux chevalier* to everybody? Of course

he's been explained to me. That part's all right. But—really, Ellen—I don't think you've got enough sense to come in when it rains."

"Oh, I know I haven't," she said lightly. "I don't believe in votes for women any more. He didn't."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Oh, a lot. You see, where I tried and failed—I, a great, strong, grown girl—he succeeded without even trying. And with that constant illustration of my own helplessness and his efficiency——"

"Why shouldn't he be efficient and a good woodsman—born in the woods and a professional squirrel-hunter and—and—all that?"

"True," she said. "And I got so fond of him that, when we parted, I kissed him."

"Ellen!"

"Don't scold me, Billy. You see, he swore he was thirteen, but he didn't look a day over ten."

Billy drew the longest breath he had ever drawn in his life.

"And he proved to me," she said, "that even a frail, small boy is more efficient than the average woman. And so, if you'll stop scolding me and finding fault with me, I'll tell you that I missed you every hour of all the days, and that I'm all ready to be taken care of."

Billy looked toward the big house; it was shut out from view by a great clump of broad-leaved magnolias.

"We must find something better than squirrel-hunting for that boy," he said, his voice trembling. "But, oh you darling little wretch, how you did put him over on me!"

The next **Gouverneur Morris** story will appear in the April issue.

# Winter's Delights in the Yosemite



Skiing on  
the floor of the  
Valley, near The Domes

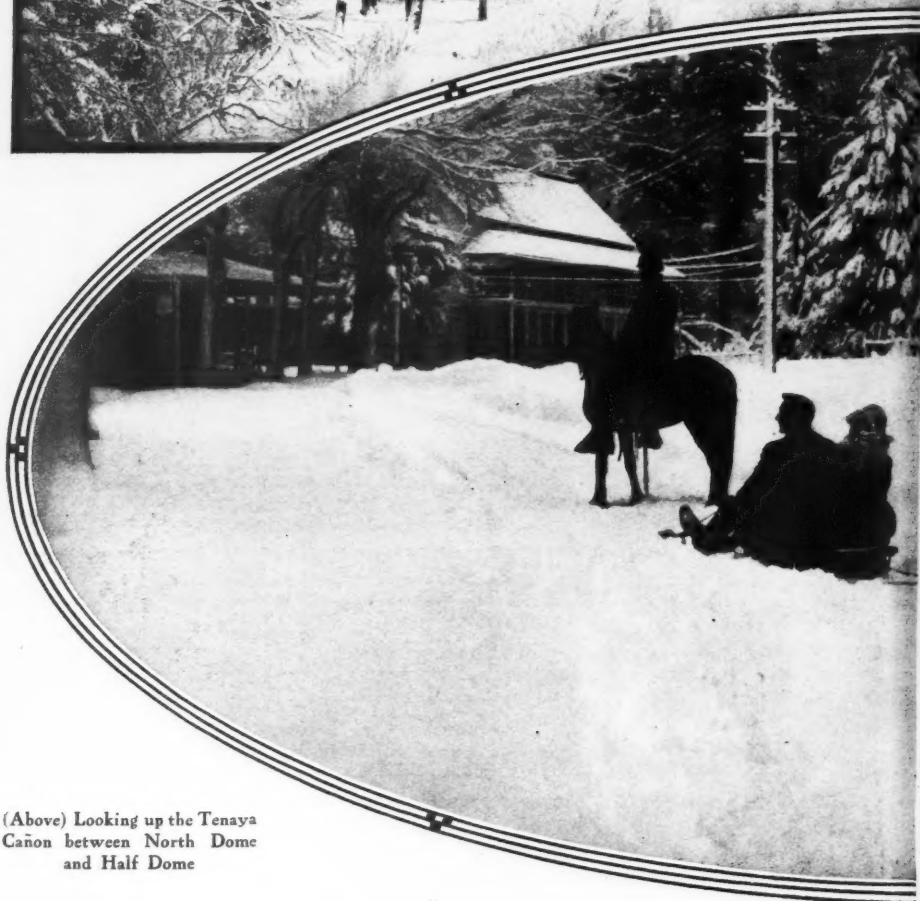


The great Yosemite Falls never





appear more beautiful than when surrounding Nature is decked in spotless white.



(Above) Looking up the Tenaya  
Cañon between North Dome  
and Half Dome



Sledding party returning to the  
hotel after a day's sport in  
the Valley



DAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"Where do you want to hang this?" He stopped and came back, studying a long time the canvas she indicated

# The Woman Gives

## A Story of Regeneration

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by  
Howard Chandler Christy

THE living-apartments on the upper floors of Teagan's Arcade, a building devoted to many uses situated on Lincoln Square, New York city, house a number of people of varied occupations. They are—Inga Sonderson, who makes posters, magazine covers, and decorative sketches; St. George Kidder (known to his friends and the reader as Tootles), a young painter; Flick Wilder, his roommate, a distinctly humorous personage who has had experience in all things of hack literary work; Mr. Cornelius, an elderly Frenchman who suggests a past that contains elements of the romantic and mysterious, and who has been dubbed "the baron" by the Arcade dwellers; Miss Angelina Quirley, a tiny old lady who dresses and repairs dolls; Miss Myrtle Popper, manicurist and marcel-waver; Miss Minnie Brewster, from the Middle West, who has golden dreams of an operatic career; Belle Shaler and her roommate, Pansy Hartmann, artists' models—the latter has made a sentimental impression upon Tootles, and is the only friend Mr. Cornelius has in the building; Lorenzo P. Drinkwater, a Portuguese Yankee and a lawyer, who has made an unfavorable impression upon his fellow-lodgers; Ludovic Schneibel, a dentist and amateur painter; Madame Probasco, a trance medium, and a Mr. Dean, student of veterinary surgery.

A recent arrival is King O'Leary, a man of roving disposition. He has just received a small legacy, and, with Tootles and Wilder (with whom he has made friends), gives a Christmas dinner and party in their rooms to the lodgers in the Arcade. It is the first time that these have come together for social intercourse, and much friendliness is developed. The festivities are interrupted by the appearance of a painter named Dangerfield. He has leased a studio, but not yet moved in, and comes to the apartment by mistake. Scarcely has he been made welcome than he falls to the floor unconscious. Carried to his studio, he is cared for by Inga Sonderson and O'Leary. The next day he is all right. The cause of his collapse is a matter of much speculation in the Arcade; no one can guess what is wrong.

Dangerfield soon becomes popular. The Arcadians are disturbed over Drinkwater's interest in his affairs. The lawyer seems to be spying on him. Inga sees that the painter has lost his grip on things—that apparently he is ruining his life in some kind of dissipation. She is anxious to help him, but her attempts are repelled. However, she tells him that she believes in him absolutely. She assists him to get settled in his studio, and, with this act, the foundation of a good influence over him is possibly laid.

The quick exhaustion of O'Leary's legacy is celebrated by a dinner- and theater-party to which he himself conducts Myrtle Popper, while Tootles and Flick escort Pansy Hartmann and Belle Shaler respectively. Under Belle's scornful criticism, Tootles now begins on a masterpiece; Flick gets a job, and Myrtle keeps O'Leary from succumbing to an attack of *Wanderlust*. One night, Dangerfield gives a stag party at which the chief diversion is boxing. He himself has on the gloves when the door opens and a heavily veiled woman comes in. She and Dangerfield face each other. The latter, although deeply angered at the intrusion, manages to control himself. The guests withdraw. They divine instinctively that the woman is the painter's wife.

THIS dramatic interruption made a tremendous commotion. The party broke up instantly. O'Leary, who had been watching Drinkwater from the moment Dangerfield had put on the gloves, purposely left the door of their room open into the hall.

"What's going on there is no business of ours," he said grimly. "I purpose to keep it so."

Sure enough, promenading the hall absently, presently along came Drinkwater, head down, as though unaware of the open door.

"Hey, there!"

At O'Leary's call, the elongated figure pulled up abruptly, and Drinkwater's Gipsy face loomed high in the door-frame.

"Yes?" he said, blowing nervously through his nose. "What is it?"



"I say, Drinkwater: better keep away from that end of the hall," said O'Leary casually. "You see, you might overhear something you oughtn't to."

Drinkwater looked around with an excellent simulation of surprise.

"Really?" he said affably. "I wasn't noticing. Good-night." With which, smiling, he moved away, and quite casually he reached out and closed the door.

O'Leary, whistling to himself, rose and opened it again, saying sarcastically,

"Now, wasn't that cute of him?"

Presently, just as he had expected, Drinkwater came by the door again.

"Hey, there!"

The lawyer stopped, but this time there was no smile on his face.

"Well, what is it?" he said curtly.

"Told you to keep away from this end—savvy?" said O'Leary, looking at him.

"I do not recognize, O'Leary," said the lawyer, speaking as though he were addressing the court, "any right of yours to tell me what I should do."

"You don't? Well, I do. What's going on in there is nothing in your life, old horse, so I've just made up my mind to sit here and see that no little five-dollar lawyer goes soft-footing it down there to sneak around. You see, Drinkwater, I'm on to your game."

"What do you mean?" said the other, quietly enough, though his fingers were twitching at the hem of his coat.

"Think it over," said O'Leary. "I'm not at all certain that this isn't some of your work to-night. But you heard what I said. Now, git!"

Drinkwater stood looking at him stubbornly, hatred fairly oozing out of his brilliant black eyes. Then he blew through his nostrils again and went up the hall.

They waited with a sense of impending tragedy—Tootles at the table, drawing nervous caricatures on a pad; Flick and Schneibel by the window, talking in low tones; O'Leary moving restlessly up and down the room. The woman had been there an hour when, all at once, they heard steps coming down the hall. O'Leary turned with a sudden start and shot over to the door, whether he believed it was Drinkwater again or whether he had some other possibility in mind. It was Mr. Cornelius, who, unable to contain his anxiety, had come down for news.

"Now, isn't this a nice damn thing?" he said, in his staccato, excited way, and they noticed that his gray mustache, ordinarily so immaculate, was sadly twisted and awry. "How long is it now since she was there?"

"Over an hour."

Instinctively they were silent. From the next room not a sound came to them.

"You hear anything?" said "the baron."

"Once. They were getting up pretty high," said O'Leary. "I gave them a rap or two on the wall."

"I don't like it—*une sale affaire! Que diable vient-elle de faire ici?*" said the Frenchman.

"Do you think some one had better break it up?" said O'Leary, who showed a good deal of uneasiness, for him.

Tootles drew a big breath, shoved away his pad, and went to listen by the wall.

"A nice damn thing," said Mr. Cornelius angrily. "What a stupid damn thing—eh? Yes; perhaps some one had better go. One never knows—at such times. He is—so—so wild!"

"If any one goes, it's up to you, Baron," said O'Leary solemnly. "You've got more of the inside dope than we. It wouldn't be quite so raw." He pulled out his watch. "Yes; darned if I don't think you'd better see what's going on."

At this moment, the door of the corner studio opened, and they heard Dangerfield say,

"Too late—I've said it." Then something unintelligible in the woman's voice, evidently a supplication, for he replied, with a scornful laugh:

"With all your cleverness—you're not clever enough. You should have known the man you were dealing with."

The nerves of the listeners were at such a tension that they were quite unconscious of their exposed position in the hall. Dangerfield perceived them first before he drew up, folded his arms, and said,

"Don't waste time—good-by."

She seemed to accept the inevitable, for, after a moment, she said quietly,

"You will, at least, I suppose, see me to my car?"

He hesitated, and was about to comply, though it was evident that it went against the grain to do so, when the door of the little studio flashed open and Inga came out.

"Don't go!" she said emphatically, moving directly to Dangerfield and touching his arm.

This unlooked-for action on the part of Inga left them all amazed. Curiously enough, the only one who seemed to take it as a matter of course was Dangerfield.

"Why do you say that?" he said sharply, yet seeming to give the matter attention.

"Don't go—don't!" she repeated.

While everyone was waiting for what was going to happen next, the woman said quietly, with supreme insolence, as though such people as Inga were beneath her notice: "You have not quite lost, I suppose, all sense of decency? Kindly take me out of this humiliating scene."

There was something in her tone that did not quite ring true. It was too calm, too calculatedly unresentful, perhaps. At any rate, each was conscious of an uneasy sense of distrust. Dangerfield, who had been looking at Inga's tense face, seemed to make up his mind all at once.

"O'Leary, are you there?" he said abruptly.

To the surprise of the others, O'Leary stepped forward at once and blurted out:

"Miss Sonderson's advice is good. If you want, I'll show the lady down."

"Do," said Dangerfield, who by now was in a high pitch of excitement, staring with shifty suspicion at the woman, who drew hastily away, as though really alarmed; then she turned on them as they stood together, Inga's hand still over his arm, to quiet him.

"So that's how it is?" she said, with a high-pitched laugh. Then she turned and went around the corner. At the stairs she seemed to see O'Leary for the first time.

"I don't need your assistance," she said curtly.

O'Leary, without reply, continued to follow. At the bottom of the flight she turned again. This time, her voice was conciliating.

"Thank you; but I prefer to go on alone."

"Yes, yes," said O'Leary; "but it's no trouble—none at all."

At the next flight, she wheeled around with abrupt determination.

"You evidently don't understand me," she said sharply. "Your presence is obnoxious. I wish to be left alone."

"Very probably," said O'Leary, without showing any signs of departing.

"Do you hear me?" she said angrily.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Useless to talk to me like that, my lady," he said, exaggerating his rôle for purposes of his own. "I'm no gentleman, you see—you can't put those tricks over on me. I'm going to see that you get out of here. Now that you understand things better, will you go quietly, or do you want me to pick you up and carry you?"

She drew back with a cry.

"Don't touch me!"

"Well, which is it?"

She made up her mind quickly; evidently she could size up a situation and reconcile herself to it when faced with a crisis, for she turned and went down the other flights without a word.

On the second floor, his ear caught the sounds of hurried, slipping steps. He turned hastily, almost certain that he had seen the passage of some tall, shifting body, but he did not dare to investigate then, with the duty in hand.

"Are you satisfied now?" she said, when they had reached the ground floor. "Your intention is not to annoy me, is it?"

He stood stroking his chin, undecided. She profited by the moment's indecision to flit swiftly out of the ghostly arcade toward the avenue. He did not move purposely until he had seen her round the corner, where she gave a hasty backward glance to assure herself that she was not followed. Then, making up his mind suddenly, he went down the arcade and out onto the sidewalk, for spying was not in his nature. She was at the door of a closed touring car; some one was giving her a hand from within, and on the curb two men were standing. She saw O'Leary start angrily toward them, and said something in peremptory command, for before he could come rushing up, they had jumped in after her and the car had rushed away.

King O'Leary, remembering the shadow he had seen on the second floor, hastened back. He made a thorough inspection of the halls without finding anyone in the old corridors given over to business offices. Then he went directly to Drinkwater's room and rapped sharply on the glowing glass. In a moment, the lawyer half opened the door.

"What were you doing down on the second floor just now?" said O'Leary directly.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Then he seemed to forget them both in the absorption of the solitaire, laying out the cards with great pains.



as though this assembled order rested his fluttering mind

"Second floor? You're crazy!"

"You were down there five minutes ago."

"No; I was not, and I don't know what business it is of yours, anyway," said the lawyer, catching his breath.

"Drinkwater, I believe you're lying," said O'Leary, with a twitching of his hands that made the other draw back abruptly. "If you've got any dirty scheme in your head, keep out of it—do you understand?"

"Is that all?" said the Portuguese, with a sneer. O'Leary turned without answer and went down the hall.

"Dangerfield's been asking after you," said Flick. "Well, what?"

King O'Leary made a sign to signify that he would give his news later, and went to the next room. Dangerfield jumped up at his entrance and came forward in a positive frenzy, crying,

"Well, what did you see—who was there?"

Behind him, the straight, slender figure of Inga was standing. She placed her finger across her lips in warning.

"Why, no one at all," said O'Leary heartily.

"No one?" said Dangerfield, and he came up close to him and looked into his face like a puzzled child. "You say, no one?"

"I told you that, there was no reason to be excited," said Inga, in a strangely calming voice.

"How do you know there was no one?" he said, dissatisfied. "Did you see who was outside? Did you go to the car—all the way?"

"Yes, indeed; and the bigger fool I," said O'Leary, who comprehended that the man was in no condition to hear what he had seen.

"But some one was there—in the car—waiting?" said Dangerfield, insisting. "A square-set man, about my height, cropped mustache—you saw him—you—"

Inga had advanced to his side; now she laid her hand on his arm and said with a smile:

"Why, Mr. Dangerfield, didn't you hear what he said? There was no one there."

"No one?" said Dangerfield, frowning and looking back at O'Leary with a perplexed stare.

"No one at all, and no one waiting," said O'Leary glibly.

"Then why didn't you want me to go down?" he said abruptly, turning on her.

"You would only have gone on arguing," she said.

His back was turned a moment, as he ran his hand over his head and walked away. Inga's eyes went quickly to King O'Leary. He nodded and held up three fingers.

Dangerfield sat down at the spacious Florentine table and took up two packs of cards. Inga glanced at him, and going over to the sideboard, lit two candles and placed them on either side of him. He looked up, smiled, and patted her hand, quite unconscious of O'Leary's presence. Then he seemed to forget them both in the absorption of the solitaire, laying out the cards with minute pains, as though this assembled order rested his fluttering mind. She made a sign to King O'Leary and went to the door. Dangerfield looked up.

"Where are you going?" he asked querulously.

She smiled.

"It's all right; I'm coming back."

Outside, O'Leary told her the results of the investigation, saying,

"Hadh't he ought to know?"

She considered thoughtfully.

"Do you think they were there on purpose?"

"Don't know—hard to tell," he said, frowning. "It was her actions that made me suspicious. Well, oughtn't we to put him wise?"

"I'll tell him," she said, nodding; "at least, I'll mention it so he'll be on his guard. Do you think—that is, if there is anything wrong—that there will be any danger to-night?"

"Can't tell," he said thoughtfully. "Do you want me to stay with him?"

She shook her head.

"If anything happens, I'll come for you. It's all right; I know how to handle him."

"Say?"

"What?"

He looked down at her a moment, while, a little puzzled, she stood facing him.

"You've made up your mind, haven't you?" he said abruptly.

She understood at once, but she waited sometime before answering, as though the question were still undecided in her own mind.

"He needs me," she said, at length, looking up into his eager eyes. Then she went back to the studio for the long night's vigil.

#### XIV

ONE unlooked-for result or the evening's happenings was that O'Leary's antagonism to Dangerfield seemed completely to disappear. Indeed, he seemed now to share Inga's devotion—probably for no other reason than that Dangerfield, in a moment of perplexity, had called him to his assistance.

The effect on Dangerfield was marked. He sobered up all at once, as though concentrated on some fixed purpose. Yet the restless note remained—if anything, it was aggravated. There was always about him, even in the midst of conversation, the effect of listening for some distant warning sound. Another thing they noticed was that he did not leave the arcade or indeed the sixth floor, having his meals sent in by Sassafras. When O'Leary went down to see him the second night, he had to name himself in a loud voice before the door was opened cautiously, while, once inside, he found quite a system of bars and bolts had been installed; and by this he divined that Inga had found a means to warn him.

The change in Dangerfield brought a more pliable mood, of which the girl availed herself to amuse his mind with the final arrangement of the studio. Curiously enough, though it was characteristic of his disconnected actions, he made but one reference, and that an indirect one, to the abrupt interruption of the woman, whoever she might have been in his other life. It was the second afternoon, and they were engaged in hanging pictures and placing the bric-à-brac. For long periods he was keen and interested, deeply enjoying her enthusiasm; then, all at once, there came a spell of moody aloofness in which he forgot her, roving about the room with a nervous, jerky snapping of his fingers, talking to himself. Then he stopped with his ear trained to some outer noise, and went abruptly to the door for a suspicious survey. That ended, he closed it carefully and drew each bolt, trying the strength of the door.

"A couple of bars," he said, as though dissatisfied; "that's what it needs."

He came back, and, seemingly struck



with her presence, went up to her and laid one of his big hands on her shoulder.

"You think this all very queer, don't you?"

"It is no business of mine," she said.

"How do I know you're not in their game—you, too?" he said abruptly, and a startled leap of suspicion came into his yellow-green eyes that made them almost uncanny.

"Don't get excited, Mr. Dangerfield," she said; and, whether consciously or unconsciously, her voice took on that dreamy, quiet tone that seemed to exercise a peculiarly soothing effect upon him.

"No, no; that's crazy," he said. Then he frowned suddenly. "Well, it will all come out soon—the truth—as much as people ever get of the truth."

"Where do you want to hang this?"

He stopped and came back, studying a long time the canvas she indicated, a study of sunlight through foliage that flung spattered shadows across a group of urchins.

"Like that?" he said suddenly.

"I like it the best."

"You do?"

She smiled and nodded.

"I thought that a great picture when I painted it—where was it? Yes, at Étretat," he said moodily. "Wonder how good it really is? So you like it best, do you?"

"It's so sure and daring; and there's something that draws you into it."

"Why, that's good criticism!" he said, pleased. "Yes, that's youth—when you don't know how difficult the thing is. That's why sometimes you succeed in doing it— Well, we'll give it the place of honor. Wish the sun shone like that nowadays."

"You haven't taken off the signature," she said, pointing to the lower corner.

"That's queer! Thought I'd cleaned them all up," he said, without appearing to notice the knowledge her remark implied.

He took a palette-knife and carefully shaved away the telltale strokes.

When they had hung the picture, he seemed to come out of his mental eclipse.

"Why, you must be tired!" he said, with a sudden contrition. "What a brute I am! Kept you up all night, too."

She shook her head and smiled.

"I like this—I like changing something bare and empty into something beautiful and fine."

"Now, just what do you mean by that?"

he said, with an odd smile; but, seeing by her expression that she had meant nothing more than the words implied, he laughed to himself and added thoughtfully, with some personal show of interest, as he looked into her quiet eyes, "Queer—you should happen to be just over there!"

"Fate, isn't it?" she said; and, for once, their rôles were reversed—the man studying her as she went into a reverie, her lips a little drawn, looking far down the long-storied lanes of the tapestry.

"That's what it all is," he said, watching her with more curiosity than he had shown: "whether you turn to the left or the right at a certain moment. 'Life is a jest, and all things show it.' Why, Inga, if a gust of wind hadn't blown my hat off at the right"—he corrected himself—"no, the wrong moment, would I be here? A gust of wind—and that's the cause, the real cause of it all. How ridiculous!"

Then, all at once, after they had completed their task and the studio stood about them clothed in dark greens and mellow golden rugs, with rich notes of carved furniture and glowing copper in subduing shadows, and great Spanish jars in streaked gray and green in massive restfulness, he became quite furious, as though suddenly realizing what her patience had accomplished.

"You made me do it, and I didn't want to! You made me!" he said, crossing his arms and looking so moodily ferocious that she began to smile. He continued to scowl at her without answering her mood. "Lots of good it will do!"

"It kills time," she said quietly.

"Well, yes; anything for that. Thank God for anything that will do that!" he admitted. "But as for anything else—" And he began to laugh in a low tone to himself at something that had struck his imagination. "All right, then; suppose we have tea here."

"That would be nice."

"Ask the others in," he said restlessly.

She looked up, genuinely surprised.

"The men next door?"

"The girls, too—all of them. Fix the tea—wait—I'll ask them in myself."

Accustomed as she was to his change of moods, this inconsistency amazed her. However, she said nothing, and busied herself at the tea-table. At the door he stopped and came back.

"You don't mind, do you?" he said tentatively.

"I? Mind what?"

"The others coming in—perhaps—"

"No; on the contrary, I think that's what you ought to do. It will amuse you."

"Yes, yes; that's what I want."

He went to the next studio and knocked.

"Who the devil is that?" cried the angry voice of King O'Leary.

"It's I, Dangerfield."

Instantly the room was filled with laughter, and the door was presently opened by Tootles, hair ruffled, paint-brush in his teeth, palette in hand, sunk in enormous overalls streaked and speckled with every conceivable combination of colors.

"Come in or shut the door!" cried O'Leary. "This costume was never meant for January in New York."

"What is it?" said Dangerfield, in surprise.

"I am engaged on a monumental masterpiece," said Tootles proudly. "Step in, brother artist, and give me your expert advice."

#### XV

AGAINST the heroic proportions of the back drop, which represented a peculiarly violent sunset over the cañons of Colorado, was a group in such incongruous attire that Dangerfield, accustomed as he was to the eccentricities of the studio, halted in astonishment. King O'Leary, crowned with a battered helmet and draped in a white sheet to represent a toga, was in an attitude of deferential amazement before Flick, who occupied the center of the tableau in Tootles' dress suit, which shrunk below the elbows and positively refused to descend to the ankles. To the left, Sassafras, stripped to the waist, with the doctored pelt of the Harlem bear flung over one shoulder, and a wig of pendent black horsehair, was on one knee, rolling his eyes upward in ecstatic tribute. Behind appeared Mr. Cornelius, in the most Elizabethan of frilled coats and the most Victorian of trousers, while Pansy, in powdered wig and black-silk knee-breeches, was the most charming of beaux.

"Do you seize the idea?" said Tootles proudly.

Dangerfield resorted hastily to his pocket-handkerchief and surreptitiously flicked

away a tear of agony, which all his self-control could not keep down.

"It's only a preliminary sketch," said Tootles hastily, "for my monumental decoration, 'The Ages Contemplating the Apotheosis of the Well-dressed Man.'"

"There's millions in it," said Flick, who forgot himself to the extent of raising one arm, with the result that a ripping sound was heard.

"Holy cats! Drop that arm!" exclaimed Tootles.

During this diversion, Dangerfield was able to recover himself sufficiently to present a grave mask.

"What does Sassafras represent?" he asked, stroking his chin.

"Sassafras is primitive man," said Tootles, assuming the attitude of a lecturer. "O'Leary represents Rome—Cæsar or some other classic chap, you know. 'The baron' is the Spirit of the Middle Ages, and Pansy is the celebrated Beau Brummel. It's symbolic, of course."

"And Wilder is the Apotheosis of the Well-dressed Man?" said Dangerfield gravely, contemplating the thin limbs.

"No, no," said Tootles hastily; "Flick is only a clothes-horse for the time being."

Flick objected strongly to this characterization, and while his feelings were being soothed, Dangerfield inspected the canvas.

"I'm afraid I'm in a terrible mix," said Tootles, scratching his head and looking in despair at the canvas.

"How are you going at it?" said Dangerfield, peering into the confusion of colors.

"Diving in, head foremost, I guess," said Tootles, rather discouraged.

"Have you made any sketches, charcoal sketches?"

"Oh, yes; dozens."

He returned with heaped-up arms.

Dangerfield sorted them rapidly, humming to himself. Bits of drawing caught his attention, a free, felicitous line here and there evoking an approving grunt.

"Not so bad—this is more like it—too worked over—this means something—good! But you must get your composition first."

"I know that," said Tootles ruefully; "but, then, I'm new to decoration, you see."

"Harder than you thought, eh?"

Tootles nodded darkly.

"Here, give me a canvas," said Dangerfield, selecting a charcoal; and then, unable

to hold in any longer, he burst into a shout and began to rock back and forth, convulsed with laughter. This cleared the atmosphere and brought them all down from the rarified heights to a working-basis.

When Inga, anxious at his continued absence, came in a moment later, she found Dangerfield chuckling to himself, oblivious to everything but the joy of the moment, rearranging the group, as excited as though he were launched on a masterpiece.

"The first point is the Well-dressed Man," he began, with splendid gravity. "We must place him in a way to dominate everything else—a pedestal or, better still, a throne—no, no; he mustn't be sitting."

"The cut of the trousers is most important," said Flick, who had already formed ambitious plans for the marketing.

"Right—you must stand on an elevation, a flight of steps, perhaps. A box on the model-stand will do for the moment. Now we center it in a triangle: Sassafras at the left, reclining, one leg out, back to us—hold that, good line—other side, what?—the Sphinx—Adam and the Sphinx—not a bad idea!"

"Do you want me full-face or side-view?" said Flick, while Sassafras took his pose and O'Leary was draped in a semirecumbent position to fill the lower right half.

"Thought of taking him three-quarters, with hat and gloves resting on his cane in front—see, like this!" said Tootles meekly.

"Full-front is better for commercial purposes," said Flick.

"How so?"

"When they use it for magazine and newspaper ads., they can print '\$47.50' over the shirt-front. That would be very effective."

"Vandal!" said Tootles indignantly. "This is intended for mural decoration only—like something dignified and inspiring—over a bar."

"Still, if the dress suit is to be held up as the ultimate expression of grace," said Dangerfield, looking over at Inga, "it ought to be full-front."

"But I want to get the high hat in, somehow," said Tootles doubtfully. "Beside, it gives us two chances to sell it. I can be practical also."

"Wait." Dangerfield ran over the canvas and began hurriedly to draw in the three figures as determined upon. Then he burst into renewed peals of laughter,

waving them back as they pressed forward.

"There!" He gave them a signal, and stood off grinning, his head on one side, contemplatively, as they crowded about the composition.

Above the idealized figure of the Well-dressed Man, flanked in servile admiration by the Sphinx and Primitive Man, an Angel of Victory, floating down, after the uncomfortable manner of angels of Victory, was triumphantly blowing on a trumpet sustained by one hand, while with the other she prepared to crown the Modern Man, not with a wreath but with an immaculate silk hat, which was held just over his brow.

"Cracky!" said O'Leary, gazing in awe.

"Wimpfheimer will weep for joy," said Flick, delighted.

Tootles gazed at Dangerfield as the pickets of the Grand Army used to come to startled salute at the sudden apparition of the Little Corporal.

"You must sign it, too," he said, in a burst of fairness.

"It'll be a riot," said Flick, seeing visions of a golden shower. "We'll work it up until we have the whole clothes-aristocracy fighting each other for it."

"That's a beginning," said Dangerfield, who enjoyed the satire more than he dared show. "Beau Brummel can be about left center, examining him through a lorgnon, or better, indicating him to a belle in a powdered wig."

"You do think there ought to be woman-interest?" said Tootles.

"Sure! Appeal to the women—get the women's periodicals," said Flick.

"I think so," said Dangerfield. "Gives us a better chance at color. But start on this; that will come later."

When he had returned to the studio, he took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes, which were wet with repressed emotion. Inga, delighted to see him in this mood, stood smiling.

"It's the most wonderful take-off," he said, at last, when he could get breath. "You don't understand. I have made it a caricature of a superhuman ass I know—Tomlinson—who thinks he can decorate. It'll be the death of him when it comes out."

"You had a lot of fun directing them," she said, glad to find even this expedient to interest him.

The boisterous mood left him.

"Lucky devils!" he said, with the smile



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"There!" He gave them a signal, and stood off grinning, his head on



one side, contemplatively, as they crowded about the composition



still lingering about the corners of his mouth. "Wonder if they know their luck?"

An expression of great kindness came to soften his face, as he stood there reflecting, which held her eyes and brought a smile of tenderness to them, too. For him, the darkling walls, the strident, contending city no longer existed; the hard barriers of the present rolling away before the rise of remembered scenes—glorious attics and tables set with the appetite of youth.

"Reminds me of the time when we painted socks on Quinny's legs so that he could go out and call on a countess. What rackets we used to cut up then! And weren't we sure of the future! Well, that was something—to believe, even for a few years. The young are all geniuses. Why, Inga, I used to walk to the top of Montmartre just to look down over Paris and say to myself, 'Some day, all that, glittering below there, will know who I am!' I used to think, in those days, I was going to be a great man."

"You are!" She came to the side of the armchair into which he had sunk, and stood with her hand upon his arm.

"What?" he said, startled from his reverby by the sound of her voice.

"You have greatness!" she said insistently. "I knew it from the first moment."

He shook his head again.

"No; there are some who think I had—but I know better, I know—I know!" he said, with a rising emphasis. "That's the terrible time in the life of an artist, when he realizes he can go so far—and no farther. That's when he pays for all the triumphs others envy."

"I won't have it so," she said, with such a note of fury in her voice that it stopped him, and he looked at her eagerly, as though longing to be convinced. She was on the arm of his chair, leaning toward him, serious and wilful. Their glances met, and then gradually the seriousness of her look melted into a smile—a flash of white teeth and the slender oval face suffused with a light that seemed to envelop and warm him. He forgot what he had been saying, watching her, the craving for beauty in his soul fed by the tenderness and the youth of her eyes. He laid his hand over hers and stared into her face with that wondering, baffled look of his. Then his mind slipped away to the novelty of the orderly, harmonious room.

"You have made a spot for dreams here," he said, at length.

"I have only just begun."

"Don't!" he said, in a low voice, understanding her. "It's not fair to you; it cannot be done."

She smiled again, a smile that seemed to draw him up into her arms like a tired child, and laid her hand gently over his forehead.

"We shall see."

"Good heavens! Haven't you anything better to do in life," he said, all at once, "than to believe in derelicts?"

She did not answer for a moment. Then she said slowly,

"But that—that makes me happy—to give."

"Inga, do I remind you of anyone?" he said, with a suddenness that startled her.

"Why do you say that?" she said, drawing away and frowning.

"I feel it. Just now, as you were looking, and many times when we were arranging the room. I had the feeling—a strange feeling—almost as though there were some one else here with us—that all this—well, that you had been here before—"

"Why do you say that?" she said, after a moment's hesitation. "I haven't asked questions, have I?"

"You can—and besides, you won't need to, soon," he said, his curiosity aroused by the answer her evasion implied.

"No, no," she said emphatically; "what has happened has nothing to do with it. We are what we are to each other. What's happened before—we want to be free of that. What right has that to come into your life again? That's what's rare in a friendship—to begin all fresh, isn't it?"

"You *are* queer!" he said, gazing at her profoundly.

"Why?"

"So I am not to know anything about you?"

She faced him a long moment, and, despite all his curiosity, he could not divine what was passing behind her eyes.

"Wonder if I shall ever see into those eyes?" he said, wandering from his question. His gaze rested a moment on the sensitive nostrils and the delicate mouth with its poised upper lip. "You can be beautiful when you want to—why don't you?" Then he laughed and said, in a lighter tone, "Inga, if I were ten years

younger, I'd be madly in love with those eyes of yours."

"Would that help?" she said, her eyes filling with a sudden gentleness.

This frank question threw him into a turmoil. He seemed suddenly recalled to himself—to the imminence of some crisis dominating his freedom of decision. He went from her brusquely, turning about the studio with restless, nervous step, snapping his fingers with quick, irritated gesture, until, as she waited, he came back and seized her in his big hands.

"Inga, whatever you do, don't get to caring for me—do you hear?" he said vehemently, with the stricken intensity of his disordered moods. Then each seemed struck with the strangeness and the significance of what they had been saying. He repeated, "Do you hear—do you understand—not that!"

She looked at him, yet across her eyes, as across her soul, the same misty curtain seemed to intervene. Then she shrugged her shoulders, as much as to lay the decision on the lap of fate.

"It will only bring you suffering," he said roughly, almost angrily.

"Yes, perhaps."

She nodded, admitting its truth, and her face clouded before a vision starting out of the shadows. Her arms drew closer about her body, while a shiver had run through it—a premonition, perhaps. She repeated, "Yes, perhaps."

## XVI

TOOTLES had progressed along the arduous road to masterpieces to the extent that he felt a need of realistic detail. Flick, of course, was but a substitute, the center of the stage, as well as Wimpheimer & Goldfinch's perfection dress suit, being now occupied by Belle Shaler, who gave a satisfactory rendering of the new hothouse variety of young man. Sassafiras (when he could put the elevator out of commission) represented Primitive Man with impressive ferocity, but there was something lacking in the Sphinx of King O'Leary. O'Leary suggested many things, but he did not suggest the feminine mystery of that historic lady. Tootles felt this, and felt it acutely, when it suddenly occurred to him that, with a little diplomacy, relief might be at hand: Accordingly,

one day at high noon, he went tripping down the stone stairway to the floor below and over to the door which was inscribed:

### MME. THEODORA PROBASCO SPIRITUALISTIC SEANCES

He rapped gently once, and then once more firmly, with an uneasy glance at the darkened glass.

"Who knocks at this door?" said a solemn voice.

"The one above," said Tootles, in an equally mysterious whisper.

The door was opened cautiously, and Madame Probasco's streaked curls appeared. From inside came the unmistakable scent of a pork chop frying.

"How do you do?" said Tootles affably, with a radiating smile. "And how are all the little spirits?"

"Oh, it's you!" said Madame Probasco, descending to a conversational tone.

"Only me, and in distress—oh, nothing for the spirits to do, but I need a sphinx. Thought you might have one."

"A sphinx? I have a sphinx," said Madame Probasco ceremoniously.

"May I enter?"

Madame Probasco was still hesitating, considering the advisability of introducing such a visitor behind the scenes, when the memory of the pork chop decided her. She hurried back, followed by Tootles, who witnessed the rescue with an expression of sympathy, while seeking among the black-curtained partitions for the abode of ghostly aids.

"I hope we have done nothing to disturb the spirits," he said genially, at the first opportunity.

"It's not you—it's that Dutch yodler!" said Madame Probasco, taken strategically on flank. "He broke up a see-ance only last night and sent me into a fit of hysterics. It's an outrage!"

"Madame, have I your permission to speak to Mr. Schneibel?" said Tootles majestically.

"Deed you'll save my life if you do," said Madame Probasco, with a fleshy sigh. "What was it you wanted? Oh, yes; a sphinx," she added, turning toward the mantelpiece, where, underneath gleaming death-masks and plastered hands, was a collection of scarabs, elephants, and a bronze fragment representing the Sphinx in the shadow of the Pyramid.

"One moment—don't move!" said Tootles, in an excited voice. "Hold that position—by Jove, that is marvelous now!"

"Heavens! What is the matter?" said Madame Probasco, startled.

"Madame Probasco, have you ever posed—has anyone ever done your portrait?"

"There's Mooney, down on the second floor, did a colored photo that wasn't bad——"

"No, no; I mean did you ever have your portrait painted? By Jove, just that moment—I caught an expression—I say, do you know you *would* make a remarkable symbolic study of the Sphinx?"

"Really?" said Madame Probasco, smiling.

"Pon my word! Tell you what I'll do: If you'll sit for the Sphinx, for a monumental decoration I'm doing, I'll make a special sketch and present it to you. Think of the publicity!"

On this basis, the bargain was completed immediately, and King O'Leary, vastly relieved, was promoted to the rôle of Paris, who, with one arm about Helen of Troy (Millie Brewster), a glove brandished in the air, was represented hesitating in his passionate flight to glance back at the symbolic vision of the modern ravisher of hearts in the person of the Well-dressed Man. Madame Probasco entered, in fact, so completely into the spirit of the conception that the brooding realism of her frown brought cold shivers to the impressionable imaginations of Pansy Hartmann and Millie Brewster. The work went on gaily, as all great works of inspiration carry happiness.

The girls, since the night of the farewell dinner, had heaped coals of fire upon the heads of their admirers by an unlooked-for loyalty. Myrtle Popper had brought Mr. Pomello to the studio, a lonely little old man in loose clothes, who conveyed the idea of a shy species of cockatoo behind black-rimmed spectacles, and who accepted the introduction to "cousin" O'Leary with meek obedience. It was evident that he was all eyes for the brimming youth of the girl, and hurriedly seconded her suggestion that O'Leary should preside over the orchestra of one piano in the "continuous" below, from eight until eleven p. m. Belle Shaler, in her turn, succeeded in inviting the three friends to one banquet and two dances, which considerably improved their household account; while Pansy, as

though realizing for the first time the heights to which Tootles might ascend, became almost docile, and if she still listened to the assiduous compliments of Drinkwater and others, at least she concealed the evidence with skill.

Dangerfield came in twice again for a flitting visit and a few words of advice, but the first enthusiasm had vanished, or rather, he seemed obsessed by some distant preoccupation. A week had now passed since the episode of the interrupted boxing-match, and the heated discussions as to who Dangerfield really was and what were the mysterious complications in which he was involved had been going on with unabated excitement, when, one Sunday evening, without warning, he appeared at the door of the studio dressed to go out.

"O'Leary, are you free for about half an hour?" he said, without notice of the fact that Tootles and Flick were tidying up the supper-dishes.

"What can I do for you?"

"Can you come with me—now?"

"Going out?" said O'Leary, surprised, while the others looked up, for this in itself was in abrupt contrast to his late habit of never setting foot outside of the Arcade.

"Yes."

O'Leary slipped into his things and joined him in the hall.

"Where away?"

"I prefer not to go out of the arcade—I have reasons," said Dangerfield, his voice pitched just above the normal. "We will go out through the apartment-house."

They descended, and by a bridge (one of the many mysterious byways of the arcade) passed into an apartment-house built upon the side street. Down this they went without word of explanation, O'Leary more and more intrigued by the behavior of his companion, who stopped at each landing to read the cards upon the door-plates, talking to himself the while. At the entrance below, as O'Leary was passing curiously out, he caught him with a restraining clutch and a low admonition.

Then he lit a match and studied the row of mail-boxes in the vestibule.

"No, no; that's all right," he said, at last. "Old cards, all of them. No changes here." He blew out the match and looked back at the stairs lost in the dimness of the hall light. "All right, now. Out, and turn straight toward Amsterdam Avenue."

"As you say," said O'Leary, struck by the restrained excitement in the other's voice and gesture.

They went down the block and up the avenue two streets, then eastward to Columbus Avenue. Opposite Heaney's, Dangerfield stopped and said abruptly,

"Now, O'Leary, keep your eyes open, and if you see anyone you have seen before——"

"Anyone I've seen before?" said O'Leary, frowning.

"Exactly—anyone—who was downstairs the night you saw the car. Oh, it's all right; you didn't deceive me then—I know."

"All right; but I don't understand a word," said O'Leary helplessly. "Just what are you driving at?"

But for all answer his companion smiled knowingly, shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"You understand? Touch my arm if you see him. Come."

They crossed Lincoln Square after a careful reconnoitering of the surrounding spaces, and descending briskly on the Arcade, passed along the Broadway front and around the corner to the lower street, going in by the side entrance. The inner arcade, deserted in the barren calm of Sunday night, showed only the lingering figures of a group of newsboys and the half-lights of the telegraph-office.

"All right; that's enough," said Dangerfield, looking apparently satisfied. "Mighty decent of you. Thanks."

"Don't see that I've done anything in particular," said O'Leary, following him into the elevator; "but at your service any time."

Nevertheless, mystified as he was, he concealed the details of their trip under an evasive answer when he returned to his room. However, the experience remained fixed in his mind, and he divined that Inga, by now, must have told Dangerfield in detail of his discoveries. The precautions taken to bar the door, the voluntary self-imprisonment, the brooding suspicion in the man himself had spread an uncanny feeling of suspense in the upper hall, where, from day to day, each awaited some dramatic explanation. How near it was at hand, no one had any suspicion.

On the following night, Madame Probasco gave a party "to meet the spooks,"

as Tootles expressed it. Just how it came to take place, or who may have put the suggestion into her mind, was never clearly defined. The fact of Drinkwater's participation left a certain suspicion in the minds of some, especially considering what happened later. At a quarter before midnight, being the witching hour, they came down, expectant and a little awestruck, to Madame Probasco's rooms. The black-draped passage, which had an aroma of heavy incense, was faintly revealed by a solitary green lamp, which cast uncanny hues over their faces and caused Pansy to take a desperate clutch of Tootles' hand.

"I can feel them spirits already," said Myrtle Popper, with a nervous laugh.

"Sh! Sh! Silence!" said Flick, in a voice which caused Belle Shaler to stumble with a smothered cry.

Mr. Cornelius, Miss Quirley, and Schneibel, the last in the charge of O'Leary, who had given his word to restrain his volubility, pressed forward eagerly, while Millie Brewster, at the sight of the coffinlike passage, the green light, and the black-draped curtains, billowing as though with the passage of unseen shapes, gave a scream and fled precipitately. Inga and Dangerfield were likewise absentees.

At the door of the salon, a surprise awaited them. Madame Probasco was still behind the scenes, but in the center of the misty room was no other than Drinkwater. A great white collar flashed about his neck against the somber hue of his face and his coal-black eyes.

"Madame Probasco will come on as soon as everyone is seated," he said suavely, yet with a queer little break of excitement in his voice. "She particularly wished me to caution you that there must be the most absolute quiet. Any sudden noise might prove almost fatal to her in her intense mental concentration."

This revelation of Drinkwater's connection with the spiritualistic parlors came as a disagreeable introduction. Tootles gazed at O'Leary, rather undecided, with a vague sense of something ominous impending. O'Leary, for a moment, seemed on the point of breaking out into an objection, but before he could take a decision, from the other room came the voice of Madame Probasco.

"Too much noise—hush!"

The wavering passed. They grouped themselves in a circle on the chairs which



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"I see a great house—oh, but a great, great house—tapestries—a great marble fireplace—and a woman—not





there—no—not there—somewhere else—can't quite make out—only she is tall, and her hair is like a flame”

had already been placed. In the center of the room a great armchair was waiting beside a table on which were displayed two gray-and-white elephants and a plaster skull. Drinkwater passed to the door by which they had entered and drew it shut, and going to the window, flung across a second curtain. In the circle the bodies seemed to recede into a mist, leaving only the white faces distinct, faces white as the chalky death-masks that spotted the walls.

"Remember, silence; absolute silence!" said Drinkwater, with his finger on his lips. He took a last precautionary glance, and then stepped gingerly and softly to the door of the inner room, knocked three times, and announced,

"Everything is ready!"

Madame Probasco delayed her appearance for an interminable, creepy interval, and then, when they were least expecting her, came floating in in long, fluttering garments of slatish blue, her hair bound with Greek fillets, her arms and neck laden with shining ornaments. Her eyes were half closed and her hands extended in groping gestures. Drinkwater went to her side and piloted her to the armchair, amid a heavy craning-forward of her tense audience. She gazed fixedly ahead a moment, with blank, glassy eyes, her lips parted in short, troubled breaths. Then she bent her head suddenly and covered her eyes with one hand, while the other stretched across the dark table until it found the gray-and-white elephant that, in the dim light, seemed to have come into a grotesque distortion of life. At the end of a full ten minutes, during which Drinkwater, at her back with warning finger, cautioned all to immovability and silence, her hand jerked up rapidly in three commanding gestures, and she began babbling in a deep, guttural tone, a jargon without relevance or resemblance to any language they knew.

Drinkwater, as though he had waited for this stage, moved toward the expectant circle, hesitated a moment, and, selecting Myrtle Popper, whispered:

"A handkerchief—anything—of your own. Yes; a glove—that will do. You've worn it? All right."

Madame Probasco immediately transferred the glove to her forehead, and the jargon increased in rapidity. Another interval, and all at once she swayed in her seat and began to talk intelligibly.

"Rivers—trees—a house on a hill—much snow—children, many children in sleighs—a great fireplace with a copper kettle boiling—a holiday—a holiday party of some sort. Who's that? A man—two men—a widower and a young man—a quarrel. I see discord—many quarrels—a journey to a church in a sleigh with the young man—no, no; something's wrong—I don't understand—it's turned back."

Here Myrtle Popper's voice was heard exclaiming,

"My God, it's true!"

The medium ran on more confidently.

"Discord—more quarrels—railroads—crowds, people—so many people—"

For a while, what she said continued broken and mystifying. Suddenly she seemed to pick up the thread again.

"Some one close to you will die within the year—a relative—no, not a relative—perhaps the old man—" She lapsed into the mysterious jargon and again came out: "Changes, marvelous changes—wealth by death, beyond your dreams; and yet your dream, the real dream, will not be realized—a woman—two other women—stand between you and that. This year—everything seems to come in this year—all the changes in your life—great fortune and great disappointments—journeys—new conditions—everything will be changed. That's all I can see—the rest is blurred."

With which, she flung the glove from her and sank her head in her arms.

Drinkwater selected Miss Quirley next, and, after her, Schneibel. Whether Madame Probasco was feigning or not, the outstanding fact was that the next experiments varied greatly in effectiveness. With some she began to prophesy immediately, and with others she refused to go on absolutely, declaring she could do nothing. The séance had been going on thus with alternate success and failure, when Drinkwater selected Mr. Cornelius. Now, several of those present, reviewing these events at a later date, believed that it had all been a carefully laid plan of the lawyer's to ferret into "the baron's" past and that the scene had been agreed upon with Madame Probasco. Yet others insisted that what she had said had startled Drinkwater almost as much as anyone, and that indeed he had gone white and leaned against the wall. However that may be, as soon as Madame Probasco had received into her hands a watch-chain

which Mr. Cornelius had given with the greatest reluctance, she cried, in excellent French, in a voice shrill and quite different from her own,

"*Cinq mille louis sur la bande!*"

The effect on the Frenchman was amazing. He half rose from his seat with a gasp of astonishment, and only the firm hold of his companions in the chain of hands kept him down. The next moment, Madame Probasco was running on in her usual guttural voice:

"I see a great house—oh, but a great, great house—tapestries—a great marble fireplace—and a woman—not there—no—not there—somewhere else—can't quite make out—only she is tall, and her hair is like a flame—and there are lights, lots of lights all around her, at her feet, in the air—people are applauding her—flowers—I smell the scent of roses, always roses—yellow, pink. Why, I can't see her distinctly any more—what has happened? Why, she is not young—she is not beautiful at

all—there's no one around her, and the room is dark—she leans on a cane." All at once her hands began to clutch nervously in the air, and she cried in more excited voice: "What's this? Blows are struck—high words—some one is choking him—some one has him by the throat, forcing him over a table, a green table—and now all the lights are back—oh, so many lights, my head is turned with the lights—*Le numéro quatre!*" she cried suddenly, or, rather, the same shrill nasal voice cried from her. Then she began to tremble as she had at no time before. "No, no; I can't—don't make me tell what I see!"

"What do you see?" said Drinkwater suddenly, in a voice that made them start. The medium moaned and wrung her hands hysterically.

"No, no, I can't; I can't tell that."

"Tell it, *madame*—I command you!"

It was "the baron," who, quite beside himself, had broken out into a shrill command.

"I see—I see—blood," said Madame Probasco, shuddering.

Drinkwater started back against the wall, though Mr. Cornelius seemed, if anything, relieved, for he said rather indifferently,

"Now, or in ze future?"

"In the future; but near, very near. Not your blood—no; it's not on you, the blood—and yet, why it's—"

Whatever she might have said was destined to remain a closed secret, for, at this

moment, the outer door was flung open, and Inga's voice was heard calling:

"O'Leary! Wilder!

Quick—quick! They're kidnaping him! For

"Quick—quick! They're kidnaping him! For God's sake, help!"

God's sake, help!"

Instantly the room broke up into a struggling mass. Drinkwater sprang to the lights, but O'Leary was too quick for him, and, with a sudden clutch at his shoulder, sent him rolling across the floor. The door was locked, and Inga's voice still screaming from the other side, as O'Leary flung his body against the frail supports and went crashing into the hall. Flick, Schneibel, "the baron," Tootles came piling after him and up the stairs on the heels of the fleeing girl. In the corner studio Dangerfield was struggling in the hands of four men, who had him wrapped around with cords and were trying to pass him out of the window over the roof.

The next instalment of *The Woman Gives* will appear in the April issue.





"I hear you're going away," the Worm observed dryly. Peter swung around and peered through his big horn-rimmed glasses. He made a visible effort to compose himself

**T**HE WORM (his name was Henry Bates) put in all of this particular day at the Public Library, up at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. At five o'clock he came out, paused on the vast incline of marble steps to consider the spraying fountains, the pale-green foliage on the terraces (it was late April), and the brilliant, thronging avenue, and decided not to ride down to Washington Square on an autobus but to save the ten cents and walk. Which is how he came to meet Sue Wilde.

She was moving slowly along with the stream of pedestrians, her old coat open, her big tam o' shanter hanging down behind her head and framing her face in color. The face itself was pale. She turned and walked with him; she was loafing, she said listlessly, watching the crowds and trying to think. And she added,

"It helps."

"Helps?"

"Just feeling them crowding around. It seems to keep you from forgetting that everybody else has problems." Then she closed her lips on this bit of self-revelation. They walked a little way in silence. "Listen," said she: "What are you doing?"

"Half an hour's work at home clearing up my notes; then nothing. Thinking of dinner?"

She nodded.

"I'll meet you—wherever you say."

"At the Muscovy, then. By seven."

She stopped as if to turn away, hesitated, lingered, gazing out with sober eyes at the confused traffic. "Maybe we can have another of our talks, Henry," she said. "I hope so. I need it—or something."

"Sue," said he, "you're working too

# *The Ethiop: His Skin*

*The Worm Goes in for  
Reality, and Peter  
Speaks for Himself*

*By Samuel  
Merwin*



"The Trufflers" is Peter Mann's name for a group of young people in the Greenwich Village section of New York city who attempt to pattern their lives upon individualistic doctrines. He does not approve of them, and has written a play "The Truffler" as a message to Sue Wilde, a truffler in whom he is much interested. He also financially backed a moving-picture enterprise organized by Jacob Zanin to exploit Sue's talent. Sue is a charmer, as you will see from the situations that develop in this story.

*Illustrated by  
George Gibbs*

hard." She considered this, shook her head, turned abruptly away.

When he reached the old bachelor rookery in the square, where he had for three years shared an apartment with Peter Ericson Mann (Eric Mann, the playwright) and Hy Lowe, he did not enter but walked twice around the block, thinking about Sue. It had disturbed him to see that tired look in her odd, deep-green eyes. Sue had been vivid, striking, straightforward; body and mind like a boy; fired with a finely honest revolt against the sham life, into an observance of which, nearly all of us, soon or late, get beaten down. He didn't want to see Sue beaten down like the rest.

It was pleasant that she, too, had felt deeply about their friendship. This thought brought a thrill, of the sort that had to be put down quickly; for nothing could

have been plainer than that he stirred no thrill in Sue. No; he was not in the running there. He lived in books—the Worm—and he reflected, with a rather unaccustomed touch of bitterness, that books are pale things.

There was Peter—he had seemed lately to be in the running. But it hardly seemed that Peter could be the one who had brought problems into Sue's life. Jacob Zanin, now—there was another story! He was in the running—decidedly. In that odd frank way of hers, Sue had given the Worm glimpses of this relationship. He rounded the block a third time—a fourth—a fifth.

Zanin, the Jew, had emigrated young from Russia, had worked by day with his hands in city and country while cramming his head by night, had wormed himself into newspaper work in a number of



cities East and West, had haunted the theater, made acquaintances, used them, become press-agent, then starving playwright and poet, then leader of a clique in that quaint section of the great, grotesque city that still calls itself Greenwich Village, then founder of the distinctively interesting little Crossroads Theater.

Zanin had instantly recognized the gift of electrical personality in Sue. He had taken her into his little group of amateur players and dancers, drilled her tirelessly and mercilessly, written a playlet for her, and had unquestionably made her a person of note, even in the Village, where everyone is or intends to be of note.

Zanin's motive? He loved her.

Sue herself understood this clearly enough. But Zanin had made few false steps. Throughout he had been "modern." He had never tired of telling her her life was her own to live. Self-realization was the aim and end of it. There could be no claims of one upon another, no spiritual obligations—not in the larger freedom. The "right" of it was to follow your instincts and impulses—to happiness or the gutter. But follow them, for they were all you had.

Yet, endlessly talking freedom, Zanin had woven about her a close web of subtle obligations. Breathing this air of free, glib theories, she had even regretted that Zanin, while stirring her mind to admiration and gratitude, could not touch her heart. Theories or no, Sue Wilde could not love lightly—at least, not yet. She still had youth, ideals, honesty.

This much the Worm had pieced together from their talks. Then events had taken a turn. Of this later phase, the Worm had seen only a little.

Zanin had plunged crazily into the moving-picture business. It was the idea of putting out a preachment in drama-form against traditional hypocrisy—clothes, marriage, the home. He called it "Nature." Sue was the leading woman; Zanin counted on her enthusiasm, her breeding, her boyish beauty to focus his ideas in the public mind. Peter had been drawn into the venture, had done something or other to Zanin's scenario, was now helping with the production. Here the Worm's information ran out. Perhaps the thing was not wholly crazy. He had some respect for Peter's practical judgment in theatrical matters.

Then, too, Peter was cautious, and close with his time as with his money.

When the Worm entered the apartment, Peter was there, in the studio, telephoning—to a girl, unquestionably.

"You aren't fair to me. You throw me aside without a word of explanation."

Thus Peter, his voice pitched a little high, near to breaking with emotion, as if he were pleading with the one girl in the world—though, to be fair to Peter, she almost always was. The Worm stepped into the bedroom, making as much noise as possible. But Peter talked on.

"Yes, you *are* taking exactly that position. As you know, I share your interest in freedom—but freedom without fairness or decent human consideration or even respect for one's word comes down to selfish caprice—yes, selfish caprice!"

The Worm picked up a chair and banged it against the door-post. Even this failed to stop Peter.

"Oh, no, my dear; of course I didn't mean that. I didn't know what I was saying. You can't imagine how I have looked forward to seeing you this evening. The thought of it has been with me all through this hard, hard day. I know my nerves are a wreck. I'm all out of tune. But everything seems to have landed on me at once."

Finding the chair useless as a warning, the Worm sat upon it, made a wry face, folded his arms.

"I've got to go away. You knew that, dear. This was my last chance to see you for weeks—and yet you speak of seeing me any time. It hurts, little girl. It just plain hurts to be put off like that."

The Worm wondered, rather casually, to how many girls Peter had talked in this way during the past three years—stage girls, manicure girls, the pretty little Irish one from a glove-counter, and that young married person on the upper West Side of whom Peter had been unable to resist bragging a little, and—oh, yes—and Grace Derring. Only last year. The actress. She played Lena in Peter's "The Buzzard," and later made a small sensation in "The Gold Heart." *That* affair had looked, for several months, like the real thing. The Worm recalled one tragic night, all of which, until breakfast-time, he had passed in that very studio talking Peter out of suicide.

He wondered who this new girl could be. Was it Sue, by any chance? Were they *that*

far along? The Worm got up with some impatience and went in there—just as Peter slammed the receiver on its hook.

"I hear you're going away," the Worm observed dryly.

Peter swung around and peered through his big horn-rimmed glasses. He made a visible effort to compose himself.

"Oh," he said, "hello! What's that? Yes; to-morrow afternoon. Neuermann is putting 'The Truffler' on the road for a few weeks to try out the cast." "The Truffler" was Peter's new play.

The Worm regarded him thoughtfully. "Look here, Pete," said he: "I heard your little love-scene."

Peter looked blankly at him, then buried his face in his hands.

"Oh, Henry," he groaned, "it's awful! I'm in love, man!" His voice was really trembling. "It's got me at last—the real thing. I can't work, can't sleep. It's Sue Wilde. I've asked her to marry me—she can't make up her mind. And now I've got to go away for weeks and leave things—Zanin—"

He sat up, stiffened his shoulders, bit his lip. The Worm feared he was going to cry. But, instead, he sprang up and rushed from the room.

The Worm sat on a corner of the desk and looked after him, thought about him, let his feelings rise a little. Peter, even in his anger and confusion, had managed to look unruffled, well groomed. He always did. No conceivable outburst of emotion could have made him forget to place his coat on the hanger and crease his trousers carefully in the frame. His various suits were well made. They fitted him. They represented thought and money. His shoes—eight or nine pairs in all—were custom-made and looked it. His scarfs were of imported silk. His collars came from England and cost forty cents each. And Peter was successful with women. No doubt about that.

The Worm gazed down at himself. The old gray suit was a shapeless thing. The coat pockets bulged—note-book and wad of loose notes on one side, a paper-bound volume in the Russian tongue on the other. He had just one other suit. He knew that it, too, was shapeless.

A clock, somewhere outside, struck seven.

He started, stuffed his note-book and papers into a drawer of the desk, drew the

volume in Russian from his other pocket, made as if to lay it on the table, then hesitated. It was his custom to have some reading always by him. Sue might be late. She often was. Suddenly he raised the book above his head and threw it against the wall at the other end of the room. Then he picked up his old soft hat (he never wore an overcoat) and rushed out.

The Muscovy is a basement restaurant near Washington Square. Art dines there and Anarchism; Ideas sit cheek by jowl with the Senses.

Sue was not late. She sat in the far corner, at one of the few small tables in the crowded room. Two men, a poet and a painter, lounged against the table and chatted with her languidly. Sue had brightened a little for them. The Worm noted this fact as he made his way toward her.

The poet and the painter wandered languidly away. The chatter of the crowded, smoky room rose to its diurnal climax, passed it as, by twos and threes, the diners drifted out to the street or up-stairs to the dancing- and reading-rooms of the Free-woman's Club, and then rapidly died to nothing. Two belated couples strolled in, settled themselves sprawingly at the long center-table and discussed, with the off-hand, blandly sophisticated air that is the Village manner, the currently accepted psychology of sex.

The Worm was smoking now—his old briar pipe—and felt a bit more like his quietly whimsical self. Sue, however, was moody over her coffee.

A pasty-faced, very calm young man with longish hair came in and joined in the discussion at the center-table. Sue followed this person with troubled eyes.

"Listen, Henry," she said; then, "I'm wondering"—he waited—"for the first time in two years—if I belong in Greenwich Village."

"I've asked myself the same question, Sue."

This remark perturbed her a little. But she rushed on.

"Take Waters Coryell over there"—she indicated the pasty-faced one—"I used to think he was wonderful. But he's all words—like the rest of us. He always carries that calm assumption of being above all ordinary human limitations. He talks comradeship and the perfect freedom. But I've had a

## The Ethiop: His Skin

glimpse into his methods—Abbie Esterzell, you know—” The Worm nodded. “And it isn’t a pretty story. I’ve watched the women, too—especially the free-lovers. Henry, they’re tragic—when they get just a little older.” He nodded again.

“But you’re not all words, Sue.”

“Yes, I am—all talk, theories, abstractions. It gets you, down here. You do it, like all the others. It’s a sort of mental taint. Yet it has been everything to me. It has been my religion.”

“I’m not much on generalizing, Sue,” observed the Worm, “but sometimes I have thought that there’s a limit to our human capacity for freedom, just as there’s a limit to our capacity for food and drink and other pleasant things—sort of a natural boundary. The people who try to pass that boundary seem to detach themselves in some vital way from actual life. They get unreal—act queer—are queer. They reach a point where their pose is all they’ve got. As you say, it’s a taint. It’s a noble thing, all right, to fight, bleed, and die for freedom for others. But it seems to work out unhappily when people insist too strongly on freedom for their individual selves.”

Then he saw that Sue was not listening. Her cheeks—they were flushed—rested on her small fists.

“Henry,” she said, “it’s a pretty serious thing to lose your religion.”

“Losing yours, Sue?”

“I’m afraid it’s gone.”

“You thought this little eddy of talk was real life?”

She nodded. “Oh, I did.”

“And then you encountered reality?”

Her eyes flashed up at him.

“Henry, what do you know?”

“Not a thing, Sue. But I know you a little. And I’ve thought about you.”

“Then,” she said, her eyes down again, suppression in her voice, “then they aren’t talking about me?”

“Not that I’ve heard, Sue. Though it would hardly come to me.”

“There you have it, Henry!” She bit her lip. “With the ideas I’ve held, and talked everywhere, I ought not to care what they say. But I do care.”

“Of course. They all do.”

“Do you think so?” She considered this. “You said something, a moment ago, that perhaps explains—about the natural boundary of human freedom. Listen: You knew

Betty Deane, the girl that roomed with me? Well, less than a year ago, after letting herself go some all the year—it’s fair enough to say that to you—she didn’t cover her tracks; she suddenly ran off and married a manufacturer up in her home town. I’m sure there wasn’t any love in it. I know it from things she said and did. All the while he was after her she was having her good times here. Now I suppose she had reached the boundary. I think she married in a panic. She was having a little affair with your friend—what’s his name?”

“Hy Lowe?”

The Worm smiled faintly. The incorrigible Hy had, within the week, set up a fresh attachment. This time it was a new girl in the Village—one Hilda Hansen, from Wisconsin, who designed wall-paper part of the time and had a small gift at dancing.

But he realized that Sue, with a deeper flush now, and a look in her eyes that he did not like to see there, was speaking.

“When I found out what Betty had done, I said some savage things, Henry—called her a coward. Oh, I was very superior, very sure of myself. And here’s the grotesque irony of it.” Her voice was unsteady. “Here’s what one little unexpected contact with reality can do to the sort of scornful, independent mind I had. Twenty-four hours after Betty went, I found myself soberly considering doing the same thing.”

“Marrying?” She nodded. “A man you don’t love?”

“I’ve had moments of thinking I loved him, hours of wondering how I could.”

He was some time in getting out his next remark. It was,

“You’d better wait.”

She threw out her hands.

“Wait? Yes; that’s what I’ve told myself, Henry. But I’ve lost my old clear sense of things. My nerves aren’t steady. I have queer reactions.”

Then she closed her lips, as she had once before on this day, up there on the Avenue. She even seemed to compose herself. Waters Coryell came over from the other table and talked down to them from his altitude of self-perfection. When he had gone, the Worm said, to make talk,

“How are the pictures coming on?”

Then he saw that he had touched the same tired nerve-center. Her flush began to return.

“Not very well,” she said, and thought

for a moment. She threw out her hands again.

"They're quarreling, Henry."

"Zanin and Peter?"

She nodded.

"It started over Zanin's publicity. He *is* a genius, you know. Any sort of effort that will help get the picture across looks legitimate to him."

"Of course," mused the Worm, trying to resume the modestly judicial habit of mind that had seemed lately to be leaving him, "I suppose, in a way, he is right. It is terribly hard to make a success of such an enterprise. It is like war—the only possible course is to win."

"I suppose so," said she, rather shortly. "But then there's the expense-side of it. Zanin keeps getting the bit in his teeth. Lately, I've begun to see that these quarrels are just the surface. The real clash lies deeper. It's partly racial, I suppose, and partly——"

"Personal?"

"Yes. They're fighting over me. I don't mind it so much in Peter. He has only lately come to see things our way. He never made the professions Zanin has of being superior to passions, jealousies, the sense of possession. Zanin has always said that the one real wrong is to take or even accept love where it isn't real enough to justify itself. But now when I won't see him—those are the times he runs wild with the business. Then Peter has to row with him to check



They walked a little way in silence

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the awful waste of money. Peter's rather wonderful about it. He never loses his courage."

This was a new picture of Peter. The Worm gave thought to it.

"First, he took Zanin's disconnected abstractions and made a real film-drama out of them. It's big stuff, Henry. And then he threw in every cent he had."

"Peter threw in every cent!" The Worm was startled upright, pipe in hand.

"Every cent, Henry. All his savings. And never a grudging word."

Sue dropped her chin on her hands. Tears were in her eyes. Her boy-cut short hair had lately grown out a little, and was rumpled where she had run her fingers through it. It was fine-spun hair, and thick on her head. It was all high lights and rich, brown shadows. The Worm found himself wishing it were long and free, ripping down over her shoulders. A warm glow was creeping through his nervous system and into his mind. He set his teeth hard on his pipe-stem. Sue leaned back, more relaxed, and spoke in a quieter tone.

"You know how I feel about things, Henry. I quit my home. I have put on record my own little protest against the conventional lies we are all fed on from the cradle here in America. I went into this picture-thing with my eyes open, because it was what I believed in. I believed in Zanin, too. And it seemed to be a way in which I could really do something for him—after all he had done for me. But it hasn't turned out well. The ideals seem to have oozed out of it." There she hesitated, thought a little, then added: "The thing I didn't realize was that I was pouring out all my emotional energy. I had Zanin's example always before me. He never tires. He is iron. But—I"—she tried to smile, without great success—"well, I'm not iron. Henry, I'm tired."

The Worm slept badly that night. The next morning, after Peter and Hy Lowe had gone, he stood gloomily surveying his books—between two and three hundred of them, filling the long case of shelves between the front wall and the fireplace, packed in on end and sidewise and heaped haphazard on top.

Half a hundred volumes in calf and nearly as many in morocco dated from a youthful period when bindings mattered. College years were represented by a shabby

row—Æschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, Plato, Plutarch, Vergil, and Horace. He had another Horace in immaculate tree-calf. There was a group of early Italians; an imposing Dante; a Boccaccio, very rare, in a dated Florentine binding; a gleaming of French history, philosophy, and *belles lettres* from Philippe de Comines and Villon through Rabelais, Le Sage, Racine, Corneille, and the others to Bergson, Brieux, Rolland, and Anatole France—with, of course, Flaubert, de Maupassant, and a tattered series of "Les Trois Mousquetaires" in seven volumes; some modern German playwrights, Hauptmann and Schnitzler among them; Ibsen, in two languages; Strindberg, in English; Gogol, Tchekov, Gorky, Dostoevsky, of the Russians (in that tongue); the modern psychologists—Forel, Havelock Ellis, Freud—and the complete works of William James, in assorted shapes and bindings, gathered painstakingly through the years. Walt Whitman was there, Percy's "Reliques," much of Galsworthy, Wells, and Conrad. "The Story of Gösta Berling," John Masefield, and a number of other recent poets and novelists. All his earthly treasures were on those shelves; there, until now, had his heart been also.

He took down the rare old Boccaccio in the dated binding, tied a string around it, went down the corridor with it to the bathroom, filled the tub with cold water, and tossed the book in. It bobbed up to the surface and floated there. He frowned—sat on the rim of the tub and watched it for ten minutes. It still floated.

He brought it back to the studio then and set to work methodically making up parcels of books, using all the wrapping and newspapers he could find. Into each parcel went a weight—the two ends of the brass book-holder on the desk, a bronze elephant, a heavy glass paper-weight, a pint bottle of ink, an old monkey-wrench, the two bricks from the fireplace that had served as andirons. He worked in a slowly augmenting fever of determination. By two o'clock that afternoon he had completed a series of trips across the West Side and over various ferry lines, and his entire library lay at the bottom of the North River.

From the last of these trips, feeling curiously light of heart, he returned to find a taxi waiting at the curb and in the studio Peter, hat, coat, and one glove on, his suit-



case on a chair, furiously writing a note. Peter finished, leaned back.

"The books," he murmured, waving a vague hand toward the shelves, "where are they?"

"I'm through with books. Going in for reality."

"Oh," mused the eminent playwright, "a girl!"

"Pete, you're wonderful!"

"Chuckling your past life?"

"It's chuckled." Then the Worm hesitated. For a moment his breath nearly failed him. He stood balancing on the brink of the unknown, and he knew he had to make the plunge. "Pete, I've got a few hundred stuck away—and, anyhow, I'm going out for a real job."

"A job! You! What kind?"

"Oh, newspaper man, maybe. I want the address—who is your tailor?"

Peter jotted it down.

"By the way," he said, "here's our itinerary; stick it in your pocket." Then he gazed at the Worm in a sort of solemn humor. "So the leopard is changing his spots," he mused.

"I don't know about that," replied the Worm, flushing, then reduced to a grin as he pocketed the tailor's address, "but this particular Ethiop is sure going to make a stab at changing his skin."

## II

SUE was in her half-furnished living-room—not curled comfortably on the couch-bed, as she would have been a month or so earlier, but sitting rather stiffly in a chair, a photograph in her listless hand.

Zanin—big, shaggy—walked the floor.

"Are you turning conventional, Sue?" he asked. "What is it? You puzzle me."

"I don't want that picture used, Jacob."

He lighted a cigarette, dropped on a wooden chair, tipped it back against the wall, twisted his feet around the front legs, drummed on the front of the seat with big fingers. He reached for the photograph. It was Sue herself, as she would appear in one of the more daring scenes of "Nature."

"It's an honest picture, Sue—right off the film." She was very quiet.

"It's the singling it out, Jacob. In the film it is all movement, action—it passes. It doesn't stay before their eyes." A little feeling crept into her voice. "I agreed to

do the film, Jacob. I'm doing it—am I not?"

"But you're drawing a rather sharp line, Sue. We've got to hit them hard with this thing. I don't expect Peter to understand. But I count on you."

The legs of the chair came down with a bang. He sprang up and walked the floor again. His cigarette consumed, he lighted another with the butt, which latter he tossed into a corner of the room. Sue's eyes followed it there. She was still gazing at it when Zanin paused before her. She could feel him looking down at her. She wished it were possible to avoid a discussion just now. She raised her eyes. There were his, fixed on her.

"You're none too fit, Sue." She moved her hands in assent. "And that's something to be considered seriously."

"Suppose," she said, "we stop discussing me."

He shook his head.

"It's quite time to begin discussing you. It's suppressions, Sue. You've played the Village game with your mind, but you've kept your feelings under. The result is natural enough; your nerves are in a knot. You must let go—trust your emotions."

"I trust my emotions enough," said she.

He walked back and forth.

"Let's look at this dispassionately, Sue. Of course I love you—you know that. There have been women enough in my life, but none of them stirred my blood as you have—not one. I want you—desperately—every minute. But"—he stood before her again—"if you can't love me, I'd almost—surely, I can say it—I'd rather it would be somebody else then. But somebody, something!" She stirred restlessly. "You know that as well as I." He was merciless. The worst of it was he really seemed dispassionate. For the moment, she could not question his sincerity. He went on: "As lately as last winter you would have carried all this off with a glorious *flair*. It's this rigid suppression that has got to your nerves, as it was bound to. You're dodging, I'm afraid. You're refusing life." He lit another cigarette. "It's damn puzzling. At heart you are, I know, a thoroughbred. I can't imagine you marrying for a living or to escape love. You're intelligent—too intelligent for that." She moved restlessly, picked up the photograph and studied it again. "You can't go back to that home of yours."

"I'm not going back there," she said.

"And you can't quit. We're too deep in."

"Don't talk about that, Jacob!" she broke out. "I'm not going to quit."

He dropped casually on the arm of her chair. She seemed, for an instant, to shrink away, then, with slightly compressed lips, sat motionless.

"You think I am squeamish," she said.

"Yes, I do." They both looked at the photograph. "Really, Sue—why on earth—what is it, anyway? Are you all of a sudden ashamed of your body?"

"Don't expect me to explain. I know I'm inconsistent."

He pressed her hand; then his other big hand very quietly stroked her hair, slid down to her forehead, rested lightly on her flushed temple and cheek.

"You poor child," he said, "you're almost in a fever! You've got to do something. Don't you see that?" She was silent. "It's tearing you to pieces, this giving the lie to your own beliefs. You've got to let go, Sue! You're not a small person. You are gifted, big. You've got to live the complete life. It's the only answer— See here: Peter's away, isn't he?"

"He left last Thursday. I had a note."

"I didn't." Zanin smiled grimly. "It's Tuesday now. We can't do those outdoor scenes yet. You come away with me. Let's have some happiness, Sue. And give me a chance to take a little real care of you." He drew her gently closer.

Suddenly she sprang up, leaped across the room, whirled against the wall, and faced him. Then she faltered perceptibly, for on his face she saw only frank admiration.

"Fine, Sue!" he cried. "That's the old fire! Don't let's be childish about this! You and I don't need to get all aflutter at the thought of love. If I didn't stir an emotional response in you, do you think I'd want you? But I do." He came to her. He gripped her shoulders and made her look at him. "Child, for God's sake, don't all at once forget everything you know! Where's your humor? Can't you see that this is exactly what you've got to have—that somebody has got to stir you as I'm stirring you now. A little love won't hurt you any. The real danger I've been fearing is that no man would be able to stir you. That would be

the tragedy. You're a live, vital girl. You're an artist. Of course you've got to have love. You'll never do real work without it."

She could not meet his eyes. And she had a disheartening feeling that he was reasonable and right, granting the premises of their common philosophy. Was she, after all, too small to endure the test of her own creed?

He took his hands away. She heard him strike a match and light a cigarette, then move about the room. Then his voice:

"What do you say, Sue—will you pack a bag and start off with me? It'll do us both good. It'll give us new life for our job."

She was shaking her head.

"No," she said; "no."

"If it was only this," he said, thoughtfully enough, "but it's everything. Peter is lying down on me, and now you are failing me utterly."

She dropped on a chair by the door.

"That's the hardest thing you ever said to me, Jacob."

"It is true. I am not blaming you. But it is a fact I have to meet. Sue, do you think for one moment I intend being beaten in this enterprise? You are failing me. Not in love—that is personal—but in the work. Lately I have feared that Peter had your love. Now, Sue, if I am not to have you, I can almost wish he had. When you do accept love, it will hurt you. I have no doubt of that. There will be reactions. The conventional in you will stab and stab. But you will feel the triumph of it. It will make you. After all, love is life."

She had folded her hands in her lap and was looking down at them.

"I have no doubt you are right," she said slowly and quietly.

He gave a weary sigh.

"Of course. Your own intelligence tells you. If you won't go with me, Sue, I may slip away alone. I've got to think. I've got to get money. I can get it, and I will. It can always be done."

Her mind roused and seized on this as a momentary diversion.

"Do you mean to go outside for it?"

"If it comes to that. Don't you know, Sue, that we're too far in with this thing to falter? The way to make money is to spend money. Peter's a chicken. If he won't come through, somebody's got to.



JOHN BY GEORGE GIBBS

"You can't go back to that home of yours." "I'm not going back there," she said

Why, it would cost more than a thousand dollars—perhaps two thousand—merely to do what I have planned to do with the picture you so suddenly dislike.” He looked about for his hat. “I’m going, Sue. I’ve let myself get stirred up, and that, of course, is foolishness. I’m just tiring you out. You can’t help—I see that—not as you are.” She rose slowly and leaned against the wall by the door. He took her arm as he reached her side. “Buck up, little girl,” he said; “don’t blame yourself!”

She did not answer, and for a long moment they stood thus. Then she heard him draw in his breath. His arms were around her. He held her against him.

“Have you got a kiss for me, Sue?” he asked.

She shook her head. He let her go then, and again she leaned against the wall.

“Good-by,” said he. “I’m not going to wear you out with this crude sex-duel business. Good-by.”

“Wait,” she said then. She moved over to the table and fingered the photograph. He stood in the doorway and watched her. She was thinking—desperately thinking. Finally she straightened up and faced him.

“Jacob,” she said, “I can’t let you go like that. This thing has got to be settled—really settled.” He slowly nodded. “Give me till Saturday, Jacob. I promise you I’ll try to think it all out. I’ll go through with the pictures anyway—somehow. As for this photograph, go ahead. Use it. Only please don’t commit yourself in a money way before I see you. Come to tea Saturday, at four. I’ll either tell you finally that we are—well, hardly to be friends beyond the rest of this job of ours, or I’ll—I’ll go along with you, Jacob.”

Her voice faltered over the last of this, but her eyes did not.

“It’s too bad,” said he. “But you’re right. It isn’t me. You’ve come to the point where you’ve got to find yourself.”

“That’s it,” she said; “I’ve got to try to find out what I am. If my thoughts and feelings have been misleading me—well, maybe I *am* conventional—maybe I *am* little—”

Her voice broke. Her eyes filled. But she fought the tears back and still faced him.

He took a step toward her. She shook her head. He went out then.

And when the outer door shut, she dropped limply on the couch-bed.

## III

Two days later, on Thursday, the Worm crossed the square and Sixth Avenue and entered Greenwich Village proper.

He was dressed at the top, in a soft gray hat from England. Next beneath was a collar that had cost him forty cents. The four-in-hand scarf was an imported foulard, of a flowering pattern in blues and greens, with a jade pin stuck in it. The new, perfectly fitting suit would cost, when the bill was paid, slightly more than sixty dollars. The shoes, if not custom-made, were new. And he carried a slender stick with a curving silver head.

He felt uncomfortably conspicuous. And his nerves tingled with emotional disturbance that ignored his attempts to dismiss it as something beneath him. For the first time in nearly a decade he was about to propose marriage to a young woman. As he neared the street on which the young woman lived, his steps slackened and his mouth became uncomfortably dry. All this was absurd, of course. He and Sue were good friends. “There needn’t be all this excitement,” he told himself, with a desperate clutching at the remnants of his sense of humor, “over suggesting to her that we change from a rational to an irrational relationship.” He strode resolutely to Sue’s apartment-house, and rang her bell.

Sue lighted the alcohol-lamp under her kettle, and they had tea. Over the cups, feeling coldly desperate, the Worm said,

“Been thinking you all over, Sue.”

She took the remark rather lightly.

“I’m not worth it, Henry. I’ve thought some myself—your idea of the boundary.”

His thoughts were moving on with disconcerting rapidity. He must take the plunge. It was his fate. He knew it.

“We talked marriage,” he said. She nodded. “Since then, I’ve tried to figure out what I do think, and crystallize it. Sue, I’m not so sure that Betty was wrong.”

“That’s a new slant,” she said, thoughtful.

“Or very old. Betty had tried freedom—had something of a fling at it. Now it is evident that, in her case, it didn’t work very well—isn’t it?”

“In her case, yes,” Sue observed quietly.

“Precisely, in her case. She had reached the boundary. You’ll admit that?”

Sue smiled faintly.

“Yes; I’ll admit it.”

"Betty isn't a great soul. A stronger nature would have taken longer to reach her limit. But doesn't it indicate that the boundary is there?"

"Well," Sue hesitated, "all right. For the sake of the argument, I'll admit that, too."

"Well, now, just what has Betty done? She doesn't love this manufacturer she has married."

"Not a bit."

"And the marriage may fail. The majority of them, from an idealistic point of view, undoubtedly do fail. Admitting all that, you have let me see that you yourself, in a weak moment, have considered the same course." Sue's brow clouded. But she nodded slowly. "Well, then"—he hitched forward in his chair, and to cover his burning eagerness talked, if possible, a shade more stiffly and impersonally—"doesn't this, Betty's act and your momentary consideration of the same act, suggest that a sound instinct may be at work there?"

"If cowardice is an instinct, Henry."

"How do you know it is cowardice? Betty, after all her philandering, has undertaken a definite contract. It binds her. It is a job. There is discipline in it, a chance for service. Haven't you noticed, all your life, what a relief it is to get out of indecision into a definite course, even if it costs you something?"

Again that faint smile of hers.

"Turning conservative, Henry?" He ignored this.

"Life moves on in eras, Sue. If you don't start getting educated when you're a youngster, you go most awfully wrong. If you don't accept the discipline of work, as soon as you've got a little education and grown up, you're a slacker and, before long, you're very properly rated as a slacker. So with a woman. Given this wonderful function of motherhood and the big emotional capacity that goes with it—if she waits too long after her body and spirit have ripened she goes wrong, emotionally and spiritually. There's a time with a normal woman when love and maternity are—well, the next thing. Not with every woman, of course, but pretty certainly in the case of the woman who reaches that time, refuses marriage, and then is forced to admit that her life isn't working out. Peter has coined the word for

what that woman becomes. She's a truffer."

She was gazing at him.

"Henry," she cried, "what has struck you?"

"I'm in earnest, Sue."

"Yes; I see. But why on earth—"

"Because I want you to marry—"

It was at this moment (the fact must be recorded) that the Worm's small courage fled utterly out of his inexperienced heart. And his tongue, as if to play a saturnine trick on that heart, repeated the phrase (unexpectedly to what was left of his brain) with an emphatic downward emphasis that closed the discussion.

A sudden moisture came to Sue's eyes, and much of the old frankness, as she surveyed him.

"Henry," she said then, "you are wonderful, coming at me like this, as if you cared—"

"I do care—"

"I know. I feel it. Just when I thought friends were—well—" She did not finish this, but sat erect, pushed her teacup aside, and gazed at him with something of the old alertness in the green-brown eyes. "Henry, you've roused me—I thought no one could. I've got to think. You go away. You don't mind, do you? Just let me be alone. I've felt lately as if I was losing—my mind, my will, my perceptions—something. And Henry—wait!" For he had risen, with a blank face, and was looking for his hat. "Wait—did Peter leave you his itinerary?" The Worm felt in his pocket and produced it. "He sent me one, but I tore it up." She laughed a little, then colored with a nervous suddenness, and walked after him to the door. "You've always had the faculty of steadying me. But to-day you've stirred me. I'm dreadfully confused—but I can, at least, try to think it out."

That was all—all but a few commonplace phrases at the door.

"Oh," said he, with a touch of awkwardness, "I meant to tell you—" Her eyes, recalled to him, ran over his new clothes. "I start work to-morrow on the *Evening Courier*."

"Oh, Henry, I'm glad! Good luck! It ought to be interesting."

"At least," said he heavily, "it will be a slight contact with reality," and hurried away.





DRAWN BY GEORGE L. HEN

"Fine, Sue!" he cried. "That's the old fire! Don't let's be childish about



this! You and I don't need to get all aflutter at the thought of love"

## The Ethiop: His Skin

## IV

"THE TRUFFLER" opened in Albany. Before ten o'clock of that first evening, even the author knew that something was wrong with the second act.

The company wandered across New York state into Pennsylvania, Peter by day and night rewriting that unhappy act. The famous producer, Max Neuermann, fat but tireless, called endless rehearsals. There was hot coffee at one A. M., more hot coffee at five A. M.—but it was never so hot as the scalding tears of the leading lady, Miss Trevelyan, who couldn't, to save her, make Peter's lines come real.

Finally, Neuermann himself dictated a new scene that proved worse than any of Peter's. The publicity man submitted a new second-act curtain. The stage-manager said that you couldn't blame Miss Trevelyan; she was an emotional actress, and should not be asked to convey the restraint of ironic comedy—in which belief he rewrote the act himself.

By this time, the second act had lost whatever threads of connecting interest it may have had with the first and third; so Neuermann suggested that Peter do those over. Peter began this—locked up over Sunday in a hotel room.

Then Neuermann made this announcement:

"Well—got one more string to my bow. Trevelyan can't do your play, and she's not good enough to swing it on personality. We're going to try some one that can."

"Who, for instance?" muttered Peter weakly.

"Grace Derring."

We have spoken of Grace Derring. It was not a year since that tumultuous affair had brought Peter to the brink of self-destruction. And that not because of any coldness between them. Not exactly. You see—well, life gets complicated at times. You are not to think harshly of Peter; for your city bachelor does *not* inhabit a vacuum. There have usually been—well, episodes. Nor are you to feel surprise that Peter's face, in the space of a moment, assumed an appearance of something near helpless pain.

So Grace Derring was to be whirled back into his life—caught up out of the nowhere, just as his devotion to Sue had touched exalted heights!

The voice of the fat manager was in his ears.

"She made good for us in 'The Buzzard.' Of course her work in 'The Gold Heart' has put her price up. But she has the personality. I guess we've got to pay her."

Peter started to protest, quite blindly. Then, telling himself that he was too tired to think (which was true), he subsided.

"Can you get her?" he asked cautiously. "She's due here at five-thirty."

Peter slipped away. Neuermann had acted without consulting him. It seemed to him that he should be angry. But he was merely dazed.

He walked the streets, a solitary, rather elegant figure, conspicuously a New Yorker, swinging his stick savagely and occasionally muttering to himself. He walked out to the open country. Maple buds were sprouting. New grass was pushing upward into the soft air. The robins were singing. But there were neither buds nor robins in Peter's heart. He decided to be friendly with Grace, but reserved.

It was nearly six when he entered the barnlike office of the hotel, his eyes on the floor, full of himself. Then he saw her, registering at the desk.

He had stopped short. He could not very well turn and go out. She might see him. And he was not afraid.

She did see him. He raised his hat. Their hands met—he extremely dignified, she smiling a very little.

"Well, Peter!"

"You're looking well, Grace."

"Am I?"

They moved, tacitly, into the adjoining parlor and stood by the window.

"I thought—" he began.

"What did you think, Peter?" Then, before he could reply, she went on to say, "I've been working through the Middle West. Closed in Cincinnati last week."

"Had hard season?"

"Hard—yes." She glanced down at a large envelop held under her arm. "Mr. Neuermann sent your play. I've just read it—on the train."

"Oh, you've read it?"

"Yes." Again that hint of a smile. Peter's eyes wandered about the room. "It's funny," she murmured.

"What's funny?" said he severely.

"I was thinking of this play." She took it out of the envelop and rapidly turned the

typewritten pages. "So bachelor women are—what you call 'trufflers,' Peter!"

"It is quite impersonal, Grace."

"Oh, of course—a work of art—"

Not clear what that twisted little smile of hers meant, he kept silent.

"Oh, Peter!" she said then, and left him. Everything considered, he felt that he had handled it rather well.

This was Tuesday. It was arranged that Miss Derring should make her first appearance Thursday night. Meantime, she was to get her part and watch the play closely with the idea of possible suggestions. Peter kept austere aloof, working day and night on the revision of acts I and III. Neuermann and Miss Derring consulted together a good deal. On Thursday, Peter caught them at the luncheon-table, deep in a heap of scribbled sheets of paper that appeared to be in Grace's large hand. They urged him to join them, but he shook his head. He did agree, however, to sit through the rehearsal, later in the afternoon.

Thus it was that he found himself seated next to Grace in one of the rear rows of a dim, empty theater, all but lost in the shadows under the balcony. Neuermann left them, and hurried down to the stage to pull his jaded company together.

It seemed to Peter that they were very close, he and Grace, there in the shadow. He could feel her sleeve against his arm. He wished Neuermann would come back.

Unexpectedly to himself, Peter started nervously. His hat slipped from his knees. He caught it. His hand brushed Grace's skirt, then her hand. Slowly their fingers interlocked.

They sat there, minute after minute, without a sound, her fingers tight in his. Then, suddenly, he threw an arm about her shoulders and tried to kiss her. With a quick little rustle, she pressed him back.

"Don't," she whispered. "Not here."

So Peter leaned back and sat very still again, holding her hand down between the two seats.

Finally the rehearsal was over. They evaded the manager and walked. There was a river in this town, and a river road. Peter sought it. And out there in the country, with buds and robins all about them and buds and robins in his heart, he kissed her. He knew that there had never been any woman in all the world but Grace, and told her so. All of his life except the

hours he had spent with her faded into an unreal and remote dream.

Grace had something on her mind. But it was a long time before she could bring Peter to earth. Finally he bethought himself.

"My dear child," he said—they were strolling hand in hand—"here it is after seven! You've had no dinner—and you're going on to-night."

"Not to-night, Peter. Not until Monday."

"But—but—"

"Mr. Neuermann and I have been trying to explain what we were doing, but you wouldn't listen. Peter, I've made a lot of suggestions for the part. He asked me to. I want your approval, of course. I'm going to ask him to show you what I've done." But Peter heard only dimly. Near the hotel, she left him, saying, with a trace of anxiety: "I don't want to see you again, Peter, until you have read it. Look me up for lunch to-morrow, and tell me if you think I've hurt your play."

Neuermann came to him late that night with a freshly typed manuscript. He tried to read it, but the buds and robins were still alive, the play a stale, dead thing.

Friday morning, there was a letter for Peter, addressed in Sue's hand. The sight of it confused him, so that he put it in his pocket and did not open it until after his solitary breakfast. It had the effect of bringing Sue suddenly to life again in his heart without, at first, crowding Grace out.

"It's love that is the great thing," he thought, explaining the phenomenon to himself. "The object of it is an incident, after all. It may be this woman, or that—or both. But the creative artist must have love. It is his life."

Then he read Sue's letter; and pictures of her arose. It began to appear to him that Sue had inspired him as Grace never had. Perhaps it was Sue's youth. Grace, in her way, was as honest as Sue, but she was not so young. And the creative artist must have youth, too!

The letter was brief.

Could you, by any chance, run back to New York Saturday—have tea with me? I want you here. Come about four.

But it fired his imagination. It was like Sue to reach out to him in that abrupt way, explaining nothing.

## The Ethiop: His Skin

Then he settled down in his room to find out just what Grace and Neuermann had done, between them, to "The Truffler."

At noon that day, a white Peter, lips trembling, very still and stiff, knocked at Miss Derring's door. She opened it.

"Oh," she cried, "Peter!"

"Here," said he frigidly, "is the manuscript of *your* play." Her eyes, very wide, searched his face. "It is not mine. I wash my hands of it."

"Oh, Peter—please don't talk like this!"

"You have chosen to enter into a conspiracy with Neuermann to wreck what little was left of my play——"

"But, Peter—be sensible. Come to lunch, and we'll straighten this out in five minutes. Nothing is being forced on you."

"You were brought here without my knowledge. And now—this!" He strode away, leaving the manuscript in her hands.

Peter, feeling strongly (if vaguely) that he had sacrificed everything for his art, packed his suitcase, caught a train to Pittsburgh, and, later, a sleeper for New York.

It was a narrow escape, rather.

## V

ZANIN came in quietly—for him—dropped his hat on the couch, stood with his hands in his pockets, and looked down at Sue, who was filling her alcohol-lamp.

"Well, Sue," said he, "it's Saturday at four. I've kept my part of the agreement. You haven't had a word from me. But"—and he did show feeling here—"you are not to think that it has been easy. We've talked like sensible people, you and I, but I'm not sensible." Still she bent over the lamp. "So you'd better tell me. Are we starting off together to-night?"

"Don't ask me now," she said.

"Oh, come, Sue; now, really!"

She straightened up.

"I'm not playing with you, Jacob. I promised to answer you to-day."

"Well—why don't you?"

"Because I don't know yet."

"But good God, Sue; if you don't know yet!"

She threw out her hands. He dropped into a chair, studied her gloomily.

Then the bell rang and Peter came in. And Sue faced two grave, silent men. One, in her eyes, stood for marriage; the other for what is termed in the Village the

"free relation." Between these two, this day, this hour, she meant to choose—or to let fate choose for her. She suppressed a wild, perverse impulse to laugh.

"First," she said, quite briskly, "we will have tea."

This much accomplished, she curled herself up on the couch.

"Now," she said, "this has been a difficult week. The Nature Film Company is in a bad way."

For the first time the two men looked squarely at each other. Sue's color was up; there was a snap in her eyes.

"Here we are," she went on. "I've been worn out—no good for weeks. You men are fighting each other—oh, yes, you are!—and yet we three are the ones that have got to do it. Now, Jacob, you have hinted at new expenses, new money problems, to me. I want you to say it all to Peter. Every word—wait, please! And Peter, you have felt that Jacob was inclined to run wild. Say it to him." She wound up in a nervous little rush, and stopped short, as if a thought frightened. "And as for me, it's not a question of what I will or won't do. I'm afraid if we don't straighten things out, it's going to be a question whether I shall be able to do anything."

She sank back, drew a long breath, and watched them with eyes in which there was a curious nervous alertness.

More than Sue could have dreamed, it was a situation made to Peter's hand. Without a moment's warning, she had called on him to play, in some small degree, the hero. She had given him the chance to be more of a hero than Zanin. His very soul glowed at the thought. Given an audience, Peter could be anything.

So it turned out that, just as Zanin gave an odd little snort, caught squarely between impatience and pride, Peter turned on him.

"Sue is right, Zanin," he said very simply. "We *have* been knifing each other. And I'm ashamed to say that I haven't even had the sense to see that it wasn't business." And he put out his hand.

Zanin hesitated a faint fraction of a second, then took it. Then Peter—sure, now, that he knew how the late J. P. Morgan must have felt about things, full of a still wonder at himself, and touched by the wistful thought, that had he chosen differently in youth, he might easily have





THEY ARE ALL TOGETHER

She raised her head. "How much do you want me, Peter?" "I can only offer you my life, Sue dear."

## The Ethiop: His Skin

become a master of men—hit on the compromise of giving full play to Zanin's genius for publicity, provided Zanin, for his part, submitted to a budget system of expenditure.

"And a pretty small budget, too," he added. "We've got to do it with brains, Zanin, as you did things at the Crossroads."

This settled, a silence fell. Each of the three knew that nothing had been settled. Sue, that quiet light in her eyes, watched them.

Then suddenly, with her extraordinary lightness of body, she sprang to her feet. Peter, all nerves, gave a start. Zanin merely followed her with his eyes—heavy, puzzled eyes. She picked up the teakettle.

"One of you—Peter—bring the tray!" she commanded, as she went out into the kitchenette.

Peter, with a leap almost like Sue's, followed.

"Sue," he whispered, still in the glow of his quiet heroism, "I knew I loved you, but never before to-day did I realize how much. I am proud of you." No one could have uttered the words with simpler dignity. She stood motionless, bending over the kettle.

"Something has happened to-day," she said, very low.

"Sue—nothing serious?"

She raised her head.

"How much do you want me, Peter?"

"I can only offer you my life, Sue dear."

"Supposing—what if—I—were—to accept it?"

She slipped away from his outreaching arms then, and went back to the living-room. Peter, in wordless ecstasy, followed.

"Jacob," she said, without faltering. "I want you to congratulate me. Peter and I are going to—" she gave a little excited laugh now—"to try marriage."

The Worm wandered into the Muscovy for dinner. Sue and Peter caught him there, just as he was paying his check.

"Peter," she said, not caring who might hear, "we owe a lot to Henry—perhaps everything. In that dreadful mood, I wouldn't have listened to reason from anyone else—never in the world!"

"You Worm!" Peter chuckled. "Looks like a little liquid refreshment."

So the Worm had to drink with them.

But conviviality was not in his heart. He raised his glass, looked over it grimly at Peter.

"I drink," he said, "to Captain Miles Standish."

Peter let it go as one of Henry Bates' quaint whimsies. But Sue looked puzzled. And the Worm, suddenly contrite, got away and walked the streets, carrying with him a poignantly vivid picture of a fresh, girlish face with high color and vivid green-brown eyes.

After a while he tried going home, weakly wishing he might find something to read; instead, he found Hy Lowe and an extremely good-looking girl with mussed hair. They fairly leaped apart as he came stumbling in.

"We're trying a new step," panted Hy quite wildly. "Oh, yes; this is Miss Hilda Hansen—Henry Bates."

The Worm liked the way she blushed. But he suddenly and deeply hated Hy. He went out and sat on a bench in the square. He was still sitting there when the moon came up over the half-clothed trees.

Little Italians from the dark streets to the southward played about the broad walks. Buses rumbled by on the central drive. A policeman passed. Full-breasted girls, arm in arm with swarthy youthful escorts, strolled past. One couple sat on his bench and kissed. He got up hurriedly.

At last, rather late, he stood, a lonely figure, under the marble arch, gazing downward at his shoes, his stick, his well-made, neatly pressed trousers. He took off his new hat and stared at it.

The policeman, passing, paused to take him in, then, satisfied as to his harmlessness, moved on.

"Busy day, to-morrow," the Worm told himself irrelevantly. "Better turn in."

He saw another moon-touched couple approaching. He kept out of their sight. The man was Hy Lowe, dapper but earnest, clutching the arm of his very new Miss Hansen, bending close over her.

The Worm watched until he lost them in the shadows of Waverly Place. Next, as if there were some connection, he stared down again at his own smart costume.

"Love," he informed himself, "is an inflammation of the ego."

Then he went home and to bed.

*Oysters at Jim's*, the next episode of *The Trufflers*, will appear in the April issue.



## *Her Vivid Personality*

**W**HETHER on stage or screen, Pauline Frederick's vivid personality never fails in its effect upon the spectator. It has brought her great success in both lines of artistic endeavor, and her name is an equally potent magnet in front of theater or of picture-play house.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

# The Little Lady



***A**T the age of nineteen, Anita Stewart stands second to none in popularity among the moving-picture stars. She is a true daughter of the films, for, unlike most of her rivals, she has never appeared in the spoken drama. With her talent for characterization, she has won an international reputation.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL

*of the Films*







**I**N "A World of Pleasure," at the Winter Garden, Miss Quinn appears in two special acts, which are excellent mediums for her singing and dancing abilities.

# Rosie's a Posy

**R**OSIE QUINN did not wait for opportunity; she created it by asking to understudy a popular dancer. Then, one night, as often happens, the little chorus girl got her chance to go on in that dancer's place. And that was the end of the chorus for her. This dainty maiden is now one of the main attractions at the Winter Garden, New York.



*FL New*



**M**ARJORIE RAMBEAU'S name is the latest addition to the brilliant constellation that illumines New York's Great White Way. She is the star of the romantic farce, "Sadie Love," and comes from California.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL

# *Star in the East*



STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

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# Princess Eleanor



**E**LEANOR PAINTER'S splendid singing and acting have helped "The Princess Pat" into the front line of this season's successes. Musical comedy may not claim this charming artiste much longer, for she has ambitions to enter grand opera.



# The Girl Philippa

*A Strange Adventure in Love and War*

By Robert W. Chambers

*Author of "The Common Law," "The Business of Life," "Athalie," etc.*

*Illustrated by Frank Craig*

ON the first day of August, 1914, James Warner, an American painter living in Paris who has a summer art school at Sais in northeastern France, finds himself burdened with the care of a young girl—the result of an extraordinary adventure that befell him the day before in the neighboring town of Ausone. He met there a British secret-service agent named Halkett, who asked him to take temporary charge of an envelop containing a part of the plans of the Harkness shell, which had been acquired by the British government and which he and a companion named Gray have recovered from German agents who had stolen them in America. The reason for this request is that Halkett had been, since his arrival in Europe, repeatedly attacked by German agents who are trying to obtain the secret of the shell. Warner, who is of an adventurous nature, takes the envelop.

The two men visit a café and cabaret kept by one Con Wildresse, who is playing the double rôle of a French and German spy. His cashier is a girl named Philippa, who knows nothing of her origin and has been brought up by Wildresse. Her attractions make her useful to him in his work of espionage, which is a business that she loathes. Warner manages to spend part of the afternoon with her, and finds her frank and ingenuous, and he is satisfied that she is virtuous. Philippa has never met a man who treated her as Warner has, and his manner makes a deep impression on her. Halkett is attacked by German agents in the café, but Warner, who now has the envelop, takes him back to Sais in his dogcart. On the way, the men are fired upon from a touring car, but lead their assailants into a swamp and make their escape.

At Sais, Halkett gets into telephonic communication with Gray, who is carrying the rest of the plans, and tells Warner that his companion will join him. But he gets word, next day, that Gray's cap has been picked up on the highway close to some blood stains. (Gray, riding a motor-cycle, had also encountered the touring car.) A letter comes for Halkett. It informs him that Great Britain will enter the general European war which is about to begin.

In Sais, two Sisters of Charity keep a school for the quarrymen's children. One of them is Sister Eila, a beautiful Irishwoman who has been brought up in France. Warner takes Halkett to the school. Here he discovers a German poster intended to convey information to an invading army. He gets Sister Eila to write a letter to the French authorities about this. Halkett learns that Sisters of Charity are bound only by yearly vows.

That afternoon, Warner is surprised by the appearance of Philippa. She has run away from Wildresse, and tells the painter that she intends to remain with him. Warner is at a loss to know what to do with her, but decides that, for the time being, he will use her as a model, and he takes her to the inn where he and Halkett are staying. In the evening, another attack is made on Halkett's life by a number of men, but the assailants are finally driven away. War with France is now inevitable, and the Germans are becoming more desperate in their attempts to obtain the secret of the Harkness shell. The next morning, an English-speaking man on a motor-cycle appears and hands Halkett an envelop which he says is from Gray, who is lying wounded at his house. Halkett takes it, and the next instant is knocked down by the stranger, who attempts to take both envelops from Halkett, who is now carrying the packet he had entrusted to Warner. But Philippa appears and drives the man away at the point of Halkett's pistol, while Halkett, partly stunned, hands her the two envelops and tells her to take them to Sister Eila immediately. The Sister has agreed to take charge of Halkett's documents if anything should happen to him. Philippa rushes out and makes off on the stranger's motor-cycle. But he punctures a tire with a pistol-shot, and Philippa is thrown at the side of the road. Just then, Wildresse and three men in an automobile dash up, seize the girl, and, thrusting her into the car, drive off at full speed. Philippa, unnoticed by her captors, drops the two envelops into the road, where Halkett, who has seen the whole thing with Warner, picks them up.

The two men determine that they will rescue Philippa before everything else, and prepare to start for Ausone. Before leaving, Halkett sends for Sister Eila, and gives her the two envelops with such instructions as will enable her to recognize the right person to claim them. Scarcely have the two men gone when an

## The Girl Philippa

aeroplane lands near the inn, a man of military bearing leaves it, and inquires of the Sister for Halkett or the packet left by the latter. The stranger, however, fails in the identification test, and the Sister slams the inn door in his face. Meanwhile, Warner and Halkett reach Ausone where their horse and cart are registered for possible military use. The German invasion has begun.

Warner locates Philippa. She is imprisoned in a room over Wildresse's café, and, after a thrilling adventure in which he encounters Wildresse and two German spies, as well as two hired ruffians, Asticot and Squelette, who, it would appear, acting under Wildresse's orders, are about to kill the girl, put her body in a weighted sack, and throw it into the river, he rescues her, and, with Halkett, takes her back to Saïs. He tells Philippa not to worry about the future; he will be her friend always. He tries to get her to tell him something about herself, but all she knows is that she is a foundling—or so Wildresse has told her.

Halkett now leaves, summoned to his colors, but not until after a touching farewell visit to Sister Eila. Troops in great numbers begin to pass through Saïs, marching eastward, and Warner becomes more occupied with the problem of what to do with Philippa. Finally, it is arranged that she is to be placed under the care of his friend, the Comtesse de Moidrey, the American widow of a French officer, whose château, where she lives with her sister, Peggy Brooks, is close to the town. It takes some time and argument to get Philippa to agree to this. She cannot bear the thought of being parted from Warner; but he explains the difficulties in the way of her remaining with him and promises that he will stay in Saïs as long as she thinks she wants him. So the girl consents to spend at least a few days at the château, somewhat frightened at the thought of being a member of the countess's household—a world of which she knows nothing.

**M**ADAME DE MOIDREY, strolling with Warner on the south terrace of the Château des Oiseaux, glanced sideways at intervals through the open French windows, where, at the piano inside, Philippa sat playing, and singing in a subdued voice ancient folk-songs of the lost provinces.

Philippa's voice was uncultivated, unplaced, but as fresh and carelessly sweet as a blackbird's in May, and Peggy Brooks, enchanted, urged her to more active research through the neglected files of a memory still vivid. Some of these old ballads she had picked up from schoolmates, many from the Cabaret de Biribi, where clients were provincial and usually sentimental, and where some of the ancient songs were sung almost every day.

Madame de Moidrey had not immediately referred to Philippa when, with Warner, she had strolled out to the terrace, leaving the two younger girls together at the piano. They had spoken of the sudden and unexpected menace of war, of the initial movements of troops along the Saïs valley that morning, the serious chances of a German invasion, the practical certainty that, in any event, military operations were destined to embrace the country around them. Warner seemed very confident concerning the barrier forts; but he spoke of Montmédy and of Mézières with more reserve, and of Ausone not at all.

They promenaded for a few minutes longer in silence, each preoccupied with anxious speculations regarding a future which began already to loom heavy as a thunder-cloud charged with unloosed lightnings.

From moment to moment, the handsome woman beside him glanced through the open windows of the music-room, where her younger sister and the girl Philippa were still busily interested in working out accompaniments to the old-time songs.

Philippa sang: "*J'ai perdu ma beauté—*

"I have lost my beauty—  
Fate has bereft me;  
Fortune has left me.  
None owes me duty.

I have lost my lover;  
I shall not recover.  
Our Lady of Lorraine,  
Pity my pain!"

They paused to listen to this naive melody of other days, then strolled on.

Madame de Moidrey said,

"She is very interesting, your little friend from Ausone."

"I am glad you think so."

"Oh, yes; there is no doubt about her being clever and intelligent. I wonder where she acquired her *aplomb*."

"Would you call it that?"

Madame de Moidrey smiled.

"No; it is a gentler quality—not devoid of sweetness. I think we may label it a becoming self-possession. Anyway, it is a quality and not a trait—if that pleases you."

"She has quality."

"She has a candor which is almost disturbingly transparent. When I was a girl I saw Gilbert's comedy, 'The Palace of Truth.' And, actually, I believe that your little friend Philippa could have entered that terrible house of unconscious self-revelation without any need of worrying."

"You couldn't praise her more sincerely if you think that," he said. "She offers

virgin soil for anybody who will take any trouble with her."

"Oh," said Madame de Moidrey, laughing, "I thought I was to engage her to aid me and amuse *me*; but it seems that *I* have been engaged to educate *her* in the subtler refinements of civilized existence."

"Don't you want to?" asked Warner bluntly.

"Dear friend of many more years than I choose to own to, have I not enough to occupy me without adopting a wandering *caissière de cabaret*?"

"Is that the way you feel?" he said, reddening.

"Don't be cross! No; it isn't the way I feel. I do need a companion. Perhaps your friend Philippa is not exactly the companion I might have dreamed about or aspired to—"

"If you look at it that way—"

"Jim; don't be rude, either! I desire two things: I want a companion, and I wish to oblige you. You know perfectly well I do. Besides, the girl is interesting. You didn't expect me to sentimentalize over her, did you? You may do that if you like. As for me, I shall consider engaging her if she cares to come to me."

"She will be very glad to," he said coolly.

Madame de Moidrey cast a swift side glance at him, full of curiosity and repressed amusement.

"Men," she said, "are the real sentimentals in this matter-of-fact world, not women. Merely show a man a pretty specimen of the opposite sex in the conventional attitude of distress, and it unbalances his intellect immediately."

"Do you imagine that my youthful friend Philippa has unbalanced my intellect?" he asked impatiently.

"Not entirely; not completely."

"Nonsense!"

"What a bad-mannered creature you are, Jim! But, fortunately, you're something else, too. For example, you have been nice about this very unusual and somewhat perilously attractive young girl. Few men would have been so. Don't argue; I have known a few men in my time. And I pay you a compliment."

She stopped and leaned back against a weather-worn vase of stone which crowned the terrace parapet.

"Listen, Jim: For a woman to take into her house a young girl with this girl's un-

known antecedents and perfectly well-known past performances ought not to be a matter of romantic impulse or of sympathy alone. What you tell me about her, what I myself have already seen of her are sufficient to inspire the interest which all romance arouses, and the sympathy which all lonely youth inspires. But these are not enough. Choice of companionship is a matter for serious consideration. You can't make a companion of the intellectually inferior, of one who possesses merely the lesser instincts of any lesser nature, whether cultivated to its full extent or otherwise. You know that. We shun what is not congenial."

He looked at her very intently, the dull red still flushing his face; and she surveyed him critically, amiably, amused at his attitude, which was the epitome of everything masculine.

"What are you going to do about her?" he inquired, at last.

"Offer to engage her."

"As what?"

"A companion."

"Oh! Then you *do* appreciate her?"

Madame de Moidrey threw back her pretty head and laughed with delicious abandon.

"Perhaps I don't appreciate her as deeply as you do, Jim, but I shall humbly endeavor to do so. Now, suppose, when you go back to the Golden Peach, you send Philippa's effects up here, and, in the mean while, I'll begin my duty of finishing Philippa's education—for which duty, I understand, I'm engaged by you—"

"Ethra, you *are* a trump! And I don't really mind your guying me!"

"Indeed, I'm not guying you, dear friend! I'm revealing to you the actual inwardness of this entire and remarkable performance of yours. And if you don't know that you are engaging me to finish this young girl's education while you're making up your mind about your sentiments concerning her, then it's time you did."

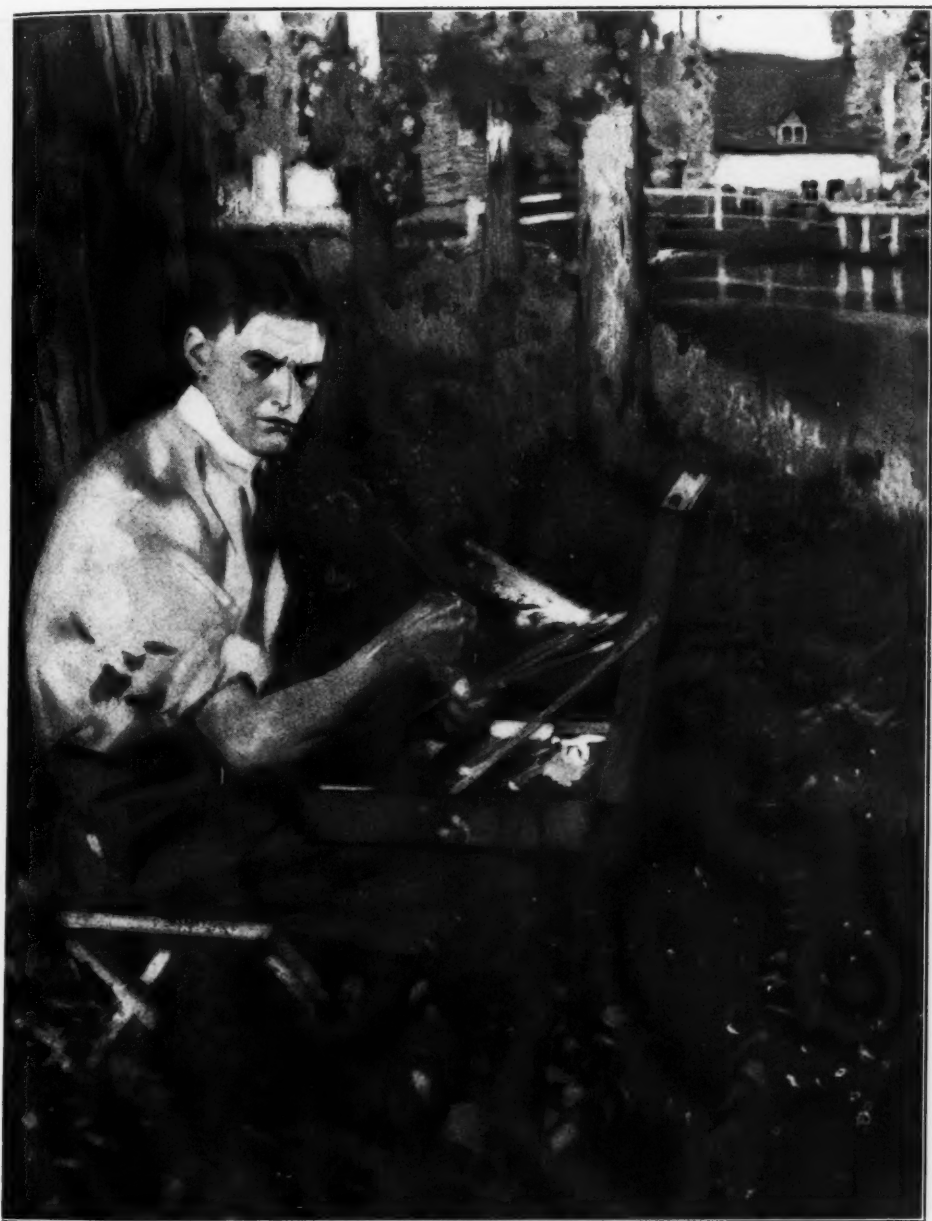
"That is utterly—"

"Please! And it's all the truer because you don't believe it. Jim, the girl really is a pathetic figure—simple, sweet, intelligent, and touchingly honest. And I'll say another thing: God knows what mother bore her, what parents are responsible for this young thing—with her delicate features and slender body! But it was not from a pair of



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

He presently resumed his sketching and his troubled thoughts. The latter concerned the girl Philippa. Not why he had not strolled over. Possibly a vague idea that he had better not interfere to distract from her vicinity. He didn't even know that he had missed her: he knew



since he had taken her to the château had he seen her. And that was four days ago. He didn't exactly know the girl's attention from her first lessons in the refinement of existence had kept him away only that, for some occult reason or other, he had felt rather lonely lately



## The Girl Philippa

unhappy nobodies she inherited her mind, which seems to seek instinctively what is fine and right amid the sordid complexities of the only world she has ever known.

"As for her heart, Jim, it is the heart of a child, with one heavenly and exaggerated idol completely filling it—you! And I tell you very plainly that, if I were a man, the knowledge of this would scare me a little, and make me rather more serious than many men are inclined to be."

He bit his lip and looked out across the southern valley, where already the August haze was growing bluer, blurring the low-hanging sun.

She laid a friendly, intimate, half-humorous hand on his arm.

"In all right-thinking men, the boy can never die. No experience born of pain, no cynicism, no incredulity acquired through disappointment can kill the boy in any man until it has first slain his soul. Otherwise, chivalry in the world had long since become extinct. You have done what you could do for Philippa. I am really glad to help you, Jim. But, from now on, be very careful and very sure of yourself—because now your real responsibility begins."

He had not thought of it that way; and now he did not care to.

To sympathize, to protect, to admire—these were born of impulse and reason, which, in turn, had their origin in unconscious condescension.

To applaud the admirable, to express a warm concern for virtue in difficulties meant merely sincere recognition, not the intimacy of that equality of mind and circumstance which existed *per se* between himself and such a woman as Madame de Moidrey.

The very word "protection" implies condescension, conscious or unconscious. We may love what we protect; we never honestly place it on a pedestal, or even on a mathematical level with ourselves. It can't be done. And so, in a vague sort of way, Warner remained incredulous of the impossible with which Madame de Moidrey had smilingly menaced him. Only, of course, she was quite right; he must not thoughtlessly arouse the woman in the girl Philippa.

But there is nothing in the world that ought more thoroughly to arouse the best qualities of manhood in a man than the innocent adoration of a young girl. For if he could really believe himself to be even a

shadow of what she believes he is, the world might really become the most agreeable of residential planets.

As Warner and Madame de Moidrey entered the music-room through the open French windows, Philippa turned from the piano, and her soft voice died out in the quaint refrain she had been accompanying. She rose instinctively, which was more than Peggy did, having no reverence for age in her own sister, and Madame de Moidrey came forward and took the girl's slender hands in hers.

"Have you concluded to remain with me?" she asked smilingly.

"I did not understand that you had asked me," said the girl gravely.

"I do ask you."

Philippa looked at Warner, then lifted her gray eyes to the elder woman.

"You are very kind, *madame*. I—it will be a great happiness to me if you accept my services."

The Comtesse de Moidrey looked at her, still retaining her hands, still smiling.

"You have a very sweet way of making the acceptance mine and not yours," she said. "Let us accept each other, Philippa. Will you?"

"You are most kind, *madame*."

"Can kindness win you?"

"*Madame*, it has already."

The American widow of the Comte de Moidrey felt a curious sensation of uncertainty in the quiet self-possession of this young girl—in her serenity, in her modulated voice and undisturbed manner.

An odd idea persisted that the graciousness was not entirely on her own part, that there was something even more subtle than graciousness on the part of this girl, whose delicate hands lay, cool and smooth, within her own.

It was not manner, for there was none on Philippa's part, not reticence, for that argues a conscious effort or a still more conscious lack of effort. Perhaps, through the transparent simplicity of the girl, the older woman's intuition caught a glimpse of finer traditions than she herself had been born to—sensed the far, faint ring of finer and more ancient metal.

And, after a moment, she felt that courtesy, deference, and propinquity alone held Philippa's grave gray eyes, that the soul which looked fearlessly and calmly out of

them at her could not be lightly flattered or lightly won, and that, released from their conventional duty, those clear eyes of gray would seek their earthly idol as logically as the magnetic needle swings to its magnet.

Very subtly, as she stood there, the sympathy of the elder woman widened to include respect. And, unconsciously, she turned and looked at Warner with the amused and slightly malicious smile of a woman who detects in a man the characteristic obtuseness from which her own feminine instinct has rescued her just in time to prevent mistakes. Then, turning to Philippa, she said:

"Our family of *three* is a very small one, dear, but I think it is going to be a happy one. What was that song that you and Peggy were trying when we came in?"

"It is called '*Noblesse oblige*,' *madame*. It is a very ancient song."

"It is as old as the world," said the countess. "Peggy, will you try the accompaniment? And will you sing it, Philippa?"

"If you wish it, *madame*."

The Comtesse de Moidrey stepped aside and seated herself; the gray eyes left her to seek and find their magnet, and, having found it, smiled.

As for the magnet himself, he stood there deep in perplexity and trouble, beginning slowly to realize how profoundly his mind and affections had already become involved in the fate of a very young girl, and in the problems of life which must now begin to threaten and confront her.

"*Namur, Liège—  
Le dur siège  
Noblesse oblige—*"

sang Philippa—

"*Namurois, Liégeois,  
La loi des rois  
Exige  
Noblesse—noblesse oblige—*"

The Comtesse de Moidrey rested her face on her hand, looking curiously at the young girl from whose lips the old phrase fell so naturally, so confidently, with such effortless and inborn understanding: "*Noblesse—noblesse oblige*."

## XXV

PHILIPPA'S trunk had gone to the Château des Oiseaux, and the Inn of the Golden Peach knew her no longer:

Warner, who usually adored the prospect of a month all alone after his class had left for the season, found, to his surprise, that he was experiencing a slight sense of loneliness. The inn, the garden seemed to him uncommonly still, and at first he thought he missed the gallinaceous chatter of the "harem"; then he was very sure that he regretted Halkett acutely.

Ariadne, sitting in the sun by the deserted summer-house in the garden, always greeted him with a plaintive little mew which, somehow or other, sounded to him pointedly reproachful. The cat evidently missed Halkett, perhaps Philippa. Warner remembered that he had been requested to be polite and agreeable to Ariadne, and, whenever he recollected these obligations, he dutifully hoisted the animal to his shoulder and promenaded her. For which, no doubt, the cat was grateful, but, as she was also beginning to shed her coat in preparation for a brand-new set of winter furs, Warner found the intimacy with Ariadne slightly trying.

There were no other guests at the inn. Now and then, during the next three or four days, officers stopped their automobiles for a few moments' refreshment or to replenish their gasoline-tanks. But, early one morning, a big motor-truck, driven by a little, red-legged, boyish *piou-piou*, and guarded by three others, equally youthful, took away the entire supply of gasoline and ordered Madame Arlon to remove the sign advertising it.

They drove away through the early-autumn sunshine, singing the "*Adoro*," not the one best known but that version attributed to the Scottish queen, and they looked and sang like three little choir-boys masquerading in the uniforms of their fathers.

Warner had been sketching in the meadow across the road that day, feeling restless and unaccountably depressed. It was one of those still, hazy mornings in early August, when the world seems too quiet and the sky too perfect for inaction or repose.

He had pitched his easel near the river, perhaps because it remained busy, and where, if any troops or military trains passed along the quarry road, he could see them.

But none came. Two or three gendarmes, with white-and-yellow trappings, passed toward Ausone at a gallop while he

## The Girl Philippa

sat there, but across the river nothing stirred save a kestrel soaring.

According to the *Petit Journal d'Ausone* of the day before, war had already burst over eastern Belgium full-blast, and the famous forts, so long celebrated as impregnable, were beginning to crumble away under an avalanche of gigantic shells.

As he sat there under the calm sky, painting leisurely, relighting his pipe at intervals, Warner tried to realize that such things as bombardments and sieges and battles were going on to the north of where he was—not so very far north, either. But he could not seem to grasp it as an actual fact. For the monstrous and imbecile actuality of such a war seemed still to remain outside of his comprehension; his intelligence had not yet accepted it—not encompassed and digested the fact—and he could not get rid of the hopefully haunting feeling that presently somebody or something, somewhere or other, would stop all this amazing insanity, and that the diplomatists would begin again where they had left off only a few days before.

It was the illimitable proportions of the calamity—the magnitude of the catastrophe—the cataclysmic menace of it that still left his mind slightly stunned, as it had paralyzed the minds of every civilized human being and suspended, for a space, the power of thought in the world.

As yet, all these enormous, impossible threats of governments and emperors seemed to be some gigantic, fantastic, and grotesque hoax which the sovereigns and chancellors of Europe were playing in concert to frighten a slow-witted and humdrum world out of its five dull wits.

And yet, under the incredulity and the mental obscurity and inertia, deep within the dazed hearts of men, a measured and terrible pulse had already begun to throb steadily with an unchanging and dreadful rhythm. It was the clairvoyant prophecy of the world's subconscious self stirring, thrilling to that red future already breaking, and warning all mankind that the Day of Wrath had dawned at last.

But to Warner, the most unreal part of it all was not the dusty *fantassins* in column, slouching forward toward the north, not the clinking, jingling *cuirassiers* on their big battle-horses, not the dragoons riding with rapt, exalted faces under forests of tall lances, not the clanking artillery, the heavy

military wagons and motor-trucks, or the galloping gendarmes which passed the inn every hour or two.

What had become suddenly unreal to him was the green and sunlit serenity of the world itself—the breeze ruffling the clover, poppies glowing deep in fields of golden wheat and barley, the melody of the flowing river, the quiet blue overhead, the tenderness of leaf and blossom, and the blessed stillness of the world.

Relighting his pipe, he looked at the swallows soaring and sailing high above the Récollette, noticed butterflies hovering and flitting everywhere, heard the golden splashing of the river, the sigh of leaves and rushes. The word "war" still remained a word to him, but, in the sunshine and the silence, he began to divine the immobility of menace—something unseen and evil which was quietly waiting.

Ariadne had come across from the garden, ostensibly to hunt meadow-mice, really for company. Sniffing and snooping around his color-box, she got one dainty whisker in the ultramarine, and had enough of art. So she went off, much annoyed, to sit by herself in the grass and do some scrubbing. After a while, the fixed persistency with which she stared across the meadow attracted his attention and Warner, also, turned and looked that way.

As he saw nothing in particular to stare at, he presently resumed his sketching and his troubled thoughts. The latter concerned the girl Philippa. Not since he had taken her to the château had he seen her. And that was four days ago.

He didn't know exactly why he had not strolled over. Possibly a vague idea that he had better not interfere to distract the girl's attention from her first lessons in the refinements of existence had kept him away from her vicinity. He didn't even know that he had missed her; he knew only that, for some occult reason or other, he had felt rather lonely lately.

He painted away steadily, pausing to relight his pipe now and then, and all the while Ariadne, never stirring, stared persistently across the landscape, neglecting her uncleaned whisker.

Suddenly, with a little mew of recognition and greeting, she trotted forward through the grass; and the next moment two soft

hands fell lightly upon his shoulders from behind.

"Philippa!" he exclaimed, enchanted.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried joyously, abandoning both hands to him as he sprang to his feet and faced her.

She was so eager, so pretty in her unfeigned delight, as though it had been four years instead of four days since they had seen each other; and he seemed to feel something of this, also, for he held her hands closely and laughed without any apparent reason for mirth—unless the sheer contentment of contact and possession be a reason.

"Are you well and happy, Philippa?"

"Yes; I am happy enough up there. But, oh, how dreadfully I have missed you, Jim—may I call you Jim?—I do to myself—"

"Of course."

"I *think* of you that way—so it came very naturally to my lips—if you really don't mind? And besides, I am so happy to be with you. Peggy Brooks and I were looking over maps in the library—you know the *Petit Journal* says that the Prussians are firing enormous shells into Liège—and so Peggy and I were down on our knees over the maps of Belgium— Oh dear; you know it isn't so very far from us here, if you take a ruler and measure by scale. And it seemed to sober us both—we had been laughing—I don't remember exactly what about—but studying the map made us both serious, and Peggy went up-stairs to talk it over with the countess, and I felt that I couldn't stand being away from you for a single minute longer."

"You dear child!"

"So I asked Peggy to ask Madame de Moidrey if I might pay you a little visit, and she said, 'Of course.' So I came as fast as I could." She laughed and made a sweeping gesture with both arms outflung.

"And here I am! Are you contented?"

She stooped and stroked Ariadne, looking up to smile at him.

"Careful of her whisker; there is blue paint on it," he warned Philippa; but the girl wiped off the ultramarine with a green leaf and took the cat to her heart, covering her with caresses and murmuring endearments.

"Jim, dear, what do *you* think?" she asked presently.

"About what?"

"About the war?"

He said gravely:

"I don't quite understand how those magnificent Belgian forts are being knocked to pieces—if what the paper says is true. I supposed them to be among the strongest fortifications in the world."

"Madame de Moidrey says they are. Her husband was an artillery officer. And she told Peggy and me that the Comte de Moidrey had always said they were the very strongest forts in the world."

"*Something's* gone wrong; that is evident," said Warner. "But not with *you*, Philippa," he added, smiling at her. "I never saw you looking as well; and that's a tremendously fetching frock you're wearing."

It was a white outing gown of serge, and the girl wore white stockings and tennis-shoes, and a soft white hat—a boyish head-gear which became her enchantingly.

"Peggy gave it to me," she said. "It is very American, isn't it?"

"It's adorable on *you*. Do you like Peggy Brooks?"

"Yes."

"And Madame de Moidrey?"

"Yes, I do—rather."

"Not entirely?"

"Jim?"

"What?"

"Yes, I—yes; I do like her. But I don't do much to earn my wages. And that troubles me."

"Your salary?"

Philippa laughed.

"Wages, salary—what does it matter what you call them when both merely mean pay for work performed? I should like to do something for Madame de Moidrey in return. But she has many servants and a maid and a housekeeper. I thought I was to read to her, write letters for her, amuse her. But she sometimes reads to me, and she and Peggy are teaching me to play tennis." Philippa held out one narrow foot for his inspection. "And yesterday she ordered a horse for me, as well as for herself and her sister, and I wore one of Peggy's riding-habits—knee-breeches and boots, Jim; and they set me on a horse. *That* is the way I am earning my wages at the Château des Oiseaux."

"Why complain?" he asked, much amused.

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"Because I am unable to return such favors."

"Don't worry. Whatever they do for you brings its own recompense."

"How?"

"Has it never occurred to you that your society is agreeable, interesting, amusing, and desirable?"

"No," she said, honestly surprised.

"Well, it is. People like you. You yourself amply recompense anybody for anything done for you by accepting the attentions offered."

"Do you think that way of me?"

He hadn't quite understood until then that he did feel that way about her; but he felt it now so strongly that it seemed as though he had always been of that mind.

"I've always thought so," he said. "There is never a dull moment with you, Philippa. No wonder people seek you and like you and pet you!"

Philippa blushed and tried to smile; then, for a moment, she buried her flushed face in Ariadne's fluffy fur until her cheeks cooled.

"If," she said, "I had a home and an income, however tiny, I should not feel at all embarrassed by courtesies from others, because I should, in my turn, offer the best I possessed. But, Jim—a homeless girl—with all that I have been—endured—I don't know—but I should feel more comfortable if I could be of some service in return for all that these very kind Americans offer me."

She placed Ariadne on the grass, turned, and looked down at the river.

"There is my punt," she said. "Isn't it curious to remember that you and I first became friends in that boat? It seems to have happened very long ago, when I was a child. You made me wash my face. Do you remember?"

"I do," he replied gaily. "You looked like a schoolgirl made up for the part of Jezebel."

She blushed and hung her head. Presently her lowered eyes were raised to him in a distressed, questioning way, and he came over to her and put his hands on her shoulders.

"I never thought ill of you, Philippa—never doubted you were anything except what you really are."

She looked up into his eyes.

"I don't know what I really am. But I

am beginning to understand that I can be whatever you desire. Also, I am beginning to understand how generous you have been to me in your thoughts. Both you and Mr. Halkett had every reason to think lightly of the cashier of the Cabaret de Biribi, with her painted lips and cheeks and her easy manners—" She shrugged. "And perhaps, but for the grace of God and you, I should have become what I appeared to be. Let us sit in the punt. Shall we?"

They went down to the river together, Ariadne marching at their heels with tail erect, and the girl stepped aboard and seated herself in the stern which, afloat, swung in the limpid eddy among the rushes.

When Warner also was seated at her feet, she drew from the pocket of her white-serge jacket a letter, and, leaning over him, opened and displayed it.

The letter was written in French on common writing-paper, in a perfectly legible but uneducated hand. It read:

## MADEMOISELLE:

You are watched, and your present whereabouts are known. You are warned to keep your mouth shut. Any treachery, even any slight indiscretion on your part will be fully revenged by those you betray.

The wages of a traitor are death. Be advised in time. Return to your duty while there is yet time, and your present ingratitude will be forgiven.

Make up your mind at once. There is not a moment to waste. *What is to happen shall happen! It is coming very fast! It is almost upon us!*

The safety which you suppose that the present condition of affairs guarantees you is but momentary. Peril threatens you; certain punishment awaits you. Documents in possession of those whom you threaten to betray are sufficient to condemn you now.

And more than that: we hold over you the power of life and death, and shall hold it, *no matter what happens in Ausone!*

Either way we can destroy you.

Return to us, therefore; accept forgiveness while there is yet time. You know who has caused this to be written. Therefore, enough!

Return and find security; remain to betray us, and you will be shot!

When Warner finished reading this outrageous missive, he looked up into Philippa's undisturbed face, and she smiled.

"When did you receive this?" he demanded.

"It came in the noon mail yesterday."

"Of course it's from Wildresse."

"Of course," she said simply. "What do you think of it?"

"I think very little of it," he replied.

"Threatened people are good insurance





GRAYS BY FRANK CRAGG

There was very little noise, no confusion: everybody seemed to know what was to be done

## The Girl Philippa

risks. If he could have harmed you, he'd not have troubled to write you about his amiable designs on you. It's a pity—a great pity, Philippa—that we dare not call in the police."

"If I have written innocently the things he says I have written and signed, it might go hard with me if he were arrested," she said.

"I know it. It can't be done—at any rate, it can't be done yet. If there were anywhere you could go—any frontier that might be a barrier of safety for you! But all Europe seems to be involved—all neutral frontiers violated—even the grand duchy has become a German thoroughfare. Let me think it over, Philippa. I don't know how dangerous to you that miserable rascal can become. But Halkett was right. As long as you are in France, it won't do to denounce Wildresse."

"You understand, Jim, that I am not alarmed," she said gently, watching his anxious and clouded features.

"I know that. I think I have reason to bear testimony concerning your courage."

"I did not mean it that way."

"I understand, dear. Those who amount to anything never have to say so. I know you are not afraid. Shall I keep that letter for you?"

She handed it to him. He pocketed it, and sat for a while in silence, his brooding eyes on the blue distance.

Finally, with an effort, his face cleared, and he said cheerfully:

"It is the strangeness and unreality of these last few days which depress everybody. As a matter of fact, the war has lent a certain and almost dignified terror to the attitude and the petty operations of a very vile and squalid band of malefactors in a small provincial town. These fellows are nothing but cheap dealers in blackmail; and the last thing they'd do would be to invoke the law, of which they stand in logical and perpetual fear."

"No, no; all this hint of political and military vengeance—all this innuendo concerning a squad of execution—is utter rot. If they've dabbled in the bartering of military information, they'll keep clear of anything resembling military authority. No; I'm not worried on that point. But I think, if Madame de Moidrey cares to ask me, that I should like to be a guest at the Château des Oiseaux for the next few days."

"Jim!" she exclaimed, radiant.

"Do you want me?" he asked, pretending astonishment.

And so it happened that, after luncheon, Warner locked up his room and studio in the pretty hostelry of the Golden Peach, gave orders for his trunk to be sent to the château, and started across the fields toward the wooded heights, from whence had come over the telephone an amused voice inviting him to be the guest of the Comtesse de Moidrey. When he arrived, Madame de Moidrey was sewing alone on the southern terrace, and she looked up laughingly and extended her hand.

"So you're in the web at last," she said.

"I predicted it, didn't I?"

"Nonsense, Ethra. I came because Philippa has received a threatening letter from that scoundrel, Wildresse."

"I know. The child has told me. Is it worth worrying over?"

"Not at all," said Warner contemptuously. "That sort of thing is the last resort of a badly frightened coward. Only, I thought, considering the general uncertainty, that perhaps you and Peggy might not be displeased to have a rather muscular man in the house."

"As a matter of fact, Jim, I had thought of asking you. Really, I had. Only—" she laughed—"I was afraid you might think I was encouraging you in something else."

"See here, Ethra: You don't honestly suppose that there is anything sentimental in my relations with Philippa, do you?"

"Isn't there?"

"No," he said impatiently.

Madame de Moidrey resumed her sewing, the smile still edging her pleasant lips.

"She is very young yet in many things; all the enchanting candor and sweetness of a child is hers still, together with a poise and quiet dignity almost bewildering at moments. Jim, your little, nameless protégée is simply fascinating!"

"I'm only too thankful you find her so."

"I do. Philippa is adorable. And nobody can make me believe that there is not good blood there. Why, speaking merely of externals, every feature, every contour, every delicate line of her body is labeled 'race.' There is never any accident in such a result of breeding. In mind and body the child has bred true to her race and stock—that is absurdly plain and perfectly evident

to anybody who looks at her, sees her move, hears her voice, and follows the natural workings of her mind."

"Yes," said Warner; "Halkett and I decided that she had been born to fine linen and fine thoughts. Who in the world can the child be, Ethra?"

Madame de Moidrey shook her head over her sewing.

"I've found myself wondering again and again what the tragedy could have been. The man, Wildresse, may have lied to her. If, some day, he could be forced to tell what he knows——"

"I have thought of that. I don't know, Ethra— Sometimes it is better to leave a child in untroubled ignorance. What do you think?"

"Perhaps. But, Jim, there is no peasant ancestry in that child, whatever else there may be."

"Just rascally aristocracy?"

The Comtesse de Moidrey laughed. She had married for love; she could afford to.

"I am Yankee enough," she said, "to be sensitive to that subtle and indescribable something which always characterizes the old French aristocracy. One is always aware of it; it is never absent; it clings always, as the perfume clings to an ancient cabinet of sandalwood and ivory.

"And, Jim, it seems to me that it clings faintly to the child Philippa. It's an odd thing to say. Perhaps if I had been born to the title, I might not have detected it. What is familiar from birth is rarely noticed. But my unspoiled, nervous, and Yankee nose seems to detect it in this young girl. And my Yankee nose, being born republican, is a very, very keen one, and makes exceedingly few mistakes."

"You intend, then, to keep her as a companion for the present?"

"If she will stay. I don't quite know whether she wants to. I don't entirely understand her. She does not seem unhappy; she is sweet, considerate, agreeable, and perfectly willing to do anything asked of her. She is never exacting; she asks nothing, even of the servants. It's her attitude toward them which shows her quality. They feel it—they all are aware of it. My maid adores her and is forever hanging around to aid her in a hundred little offices, which Philippa accepts because it gives pleasure to my maid, and for that reason alone.

"I tell you, Jim, if anybody thinks Philippa complex, it is a mistake. Her heart and mind are virginal, whatever her experience may have been; she is as simple and unspoiled as the children of that tall young king yonder, Albert of Belgium—God bless him! And that is the truth concerning Philippa—upon whom a suspicious world is going to place no value whatever, because no rivets, ecclesiastical or legal, have irrevocably fastened to her the name she bears in ignorance of her own."

Peggy Brooks, a dark-haired, fresh-faced girl, came out on the terrace, nodded a familiar greeting to Warner, and looked around in search of Philippa. Her sister said, in a low voice:

"Peggy is quite mad about her. They get along wonderfully. I wonder where the child is. She expected you."

"Ethra," said Peggy, "I've given her one of my new afternoon gowns. I made her take it, on a promise to let her pay me out of her salary. Mathilde is fussing over her still, I suppose." And to Warner: "I'm painting a head of her. She sits as still as a statue. But it's hopeless, Jim; the girl's too exquisite to paint."

"I mean to try it some day," said Warner. "The way to paint her, Peggy, is to try to treat her as the great English masters of portraiture treated their grand ladies—with that thoroughbred loveliness and grace—just a dash of enchanting blue sky behind her, and the sun-gilded foliage of stately trees against it, and her scarf blowing free." He laughed. "Oh, I know how it *ought* to be done. We shall see what we shall see—some day."

He ceased and turned his head. Philippa stepped out upon the terrace—the living incarnation of his own description.

Even Peggy caught her breath as the girl came forward.

"You beautiful thing!" she exclaimed. "You do belong in a golden frame in some great English castle!"

Philippa, perplexed but smiling, acknowledged Madame de Moidrey's presence and Peggy's, then turned to Warner with hand extended, as though she had not taken a similar leave of him an hour or two before.

"Everybody is so generous! Do you admire my new gown? Peggy gave it to me. Never have I possessed such a ravishing gown. That is why I am late; I stood at my mirror and looked and looked—" She

turned swiftly to Peggy. "Dear, I am too happy to know how to say so! And if Madame de Moidrey is contented with me——"

"You are too lovely for words, Philippa," said the countess. "If Mr. Warner paints you that way, I shall wish to have the picture for myself."

"Aha!" exclaimed Warner. "A commission!"

"Certainly," said the countess. "You may begin as soon as Philippa is ready."

"Very well," said he; "if I paint the picture, you promise to hang it in the château as a memento of Philippa—do you?"

"I do."

"Then there'll be no charge for this important major operation. Philippa, will you take ether to-morrow morning?"

The girl laughed and nodded, looking up at him from where she was seated beside the countess, examining the sewing.

"Could I not do this for you, *madame*?" she said.

"But I like to sew, Philippa."

The girl smiled; then a slight sigh escaped her. The countess looked up at her, and Philippa smiled again, saying,

"There seems to be nothing within my power to do for you, *madame*."

"There is something," said Madame de Moidrey, under her breath.

"What, if you please?"

"I want you to like me, Philippa. And if, some day, you could learn to love me, that would be the rarest gift that could be offered me."

The girl's gray eyes widened in utter surprise; suddenly they sparkled with tears, and she bent her head swiftly and touched the elder woman's hands with her own.

"*Madame*," she whispered, "you overwhelm me with your kindness. If only I could express my gratitude——"

She checked herself as Maurice, the head gardener, appeared, hat in hand, and deep anxiety stamped on his seamed and sun-burned features.

"Pardon, *Madame la Comtesse*—there is a great fire somewhere in the north. I thought *madame* should be told——"

"A fire? What is it? The forest, Maurice?"

"Oh, it is very far away, *madame*. Perhaps it is a forest on fire. But there is a sound, too. One may see and hear from the northern terrace when the wind sets in."

"Is it as far away as Ausone?"

"Farther, *madame*."

The countess glanced at Warner, rose, retaining Philippa's hand.

"Thank you, Maurice," she said, over her shoulder, and, passing her arm through Philippa's, she entered the house, followed by Warner and Peggy.

"What do you suppose alarms old Maurice?" whispered Peggy.

But Warner, vastly troubled, made no answer.

## XXVI

BELOW the carved-stone balustrade of the north terrace, acres and acres of tree-tops—oak, beech, birch, and fir—spread away on every side. This was the *Forêt des Oiseaux*.

Beyond the dense green surface of the tree-tops, which were so compact that they resembled a wide and gently rolling plateau, the country stretched away toward Ausone. Here and there some distant farmhouse window sparkled in the sun; set amid its banks of velvet green, the *Récollette* glittered like fragments of the same silver thread. Bathed in a mauve haze, the Ausone fort stood out on its conical, tree-clad hill; beyond it, other hillocks rose, lilac-tinted silhouettes against the horizon.

Turquoise, palest violet, tender green, and gold, the country lay revealed under the August sky, peaceful, glimmering, silent.

And across this dainty harmony of color was smeared a somber, discordant smudge, staining the delicate haze of amethyst, defiling the pure sky—a wide, high area of dirty smoke, leaning from the perpendicular toward the east, spilling its dun-tinted vapor downward over the pale aquarelle of hill and river and valley.

"The Alcyon forest is afire!" exclaimed the countess, in a low voice.

"It is much farther away," said Warner.

A sudden breeze sprang up, blowing in their faces over the swaying tree-tops.

"Listen!" said Philippa, touching her lips with one finger.

From an infinite distance the wind carried with it a deadened, thumping sound, now regular as the dulled rolling of drums, now softly irregular, with intervals of stillness, then again spasmodic, muffled, almost inaudible.

"Are they threshing anywhere near us?"



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIN

"*Monsieur*," he said, very red, "it would seem, perhaps, more courteous for me to leave my cards for *all* the ladies of the household"



## The Girl Philippa

asked the countess of her sister. "What is that pumping sound?" She turned to Warner, who made no reply.

"Do you know what it is, Jim?" demanded Peggy Brooks uneasily.

"I'm not absolutely sure. I'll be back in a moment—" He turned and went swiftly into the house.

Philippa, leaning on the balustrade beside the countess, said very quietly:

"I know what that sound is. I have heard it before from the outer boulevard in Ausone when the grand maneuvers are going on."

The countess said,

"I was afraid it was that."

"Drums?" asked Peggy Brooks.

"Cannon," said Philippa.

Warner came back with his field-glasses. Studying the horizon, he spoke at intervals, in his pleasant, undisturbed voice:

"They have cleared the Ausone fort; the flag, the semaphore, the signal-tower—all are gone; there is nothing to be seen there except trees. It looks like any hill now; nothing is stirring on it. This glass brings the smoke much nearer, but it is impossible to guess what is on fire. I don't think it's a forest. I'm afraid it is a village."

He offered the glass to the others; each took a turn and made out nothing new until Philippa, gazing above the discoloring stain of smoke, spoke to Warner in a low voice and handed him the glasses.

For a few moments he stood rigid, his field-glasses poised at an angle; then, still watching at the same angle, he said:

"You are perfectly right, Philippa. Two aeroplanes are soaring between the smoke and the Ausone fort."

One by one the others searched for the distant sky-craft and discovered them. They were still at it when tea was served, and, by that time, the deadened, drumming sound had become unmistakable, increasing in volume with every lightest puff of wind, and, when the breeze died out, still filling the ears with its steady thudding.

Also, the dirty smoke smear had spread, polluting the tender northern sky, and new centers of infection had appeared here and there amid the green landscape—dark spots of smoke which, at first, appeared insignificant and motionless, which were bigger in ten minutes, which in half an hour had become volumes.

Warner, his teacup on his knees, bracketed

the field-glasses on the aeroplanes once more, and was startled at their nearness.

Almost at the same instant a dry crack, like the breaking of a stick, sounded, coming from the direction of the distant fort—another, another, others following in quicker succession. And, watching, he saw below the aeroplanes a dotted line of tiny white spots, growing in length for a while, then maintaining its length as the rearward dots vanished and new dots of cottony white were added to the other end.

Higher and higher rose the aeroplanes above the white wake of exploding shells, bearing eastward now, sheering widely, as a pair of soaring hawks sweep swiftly into vaster circles as they mount into the dazzling blue.

"The fort is using its sky-guns," remarked Warner.

They all took turns watching the fleecy clots of smoke appear, linger, dissolve in mid-air. Long after the aeroplanes had disappeared in the sky, the high-angle guns continued their distant, rattling fusillade.

"What do you think is happening out there?" asked the countess. "You have seen war, Jim. Have you an idea what the smoke and cannonade mean? Is a German army coming?"

Warner said:

"They are shelling villages to the north of us—perhaps trenches, too. I don't know what troops we have there. Probably their cavalry screen has come into contact with ours, and I should say that we are retiring. But you can't tell yet."

"It's the invasion, then," said the countess calmly.

"It's a raid, anyway."

"A raid on Ausone?"

"Probably. The railway there is always important—much more so than the Ausone fort. I'm afraid that fort doesn't amount to very much as fortifications are classed now."

The spectacle from the north terrace had become very disquieting. All the horizon was now obscured by smoke, and its dirty shadow dulled the distance and invaded the middle distance, hanging from west to east like a sooty veil suspended across land and sky. There was, however, nothing else to see, not a glimmer of flame, nothing stirring on the hill where, unseen, the Ausone fort crouched above the green valley of the

Récollette. But the deadened mutter of the cannonade continued unbroken along the horizon, never ceasing now, not even when the light wind changed.

Peggy's curiosity was satisfied; she had taken jealous possession of Philippa, with a side glance at Warner out of brown eyes not entirely devoid of malice, and the two were in the billiard-room, which opened from the northern terrace, for the purpose of Philippa's education in the game of French billiards. The countess set her teacup aside and picked up her sewing.

"I don't intend to be driven out of my home," she remarked.

Warner lighted a cigarette and looked curiously into the north.

"Whether it's to be the wretched story of 1870 again or not," she went on, "I shall not be frightened away from this house. This is my home. I came here a bride; my dear husband died under this roof; all I care for in the world, all I hold most dear, most intimate, is here, Jim. I shall not go."

He said gravely,

"I hope the necessity may never arise, Ethra."

"It shall not. The Germans are not barbarians. What object could they have in injuring this old house? What good would it do them or their country to disturb us here? If they come, we can't defend ourselves. What is there for us to do except to submit? But I shall not go away and leave this place to the mercies of their filthy soldiery."

Warner said nothing. There were many contingencies overlooked by this determined lady—circumstances which might mean ruin to the house—if, for instance, a retreating army chose to defend the château. But he remained silent, not caring to trouble her with the possibilities of eventualities.

"I had rather you stayed, if you don't mind, Jim," she said, sewing away serenely.

"Certainly."

The steady thud of the cannonade had now assumed a more substantial rumbling sound. Occasionally separate shocks were audible, as though great pieces were discharged singly, dominating the duller monotone of less caliber.

Warner kept his eyes pretty constantly on the horizon-line of smoke, evidently expectant of some new development, now and then fancying that it had become visible, as

the calm sky became suffused with the delicate pastel hues of early evening and the first bat zigzagged among the potted orange trees on the terrace.

And presently, in the early dusk, it became visible—first, merely as a dull tint reddening the distant smoke, then as a faint, ruddy line of light, shifting, twinkling, sinking, flaring palely, then more redly as the summer dusk deepened and possessed the silent world around them. From northwest to southeast ran the flicker of the guns, with now and then a wider flare, and a deeper accent dominating the measured monotone.

Five fires were burning, also—two from hamlets or nearer groups of buildings belonging to some big farm; the other three conflagrations were farther distant, and much greater, as though three considerable villages and their environs were in flames.

Philippa and Peggy came to the long, open windows from moment to moment, standing there, cues in hand, to look out at the reddening sky.

It was still not too dusky to see fairly well, and the lamps had not yet been lighted in the house, excepting the luster over the billiard-table, when a footman appeared on the terrace.

"The driveway and circle, *Madame la Comtesse*, are full of cavalry. Their officers are dismounting; the troopers have gone into our stables and garage."

The countess rose quietly, and Warner stood up in silence.

"What cavalry is it?"

"Ours, *madame*. They have taken out the three automobiles and all the horses."

"Thank you." And, to Warner, "Would you mind coming with me, Jim?"

They entered the billiard-room and traversed the house to the southern terrace. Drive and circle were swarming with the pale-blue dolmans of hussars moving in and out of the fan-shaped glare of electric torches, some mounted, their lances held perpendicularly in the stirrup-boots, others afoot, leading up horses from the château stables, pushing the three automobiles along the garage drive, dragging vehicles of every description by hand—hay-wagons, farm-wagons, long-unused and old-fashioned family carriages with the de Moidrey crest on their panels.

Several officers in turquoise and silver, standing on the terrace, surveyed the pro-

ceedings below. There was very little noise, no confusion: everybody seemed to know what was to be done.

As the Comtesse de Moidrey and Warner came out upon the terrace, the officers heard them, turned, saluted, and one of them, a slim, handsome youth, came forward, crimson cap in hand, bowing with a grace indescribable.

"Madame de Moidrey," he said, "we very deeply regret the military necessity which temporarily deprives you of your cars and horses, but the government requires us to ask them of you and to offer you a receipt."

"The government is welcome, *monsieur*," she said earnestly. "If the government will accept what I have to offer as a gift, it will honor me sufficiently, without offering any receipt or promise of indemnification."

"Comtesse," said the youthful soldier, bowing, "it is the answer any soldier of France might expect from one who bears the name of de Moidrey. Nevertheless, *madame*, I am required to leave in your possession a receipt for what you so graciously permit me to requisition. Permit me, *madame*—" He drew from his despatch-pouch the papers, already filled in, signed, and stamped, and presented them with a bow. And, smilingly, Madame de Moidrey tore them across, again and again, and dropped the fragments upon the terrace.

"*Monsieur*," she said, "may I not offer you the hospitality of the house—some little refreshment for you and for your men?"

"*Madame*, we are overwhelmed, but our orders permit us no time."

Warner said quietly:

"If you could spare a moment, Captain, there is something I should like you to see from the north terrace." And to the countess: "May I take him?"

Madame de Moidrey said,

"By all means, Jim."

And the two young men went swiftly through the house and to the terrace.

"Ha!" exclaimed the officer, as the rumble of the cannonade struck his ears, and he looked out on the dark circle of the horizon, all sparkling and lighted up with the ruddy flicker and flare of the guns.

"A raid?" asked Warner quietly.

"I don't know. Villages are afire yonder. Have you seen anything that might be of importance to us, *monsieur*?"

"Two aeroplanes. The Ausone fort fired at them with sky-guns. They went east."

"Biplanes?"

"Monoplanes, I think. I am not sure."

"Square-tipped ailerons? Could you see?"

"They were shaped exactly like kestrels."

"Ah; Taubes! Many thanks, *monsieur*."

He stared out across the darkness. "Yes; it's warming up out there. Well, sir, I must go. And thank you again for your kindness—" He produced his card-case. "May I be permitted to present my cards to Madame de Moidrey. Thank you—if you would be so amiable—"

They retraced their steps through the house, encountering Peggy Brooks in the hallway, who received a most ceremonious bow from the youthful hussar, and who acknowledged it with an enchanting inclination of her pretty head. Within a few feet of the front terrace, the young officer suddenly halted.

"*Monsieur*," he said, very red, "it would seem, perhaps, more courteous for me to leave my cards for *all* the ladies of the household."

Warner looked at him gravely; he was very young, very ceremonious, very much flushed. Was it possible that Peggy Brooks had bowled over this young gentleman with her first smile?

"I think," said Warner very seriously, "that it might be considered obligatory for an officer who takes away all the horses and motor-cars to leave his card for every lady in the family. There are," he added, "three."

Afterward, when the officer had taken his leave, and his escort of hussars had trotted away with the horses, wagons, and automobiles, Warner, much amused, related to the countess the incident of the cards; and he distributed them at dinner.

"Well, Peggy," he said, "you did murderous work with your smile this evening."

She answered calmly:

"I hope so. He was exceedingly nice-looking."

"Le Vicomte d'Aurès," nodded Warner. "You should have seen him blush, Peggy."

"I did. I repeat he is a nice boy, and I hope he comes back and steals something else."

Philippa laughed; the countess smiled indulgently upon her younger sister, and gave the signal to rise.

"The family comes from the west, I think," she remarked to Warner, as she took his arm. "Goodness, Jim, what a nuisance—not a horse in the stable, not a car to move about in! But I am very happy to think that I could do even a little for our government."

"You may have plenty of chances, Ethra," he said coolly.

They walked through to the north terrace and stood for a while watching the conflagrations on the horizon. The vast, slightly curved line of flickering points of fire no longer twinkled and played through the darkness, and the muttering of the cannonade had ceased. Only the three incendiary foci reddened the sky.

There was a mist that night, delicately veiling the tops of the forest trees, and the perfume of lilies from the gardens saturated the night air.

Usually, when foggy conditions prevailed over the valley of the Récollette, the lights of Ausone were visible as a pinkish tinge in the sky. But that night no such tint was apparent; no signal-lamps sparkled from the fort.

Ethra de Moidrey shrugged her pretty shoulders and turned back toward the billiard-room, whither Peggy Brooks had already repaired for practise.

Philippa, remaining beside Warner, stood watching them through the lighted windows. She was wearing her first evening gown—one of Peggy's gifts—a dainty affair of palest blue.

She looked up, smiled faintly, and moved nearer with that unconscious instinct of youth for seeking contact where its confidence and trust is placed. Her slim fingers, touching his, nestled into his hand with an eloquence unmistakable of innocent possession satisfied.

"You *are* only a very little girl yet, aren't you, Philippa?" he said, smiling.

"I know I am, Jim. I seem to be growing younger under the warm shelter of your kindness—under the security of this roof and the quiet sense of protection everywhere.

"It is as though I had been arrested in development since I left school—as though youth and growth had stopped and only my mind had continued growing older and older and more tired during these last six years—dull, bewildering, ignoble years—lonely, endless years that dragged their days

after them like a chain, heavier, heavier—" She pressed a little closer to his shoulder. "I had *nobody*. Do you understand? I seem to know right from wrong, but I don't know how I know it. Yet, I am old in some things—old and wearied with a knowledge which still, however, remains personally incomprehensible to me. It's just a vast accumulation of unhappy facts concerning life as it is lived by many. I always knew there were such people as you—as these dear and gentle friends of yours; I never saw them—never saw even any young girls after I left school—only the women, young and old, who came to the cabaret, or who came and went through Ausone streets, or who sat knitting and gossiping under the trees on the quay." She laid her cheek against his shoulder with a little sigh. "You are very wonderful to me," she murmured.

The night air had become a little fresher; he thought that she should have some sort of wrap, so they entered the billiard-room together, where Peggy slipped one arm around Philippa's waist, detaining her to caress her and whisper nonsense.

"You beautiful child, I want you to stay with me and not go star-gazing with that large and sunburned man! You'll stay, won't you, darling? And we'll go to the library presently and find a pretty red-and-gold book full of armorial designs and snobbish information; and we'll search very patiently through those expensively illuminated pages until we find a worthy family called d'Aurès—"

"Oh, Peggy!" said Philippa. "Would you really take that much trouble?"

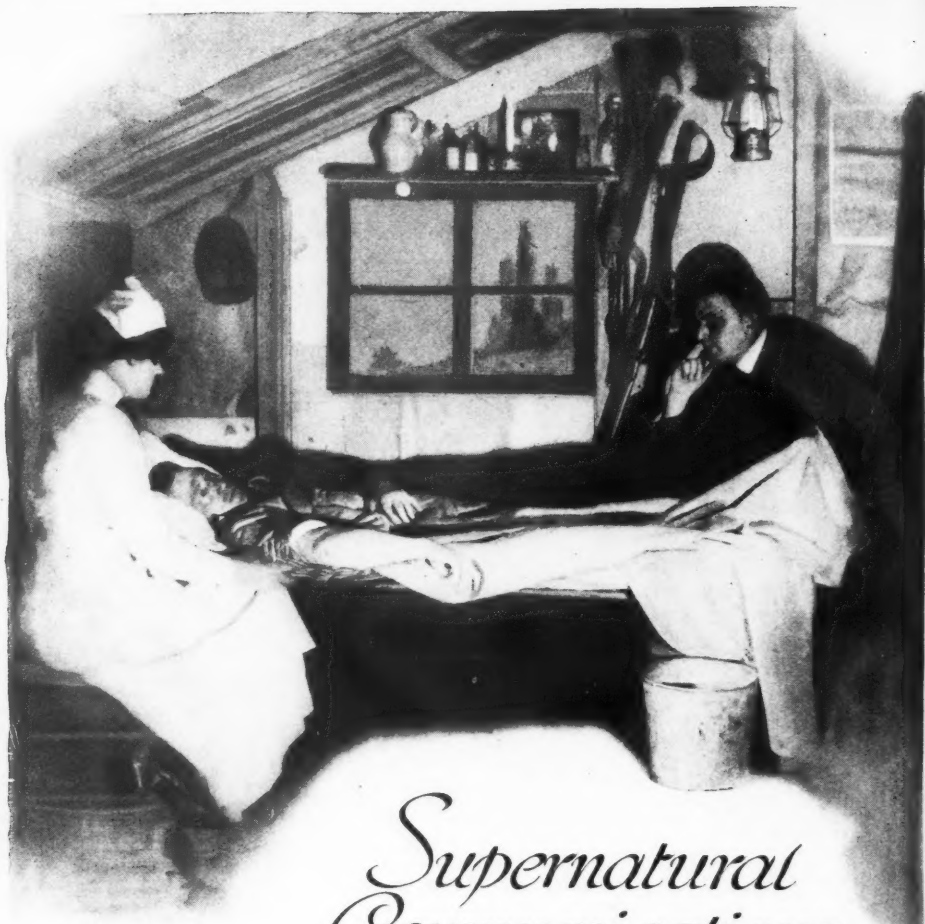
"Rather," said Peggy coolly. "I mean to write him some day and find out how he is treating my pet Minerva runabout which he had the audacity to appropriate without thanking me."

Warner, lingering at the other door, caught Peggy's eye.

"You can't have her, Jim!" she said, with emphasis, and drew her closer.

So Warner went on to find a wrap for her, and entered the music-room.

The next moment he halted, rigid, astounded. Peering through the windows into the room were the dirty countenances of Asticot and Squelette, their battered noses flattened white on the glass, their ratty eyes fixed on him.



# Supernatural Communications In War-time

*By Maurice Maeterlinck*

Photographic Illustrations by Lejaren A. Hiller

**I**N an essay entitled "Penetrating Another World," published in *Cosmopolitan* [September, 1914], I discussed certain phenomena of intuition, clairvoyance or clairaudience, vision at great distance, and even vision of the future. These phenomena have been grouped together under the somewhat unsuitable and none too well constructed name of "psychometry," which, to bor-

row Doctor Maxwell's excellent definition, is "the faculty possessed by certain persons of placing themselves in relation, either spontaneously or, for the most part, through the intermediary of some object, with unknown and often very distant things and people."

It is one of the most curious faculties of our subconsciousness and doubtless contains the clue to many of those mani-



festations which appear to proceed from another world.

The existence of this faculty is no longer seriously denied by anyone who has given some little attention to metaphysics; and it is easily verified by those who will take the necessary trouble, for its possessors, though few in number, are not inaccessible.

One of the best mediums of this class is a lady to whom I have referred, in "Penetrating Another World," as Mme. M—. Her visitor gives her an object of some kind that has belonged to or been touched or handled by the person about whom he proposes to question her. Mme. M— operates in a state of trance; but there are other celebrated psychometers who retain all their normal consciousness.

After placing the object, usually a letter, in the medium's hands, you say to her,

"I wish you to place yourself in communication with the writer of this letter," or "the owner of this article," as the case may be.

Forthwith the medium perceives not only the person in question, his physical appearance, his character,

his habits, his interests, his state of health but also, in a series of swift and changing visions which follow one another like the pictures of a cinematograph, sees and describes exactly that person's environment, the surrounding country, the rooms in which he lives, the people who live with him and who wish him well or ill, the mentality and the most secret and unexpected intentions of all the various characters that figure in his existence. If, by means of your questions, you direct her toward the past, she traces the whole course of the subject's history. If you turn her toward the future, she seems often to discover it as clearly as the past.

But here we must make certain reservations. We are entering upon forbidden tracts; errors are almost the rule, and proper supervision is all but impossible. It is better, therefore, not to venture into those dangerous regions. Pending fuller investigation of the question, we may say that the foretelling of the future, when it claims to cover a definite space of time, is nearly always illusory. There is scarcely any accuracy of vision except when the event concerned is very near at hand, actually being consummated; and it then becomes difficult to



The medium told her that she saw her son wounded, but in no danger whatever, that he was in a sort of shed fitted up as a hospital

distinguish it from presentiments, which, in their turn, are rarely true except where the immediate future is concerned. To sum up, in the present state of our experience, we observe that what the psychometers and clairvoyants foretell us possesses a certain value and some chance of proving correct only in so far as they put into words our own forebodings—forebodings which again may be quite unknown to us and which they discover deep down in our subconsciousness. They confine themselves—I speak of the genuine mediums—to bringing to light and revealing to us our unconscious and personal intuition of an event that hangs over us. But, when they venture to predict a general event, such as the result of a war, an epidemic, an earthquake, which does not interest ourselves exclusively or which is too remote to come within the somewhat limited scope of our intuition, they almost invariably deceive themselves and us.

It is very difficult to fathom the nature of this intuition. Does it relate to events partly or wholly realized, but still in a latent state and perceived before the knowledge of them reaches us through the normal channels of the mind or brain? Does our ever-watchful instinct of self-preservation notice causes or traces which escape our ever-inattentive and slumbering reason? Are we to believe in a sort of autosuggestion that induces us to realize things which we have been foretold or of which we have had presentiments? This is not the place to examine so complex a problem, which brings us into contact with all the mysteries of subconsciousness and the preexistence of the future.

There remains another point to which it is well to draw attention in order to avoid misunderstanding and disappointment. Experience shows us that the medium perceives the person in question quite clearly in his present and usual state, but not necessarily in the exact accidental state of the moment. She will tell you, for instance, that she sees him ailing slightly, lying in a deck-chair in a garden of such and such a kind, surrounded by certain flowers and petting a dog of a certain size and breed. On inquiring, you will find that all these details are strictly correct, with this exception, that, at that precise moment, this person, who ordinarily spends his time in the garden, was inside his house or calling on a neighbor. Mistakes in time, therefore, are

comparatively frequent and simultaneity between action and vision comparatively rare. In short, the habitual action often masks the accidental action. This, I insist, is a point of which we must not lose sight, lest we ask of psychometry more than it is obviously able to give us.

## II

HAVING said so much, is it open to us, amid all the mental anguish and suffering which this terrible war has engendered, without profaning the sorrow of our fellow men and women, to give to those who are in mortal fear as to the fate of one they love the hope of finding, among those curious, extrahuman phenomena which have been so unjustly and falsely disparaged, a consoling gleam of light that shall not be a mere mockery or delusion? I venture to declare—and I am doing so not thoughtlessly, but after studying the problem with all the conscientious attention which it demands, and after personally making a number of experiments or causing them to be made under my supervision—I venture to declare, without, for a moment, losing sight of the respect due to grief, that we possess here, in these indisputable cases where no normal mode of communication is possible, a strange but real and serious source of information and comfort. I could mention a large number of tests that have been made, so to speak, before my eyes by absolutely trustworthy relatives or friends. As my space is limited, I will relate only one.

A mother had three sons at the front. She was hearing pretty regularly from the eldest and the second; but for some weeks the youngest, who was in the Belgian trenches, where the fighting was very fierce, had given no sign of life. Wild with anxiety, she was already mourning him as dead when her friends advised her to consult Mme. X—. The medium consoled her with the first words that she spoke and told her that she saw her son wounded, but in no danger whatever, that he was in a sort of shed fitted up as a hospital, that he was being very well looked after by people who spoke a different language, that, for the time being, he was unable to write, which was a great worry to him, but that she would receive a letter from him in a few days. The mother did, in fact, receive a card from this son a few days later, worded



a little stiffly and curtly and written in an unnatural hand, telling her that all was well and that he was in good health. Greatly relieved, she dismissed the matter from her mind, merely said to herself that, of course, the medium, like all mediums, had been wrong, and thought no more of it. But two or three messages following on the first, all couched in short, stilted phrases, which seemed to be hiding something, ended by alarming her, so much so that she was unable to bear the strain any longer and entreated her son to tell her the whole truth, whatever it might be. He then admitted that he had been wounded, though not seriously, adding that he was in a sort of shed fitted up as a hospital, where he was being capitolly looked after by English doctors and nurses, in short, just as the medium had seen him.

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She will tell you that she sees him ailing slightly, lying in a deck-chair in a garden, petting a dog of a certain size and breed

might well be explained by mere coincidence. But it forms part of a very normal series; and I could easily enumerate many others within my own knowledge. This, however, would merely mean repeating, with uninteresting variations, the essential features of the present case, a proceeding for which there would be no excuse save in a technical work.

Is success, then, practically certain? Yes; rash and surprising as the statement may seem, mistakes on the whole are very rare, provided that the medium is carefully chosen and that the object serving as an intermediary has not passed through too many hands, for it will contain and reveal as many distinct personalities as it has undergone contacts. It will be necessary, therefore, first to eliminate all these accessory personalities, so as to fix the medium's attention solely on the subject of the consultation. On the other hand, we must beware of calling for details which the nature of the medium's vision does not allow her to give us. If asked, for instance, about a soldier who is a prisoner in Germany, she will see the soldier in question very plainly, will perceive his state of health and mind, the manner in which he is treated, his companions, the fortress or group of huts in which he is interned, the appearance of the camp, of the town, of the surrounding district; but she will very seldom, indeed, be able to mention the name of the camp, town, or district. In fact, she can describe only what she sees; and, unless the town or camp have a board bearing its name, there will be nothing to enable her to identify it with sufficient accuracy. Let us add, lastly, that, with mediums in a state of trance, who are not conscious of what they are saying, we are exposed to terrible shocks. If they see death, they announce the fact bluntly, without suspecting that they are in the presence of a horror-stricken mother, wife, or sister, so much so that, in the case of Mme. M—— particularly, it has been found necessary to take certain precautions to obviate any such shock.

### III

Now, what is the nature of this strange and incredible faculty?

We may reasonably ask ourselves, first of all, whether it exists in us or in the medium. Does it simply decipher, as is prob-

ably the case when the future is concerned, the latent ideas, knowledge, and certainties which we bear within us, or does it alone, of its own initiative and independently of us, perceive what it reveals to us? Experience seems to show that we must adopt the latter hypothesis, for the vision appears just as distinctly when the illuminating object is brought by a third person who knows nothing and has never heard of the individual to whom the object once belonged. It seems, therefore, almost certain that the strange virtue is contained solely in the object itself, which is somehow galvanized by a complementary virtue in the medium. This being so, we must presume that the object, having absorbed, like a sponge, a portion of the spirit of the person who touched it, remains in constant communication with him, or, more probably, that it serves to track out, among the prodigious throng of human beings, the one who impregnated it with his fluid, even as the dogs employed by the police—at least, so we are told—when given an article of clothing to smell, are able to distinguish, among innumerable cross-trails, that of the man who used to wear the garment in question. It seems more and more certain that, as cells of one vast organism, we are connected with everything that exists by an infinitely intricate network of waves, vibrations, influences, currents, and fluids, all nameless, numberless, and unbroken. Nearly always, in nearly all men, everything transmitted by these invisible threads falls into the depth of the subconsciousness and passes unperceived, which is not the same as saying that it remains inactive. But sometimes an exceptional circumstance, such as, in the present case, the marvelous sensibility of a first-rate medium, suddenly reveals to us the existence of the infinite living network by the vibrations and the undeniable operation of one of its threads.

All this, I agree, sounds incredible, but really it is hardly any more so than the wonders of radioactivity, of the Hertzian waves, of photography, electricity, or hypnotism, or of generation, which condenses into a single particle all the physical, moral, and intellectual past and future of thousands of creatures. Our life would be reduced to something very small indeed if we deliberately dismissed from it all that our understanding is unable to embrace.

# The Truth-Detector

Some of the most interesting and remarkable achievements of recent scientific research have been obtained in the field of experimental psychology. Ingenious and delicate instruments have been invented by which it is possible to register the intensity of such feelings as, for example, fear, hatred, envy, jealousy, and disapproval, through the bodily reactions accompanying the exercise of these emotions. In this story, Craig Kennedy gets surprising results with a recording device known as the pneumograph, and exposes a criminal who had been skilful enough to prepare several false trails leading from his crime.

By Arthur B. Reeve

*Author of "The Voodoo Mystery," "The Treasure-Train," and other Craig Kennedy stories*

Illustrated by Will Foster

"YOU haven't heard—no one outside has heard—of the strange illness and the robbery of my employer, Mr. Mansfield—'Diamond Jack' Mansfield, you know."

Our visitor was a slight, very pretty, but extremely nervous girl, who had given us a card bearing the name, Miss Helen Grey.

"Illness—robbery?" repeated Kennedy, at once interested and turning a quick glance at me.

I shrugged my shoulders in the negative. Neither the *Star* nor any of the other papers had had a word about it.

"Why, what's the trouble?" he continued to Miss Grey.

"You see," she explained, hurrying on, "I'm Mr. Mansfield's private secretary, and—oh, Professor Kennedy, I don't know, but I'm afraid it is a case for a detective rather than a doctor." She paused a moment and leaned forward nearer to us. "I think he has been poisoned!"

The words themselves were startling enough without the evident perturbation of the girl. Whatever one might think, there was no doubt that she firmly believed what she professed to fear. More than that, I fancied I detected a deeper feeling in her tone than merely loyalty to her employer.

"Diamond Jack" Mansfield was known in Wall Street as a successful promoter, on the White Way as an assiduous first-nighter, in the sporting fraternity as a keen plunger. But of all his hobbies, none

had gained him more notoriety than his veritable passion for collecting diamonds.

He came by his sobriquet honestly. I remembered once having seen him and he was, in fact, a walking De Beers mine. For his personal adornment, more than a million dollars' worth of gems did relay duty. He had scores of sets, every one of them fit for a King of Diamonds. It was a curious hobby for a great, strong man, yet he was not alone in his love of and sheer affection for things beautiful. Not love of display or desire to attract notice to himself had prompted him to collect diamonds, but the mere pleasure of owning them, of associating with them. It was a hobby.

It was not strange, therefore, to suspect that Mansfield might, after all, have been the victim of some kind of attack. He went about with perfect freedom, in spite of the knowledge that crooks must have possessed about his hoard.

"What makes you think he has been poisoned?" asked Kennedy, betraying no show of doubt that Miss Grey might be right.

"Oh, it's so strange, so sudden!" she murmured.

"But how do you think it could have happened?" he persisted.

"It must have been at the little supper-party he gave at his apartment last night," she answered thoughtfully, then added, more slowly, "And yet, it was not until this morning, eight or ten hours after the party, that he became ill." She shuddered.



## The Truth-Detector

"Paroxysms of nausea, followed by stupor, and such terrible prostration. His valet discovered him and sent for Doctor Murray—and then for me."

"How about the robbery?" prompted Kennedy, as it became evident that it was Mansfield's physical condition more than anything else that was on Miss Grey's mind.

"Oh, yes"—she recalled herself—"I suppose you know something of his gems? Most people do." Kennedy nodded. "He usually keeps them in a safety-deposit vault down-town, from which he will get whatever set he feels like wearing. Last night it was the one he calls his sporting-set that he wore, by far the finest. It cost over a hundred thousand dollars, and is one of the most curious of all the studies in personal adornment that he owns. All the stones are of the purest blue white and the set is entirely based on platinum."

"But what makes it most remarkable is that it contains the famous M-1273, as he calls it. The M stands for Mansfield, and the figures represent the number of stones he had purchased up to the time that he acquired this huge one."

"How could they have been taken, do you think?" ventured Kennedy.

Miss Grey shook her head doubtfully.

"I think the wall safe must have been opened somehow," she returned.

Kennedy mechanically wrote the number, M-1273, on a piece of paper.

"It has a weird history," she went on, observing what he had written, "and this mammoth blue-white diamond in the ring is as blue as the famous Hope diamond that has brought misfortune through half the world. This stone, they say, was pried from the mouth of a dying negro in South Africa. He had tried to smuggle it from the mine, and when he was caught, cursed the gem and everyone who ever should own it. One owner in Amsterdam failed; another in Antwerp committed suicide; a Russian nobleman was banished to Siberia, and another went bankrupt and lost his home and family. Now here it is in Mr. Mansfield's life. I—I hate it!" I could not tell whether it was the superstition or the recent events themselves which weighed most in her mind, but, at any rate, she resumed somewhat bitterly, a moment later: "M-1273! M is the thirteenth letter of the alphabet, and 1, 2, 7, 3 add up to thir-

teen. The first and last numbers make thirteen, and John Mansfield has thirteen letters in his name. I wish he had never worn the thing—never bought it!"

The more I listened to her, the more impressed I was with the fact that there was something more here than the feeling of a private secretary.

"Who were in the supper-party?" asked Kennedy.

"He gave it for Madeline Hargrave—the pretty little actress, you know, who took New York by storm last season in 'The Sport' and is booked, next week, to appear in the new show, 'The Astor Cup.'"

Miss Grey said it, I thought, with a sort of wistful envy. Mansfield's gay little bohemian gatherings were well known. Though he was not young, he was still somewhat of a Lothario.

"Who else was there?" asked Kennedy.

"Then there was Mina Leitch, a member of Miss Hargrave's new company," she went on. "Another was Fleming Lewis, the Wall Street broker. Doctor Murray and myself completed the party."

"Doctor Murray is his personal physician?" ventured Craig.

"Yes. You know when Mr. Mansfield's stomach went back on him last year, it was Doctor Murray who really cured him."

Kennedy nodded.

"Might this present trouble be a recurrence of the old trouble?"

She shook her head.

"No; this is entirely different. Oh, I wish that you could go with me and see him!" she pleaded.

"I will," agreed Kennedy.

A moment later, we were speeding in a taxi-cab over to the apartment.

"Really," she remarked nervously, "I feel lost with Mr. Mansfield so ill. He has so many interests down-town that require constant attention, that just the loss of time means a great deal. Of course, I understand many of them—but, you know, a private secretary can't conduct a man's business. And just now, when I came up from the office, I couldn't believe that he was too ill to care about things until I actually saw him."

We entered the apartment, a mere glance about which showed that, even though Mansfield's hobby was diamonds, he was no mean collector of other articles of beauty. In the big living-room, which



DRAWN BY WILL FOSTER

"Is he any better?" blurted out Miss Grey, even before our introductions were over.  
Doctor Murray shook his head gravely

was almost like a studio, we met a tall, spare, polished-mannered man, whom I quickly recognized as Doctor Murray.

"Is he any better?" blurted out Miss Grey, even before our introductions were over.

Doctor Murray shook his head gravely.

"About the same," he answered, though one could find little reassurance in his tone.

"I should like to see him," hinted Kennedy, "unless there is some real reason why I should not."

"No," replied the doctor absently; "on the contrary, it might perhaps rouse him."

He led the way down the hall, and Kennedy and I followed, while Miss Grey attempted to busy herself over some affairs at a huge mahogany table in the library just off the living-room.

Mansfield had shown the same love of luxury and the bizarre even in the furnishing of his bedroom, which was a black-and-white room with furniture of Chinese lacquer and teakwood.

Kennedy looked at the veteran plunger long and thoughtfully as he lay stretched out, listless, on the handsome bed. Mansfield seemed completely indifferent to our presence. There was something uncanny about him. Already his face was shrunken, his skin dark, and his eyes were hollow.

"What do you suppose it is?" asked Kennedy, bending over him and then rising and averting his head so that Mansfield could not hear, even if his vagrant faculties should be attracted. "His pulse is terribly weak and his heart scarcely makes a sound."

Doctor Murray's face knit in deep lines.

"I'm afraid," he said, in a low tone, "that I will have to admit not having been able to diagnose the trouble. I was just considering whom I might call in."

"What have you done?" asked Kennedy, as the two moved a little further out of ear-shot of the patient.

"Well," replied the doctor slowly, "when his valet called me in, I must admit that my first impression was that I had to deal with a case of diphtheria. I was so impressed that I even took a blood smear and examined it. It showed the presence of a tox albumin. But it isn't diphtheria. The antitoxin has had no effect. No; it isn't diphtheria. But the poison is there. I might have thought it was cholera, only that seems so impossible here in New York."

Doctor Murray looked at Kennedy with no effort to conceal his perplexity. "Over and over, I have asked myself what it could be," he went on. "It seems to me that I have thought over about everything that is possible. Always I get back to the fact that there is that tox albumin present. In some respects, it seems like the bite of a poisonous animal. There are no marks, of course, and it seems altogether impossible, yet it acts precisely as I have seen snake-bites affect people. I am that desperate that I would try the Noguchi antivenene, but it would have no more effect than the antitoxin. No; I can only conclude that there is some narcotic irritant which especially affects the lungs and heart."

"Will you let me have one of the blood smears?" asked Kennedy.

"Certainly," replied the doctor, reaching over and taking a glass slide from several lying on a table.

For some time after we left the sick-room Craig appeared to be considering what Doctor Murray had said.

Seeking to find Miss Grey in the library, we found ourselves in the handsome, all-wood-paneled dining-room. It still showed evidences of the late banquet of the night before.

Craig paused a moment in doubt which way to go, then picked up from the table a beautifully decorated menu-card. As he ran his eye down it mechanically, he paused.

"*Champignons*," he remarked thoughtfully. "H-m—mushrooms."

Instead of going on toward the library, he turned and passed through a swinging door into the kitchen. There was no one there, but it was in a much more upset condition than the dining-room.

"*Pardon, monsieur*," sounded a voice behind us.

It was the French chef who had entered from the direction of the servants' quarters, and was now all apologies for the untidy appearance of the realm over which he presided. The strain of the dinner had been too much for his assistants, he hastened to explain.

"I see that you had mushrooms—creamed," remarked Kennedy.

"*Oui, monsieur*," he replied; "some that Miss Hargrave herself sent in from her mushroom-cellar out in the country."

As he said it, his eye traveled involuntarily toward a pile of ramekins on a table.

Kennedy noticed it and deliberately walked over to the table. Before I knew what he was about, he had scooped from them each a bit of the contents and placed it in some waxed paper that was lying near by.

The chef watched him curiously.

"You would not find my kitchen like this ordinarily," he remarked. "I would not like to have Doctor Murray see it, for since last year, when *monsieur* had the bad stomach, I have been very careful."

The chef seemed to be nervous.

"You prepared the mushrooms yourself?" asked Kennedy suddenly.

"I directed my assistant," came back the wary reply.

"But you know good mushrooms when you see them?"

"Certainly," he replied quickly.

"There was no one else in the kitchen while you prepared them?"

"Yes," he answered hurriedly; "Mr. Mansfield came in, and Miss Hargrave. Oh, they are very particular! And Doctor Murray, he has given me special orders ever since last year, when *monsieur* had the bad stomach," he repeated.

"Was anyone else here?"

"Yes—I think so. You see, I am so excited—a big dinner—such epicures—everything must be just so—I cannot say."

There seemed to be little satisfaction in quizzing the chef, and Kennedy turned again into the dining-room, making his way back to the library, where Miss Grey was waiting anxiously for us.

"What do you think?" she asked eagerly.

"I don't know what to think," replied Kennedy. "No one else has felt any ill effects from the supper, I suppose?"

"No," she replied; "at least, I'm sure I would have heard by this time if they had."

"Do you recall anything peculiar about the mushrooms?" shot out Kennedy.

"We talked about them some time, I remember," she said slowly. "Growing mushrooms is one of Miss Hargrave's hobbies out at her place on Long Island."

"Yes," persisted Kennedy; "but I mean anything peculiar about the preparation of them."

"Why, yes," she said suddenly; "I believe that Miss Hargrave was to have superintended them herself. We all went out into the kitchen. But it was too late. They had been prepared already."

"You were all in the kitchen?"

"Yes; I remember. It was before the supper and just after we came in from the theater-party which Mr. Mansfield gave. You know Mr. Mansfield is always doing unconventional things like that. If he took a notion, he would go into the kitchen of the Ritz."

"That is what I was trying to get out of the chef—François," remarked Kennedy. "He didn't seem to have a very clear idea of what happened. I think I'll see him again—right away."

We found the chef busily at work now, cleaning up. As Kennedy asked him a few inconsequential questions, his eye caught a row of books on a shelf. It was a most complete library of the culinary arts. Craig selected one and turned the pages over rapidly. Then he came back to the frontispiece which showed a model dinner-table set for a number of guests. He placed the picture before François, then withdrew it in, I should say, about ten seconds. It was a strange and incomprehensible action, but I was more surprised when Kennedy added,

"Now, tell me what you saw."

François was quite overwhelming in his desire to please. Just what was going on in his mind I could not guess, nor did he betray it, but quickly he enumerated the objects on the table, gradually slowing up as the number which he recollected became exhausted.

"Were there candles?" prompted Craig, as the flow of François's description ceased.

"Oh, yes, candles," he agreed eagerly.

"Favors at each place?"

"Yes, sir."

I could see no sense in the proceeding, yet knew Kennedy too well to suppose, for an instant, that he had not some purpose.

The questioning over, Kennedy withdrew, leaving poor François more mystified than ever.

"Well," I exclaimed, as we passed through the dining-room, "what was all that?"

"That," he explained, "is what is known to criminologists as the 'Aussage test.' Just try it some time when you get a chance. If there are, say, fifty objects in a picture, normally a person may recall perhaps twenty of them."

"I see," I interrupted; "a test of memory."

"More than that," he replied. "You

remember that, at the end, I suggested several things likely to be on the table. They were not there, as you might have seen if you had had the picture before you. That was a test of the susceptibility to suggestion of the chef. François may not mean to lie, but I'm afraid we'll have to get along without him in getting to the bottom of the case. You see, before we go any further we know that he is unreliable—to say the least. It may be that nothing at all happened in the kitchen to the mushrooms. We'll never discover it from him. We must get it elsewhere."

Miss Grey had been trying to straighten out some of the snarls which Mansfield's business affairs had got into as a result of his illness; but it was evident that she had difficulty in keeping her mind on her work.

"The next thing I'd like to see," asked Kennedy, when we rejoined her, "is that wall safe."

She led the way down the hall and into an anteroom to Mansfield's part of the suite. The safe itself was a comparatively simple affair inside a closet. Indeed, I doubt whether it had been seriously designed to be burglar-proof. Rather it was merely a protection against fire.

"Have you any suspicion about when the robbery took place?" asked Kennedy, as we peered into the empty compartment. "I wish I had been called in the first thing when it was discovered. There might have been some chance to discover finger-prints. But now, I suppose every clue of that sort has been obliterated."

"No," she replied; "I don't know whether it happened before or after Mr. Mansfield was discovered so ill by his valet."

"But at least you can give me some idea of when the jewels were placed in the safe."

"It must have been before the supper, right after our return from the theater."

"So?" considered Kennedy. "Then that would mean that they might have been taken by anyone, don't you see? Why did he place them in the safe so soon, instead of wearing them the rest of the evening?"

"I hadn't thought of that way of looking at it," she admitted. "Why, when we came home from the theater. I remember it had been so warm that Mr. Mansfield's collar was wilted and his dress shirt rumpled. He excused himself, and when he returned he was not wearing the diamonds.

We noticed it, and Miss Hargrave expressed a wish that she might wear the big diamond at the opening night of the 'Astor Cup.' Mr. Mansfield promised that she might, and nothing more was said about it."

"Did you notice anything else at the dinner—no matter how trivial?" asked Kennedy.

Helen Grey seemed to hesitate, then said, in a low voice, as though the words were wrung from her:

"Of course, the party and the supper were given ostensibly to Miss Hargrave. But—lately—I have thought he was paying quite as much attention to Mina Leitch."

It was quite in keeping with what we knew of "Diamond Jack." Perhaps it was this seeming fickleness which had saved him from many entangling alliances. Miss Grey said it in such a way that it seemed like an apology for a fault in his character which she would rather have hidden. Yet I could not but fancy that it mitigated, somewhat the wistful envy I had noticed before when she spoke of Madeline Hargrave.

While he had been questioning her, Kennedy had been examining the wall safe, particularly with reference to its accessibility from the rest of the apartment. There appeared to be no reason why one could not have got at it from the hallway as well as from Mansfield's room.

The safe itself seemed to yield no clue, and Kennedy was about to turn away when he happened to glance down at the dark interior of the closet floor. He stooped down. When he rose, he had something in his hand. It was just a little thin piece of something that glittered iridescently.

"A spangle from a sequin dress," he muttered to himself; then, turning to Miss Grey, "Did anyone wear such a dress last night?"

Helen Grey looked positively frightened.

"Miss Hargrave!" she murmured simply. "Oh, it cannot be—there must be some mistake!"

Just then we heard voices in the hall.

"But, Murray, I don't see why I can't see him," said one.

"What good will it do, Lewis?" returned the other, which I recognized as that of Doctor Murray.

"Fleming Lewis," whispered Miss Grey, taking a step out into the hallway.



A moment later, Doctor Murray and Lewis had joined us.

I could see that there was some feeling between the two men, though what it was about I could not say. As Miss Grey introduced us, I glanced hastily out of the corner of my eye at Kennedy. Involuntarily his hand which held the telltale sequin had sought his waistcoat pocket, as though to hide it. Then I saw him check the action and deliberately examine the piece of tinsel between his thumb and forefinger.

Doctor Murray saw it, too, and his eyes were riveted on it, as though instantly he saw its significance.

"What do you think—Jack as sick as a dog, and robbed, too, and yet Murray says I oughtn't to see him!" complained Lewis, for the moment oblivious to the fact that all our eyes were riveted on the spangle between Kennedy's fingers. And then, slowly it seemed to dawn on him what it was. "Madeline's!" he exclaimed quickly.

"So Mina did tear it, after all, when she stepped on the train."

Kennedy watched the faces before us keenly. No one said anything. It was evident that some such incident had happened. But had Lewis, with a quick flash of genius, sought to cover up something, protect somebody?

Miss Grey was evidently anxious to transfer the scene at least to the living-room, away from the sick-room, and Kennedy, seeing it, fell in with the idea.

"Looks to me as though this robbery was an inside affair," remarked Lewis, as we all stood for a moment in the living-



Miss Grey attempted to busy herself over some affairs at a huge mahogany table in the library just off the living-room

room. "Do you suppose one of the servants could have been 'planted' for the purpose of pulling it off?"

The idea was plausible enough. Yet, plausible as the suggestion might seem, it took no account of the other circumstances of the case. I could not believe that the illness of Mansfield was merely an unfortunate coincidence.

Fleming Lewis's unguarded and blunt tendency to blurt out whatever seemed uppermost in his mind soon became a study to me as we talked together in the living-room. I could not quite make out whether it was studied and astute, or whether it was merely the natural exuberance of youth. There was certainly some sort of enmity between him and the doctor, which the remark about the spangle seemed to fan into a flame.

Miss Grey maneuvered tactfully, however, to prevent a scene. And, after an interchange of remarks that threw more heat than light on the matter, Kennedy and I followed Lewis out to the elevator, with a parting promise to keep in touch with Miss Grey.

"What do you think of the spangle?" I queried of Craig, as Lewis bade us a hasty good-by and climbed into his car at the street-entrance. "Is it a clue or a stall?"

"That remains to be seen," he replied non-committally. "Just now, the thing that interests me most is what I can accomplish at the laboratory in the way of finding out what is the matter with Mansfield."

While Kennedy was busy with the various solutions which he made of the contents of the ramekins that had held the mushrooms, I wandered over to the university library and waded through several volumes on fungi without learning anything of value. Finally, knowing that Kennedy would probably be busy for some time, and that all I should get for my pains by questioning him would be monosyllabic grunts until he was quite convinced that he was on the trail of something, I determined to run into the up-town office of the *Star*, and talk over the affair as well as I could without violating what I felt had been given us in confidence.

I could not, it turned out, have done anything better, for it seemed to be the gossip of the Broadway cafés and cabarets that Mansfield had been plunging rather deeply lately and had talked many of his

acquaintances into joining him in a pool, either outright or on margins. It seemed to be a safe bet that not only Lewis and Doctor Murray had joined him, but that Madeline Hargrave and Mina Leitch, who had had a successful season and some spare thousands to invest, might have gone in, too. So far, the fortunes of the stock-market had not smiled on Mansfield's schemes, and, I reflected, it was not impossible that what might be merely an incident to a man like Mansfield could be very serious to the rest of them.

It was the middle of the afternoon when I returned to the laboratory with my slender budget of news. Craig was quite interested in what I had to say, even pausing for a few moments in his work to listen.

In several cages I saw that he had a number of little guinea-pigs. One of them was plainly in distress, and Kennedy had been watching him intently.

"It's strange," he remarked. "I had samples of material from six ramekins. Five of them seem to have had no effect whatever. But if the bit that I gave this fellow causes such distress, what would a larger quantity do?"

"Then one of the ramekins was poisoned?" I questioned.

"I have discovered in it, as well as in the blood smear, the tox albumin that Doctor Murray mentioned," he said simply, pulling out his watch. "It isn't late. I think I shall have to take a trip out to Miss Hargrave's. We ought to do it in an hour and a half in a car."

Kennedy said very little as we sped out over the Long Island roads that led to the little colony of actors and actresses at Cedar Grove. He seemed rather to be enjoying the chance to get away from the city and turn over in his mind the various problems which the case presented.

As for myself, I had by this time convinced myself that somehow, the mushrooms were involved. What Kennedy expected to find, I could not guess. But from what I had read, I surmised that it must be that one of the poisonous varieties had somehow got mixed with the others, one of the *Amanitas*, just as deadly as the venom of the rattler or the copperhead. I knew that, in some cases, *Amanitas* had been used to commit crimes. Was this such a case?

We had no trouble in finding the estate of Miss Hargrave, and she was at home.

Kennedy lost no time introducing himself and coming to the point of his visit. Madeline Hargrave was a slender, willowy type of girl, pronouncedly blond, striking, precisely the type I should have imagined that Mansfield would have been proud to be seen with.

"I've just heard of Mr. Mansfield's illness," she said anxiously. "Mr. Lewis called me up and told me. I don't see why Miss Grey or Doctor Murray didn't let me know sooner."

She said it with an air of vexation, as though she felt slighted. In spite of her evident anxiety to know about the tragedy, however, I did not detect the depth of feeling that Helen Grey had shown. In fact, the thoughtfulness of Fleming Lewis almost led me to believe that it was he, rather than Mansfield, for whom she really cared.

We chatted a few minutes, as Kennedy told what little we had discovered. He said nothing about the spangle.

"By the way," remarked Craig, at length, "I would very much like to have a look at that famous mushroom-cellar of yours."

For the first time she seemed momentarily to lose her poise.

"I've always had a great interest in mushrooms," she explained hastily. "You—you do not think it could be the mushrooms—that have caused Mr. Mansfield's illness, do you?"

Kennedy passed off the remark as best he could under the circumstances. Though she was not satisfied with his answer, she could not very well refuse his request, and a few minutes later we were down in the dank dampness of the cellar back of the house, where Kennedy set to work on a most exhaustive search.

I could see by the expression on his face, as his search progressed, that he was not finding what he had expected. Clearly, the fungi before us were the common edible



It was just a little thin piece of something that glittered iridescently

mushrooms. The upper side of each, as he examined it, was white, with brownish fibrils, or scales. Underneath, some were a beautiful salmon-pink, changing gradually to almost black in the older specimens. The stem was colored like the top. But search as he might for what I knew he was after, in none did he find anything but a small or more often no swelling at the base, and no "cup," as it is called.

As he rose after his thorough search, I saw that he was completely baffled.

"I hardly thought you'd find anything," Miss Hargrave remarked, noticing the look

on his face. "I've always been very careful of my mushrooms."

"You have certainly succeeded admirably," he complimented.

"I hope you will let me know how Mr. Mansfield is," she said, as we started back toward our car on the road. "I can't tell you how I feel. To think that, after a party which he gave for me, he should be taken ill, and not only that but be robbed at the same time! Really, you must let me know—or I shall have to come up to the city."

It seemed gratuitous for Kennedy to promise, for I knew that he was by no means through with her yet; but she thanked him, and we turned back toward town.

"Well," I remarked, as we reeled off the miles quickly; "I must say that that puts me all at sea again. I had convinced myself that it was a case of mushroom poisoning. What can you do now?"

"Do?" he echoed. "Why, go on. This puts us a step nearer the truth, that's all."

Far from being discouraged at what had seemed to me to be a fatal blow to the theory, he now seemed to be actually encouraged. Back in the city, he lost no time in getting to the laboratory again.

A package from the botanical department of the university was waiting there for Kennedy, but before he could open it, the telephone buzzed furiously.

I could gather from Kennedy's words that it was Helen Grey.

"I shall be over immediately," he promised, as he hung up the receiver and turned to me. "Mansfield is much worse. While I get together some material I must take over there, Walter, I want you to call up Miss Hargrave and tell her to start for the city right away—meet us at Mansfield's. Then get Mina Leitch and Lewis. You'll find their numbers in the book—or else you'll have to get them from Miss Grey."

While I was delivering the messages as diplomatically as possible, Kennedy had taken a vial from a medicine-chest, and then, from a cabinet a machine which seemed to consist of a number of collars and belts fastened to black cylinders from which ran tubes. An upright roll of ruled paper supported by a clockwork arrangement for revolving it, and a standard bearing a recording pen completed the outfit.

"I should much have preferred not being hurried," he confessed, as we dashed over

in the car to Mansfield's again, bearing the several packages. "I wanted to have a chance to interview Mina Leitch alone. However, it has now become a matter of life or death."

Miss Grey was pale and worn as she met us in the living-room.

"He's had a sinking-spell," she said tremulously. "Doctor Murray managed to bring him around, but he seems so much weaker after it. Another might——"

She broke off, unable to finish.

A glance at Mansfield was enough to convince anyone that unless something was done soon, the end was not far.

"Another convulsion and sinking-spell is about all he can stand," remarked Doctor Murray.

"May I try something?" asked Kennedy, hardly waiting for the doctor to agree before he had pulled out the little vial which I had seen him place in his pocket.

Deftly Kennedy injected some of the contents into Mansfield's side, then stood anxiously watching the effect. The minutes lengthened. At least, he seemed to be growing no worse.

In the next room, on a table, Kennedy was now busy setting out the scroll of ruled paper and its clockwork arrangement, and connecting the various tubes from the black cylinders in such a way that the recording pen just barely touched on the scroll.

He had come back to note the still unchanged condition of the patient, when the door opened and a handsome woman in the early thirties entered, followed by Helen Grey. It was Mina Leitch.

"Oh, isn't it terrible—I can hardly believe it!" she cried, paying no attention to us as she moved over to Doctor Murray.

I recalled what Miss Grey had said about Mansfield's attentions. It was evident that as far as Mina was concerned, her own attentions were monopolized by the polished physician. His manner in greeting her told me that Doctor Murray appreciated it.

Just then, Fleming Lewis bustled in.

"I thought Miss Hargrave was here?" he said abruptly, looking about. "They told me over the wire she would be."

"She should be here any moment," returned Kennedy, looking at his watch and finding that considerably over an hour had elapsed since I had telephoned.

What it was, I could not say, but there,

was a coldness toward Lewis that amounted to more than latent hostility. He tried to appear at ease, but it was a decided effort. There was no mistaking his relief when the tension was broken by the arrival of Madeline Hargrave.

The circumstances were so strange that none of them seemed to object while Kennedy began to explain briefly that, as nearly as he could determine, the illness of Mansfield might be due to something eaten at the supper. As he attached the bands about the necks and waists of one after another of the guests, bringing the little black cylinders thus close to the middle of their chests, he contrived to convey the impression that he would like to determine whether anyone else had been affected in a less degree.

I watched most intently the two women who had just come in. One would certainly not have detected from their greeting and outward manner anything more than that they were well acquainted. But they were an interesting study, two quite opposite types. Madeline, with her baby-blue eyes, was of the type that craved admiration. Mina's black eyes flashed now and then imperiously, as though she sought to compel what the other sought to win.

As for Fleming Lewis, I could not fail to notice that he was most attentive to Madeline, though he watched furtively, but none the less keenly, every movement and word of Mina.

His preparations completed, Kennedy opened the package which had been left at the laboratory just before the hasty call from Miss Grey. As he did so, he disclosed several specimens of a mushroom of pale-lemon color, with a center of deep orange, the top flecked with white bits. Underneath, the gills were white and the stem had a sort of veil about it. But what interested me most, and what I was looking for, was the remains of a sort of dirty, chocolate-colored cup at the base of the stem.

"I suppose there is scarcely any need of saying," began Kennedy, "that the food which I suspect in this case is the mushrooms. Here I have some which I have fortunately been able to obtain merely to illustrate what I am going to say. This is the deadly *Amanita muscaria*, the fly-agaric."

Madeline Hargrave seemed to be following him with a peculiar fascination.

"This *Amanita*," resumed Kennedy,

"has a long history, and I may say that few species are quite so interesting. Macerated in milk, it has been employed for centuries as a fly-poison, hence its name. Its deadly properties were known to the ancients, and it is justly celebrated because of its long and distinguished list of victims. Agrippina used it to poison the emperor Claudius. Among others, the czar Alexis, of Russia, died of eating it.

"I have heard that some people find it only a narcotic, and it is said that in Siberia there are actually *Amanita* debauchees who go on prolonged tears by eating the thing. It may be that it does not affect some people as it does others, but, in most cases, that beautiful gossamer veil which you see about the stem is really a shroud.

"The worst of it is," he continued, "that this *Amanita* somewhat resembles the royal agaric, the *Amanita caesarea*. It is, as you see, strikingly beautiful, and therefore all the more dangerous."

He ceased a moment, while we looked in a sort of awe at the fatally beautiful thing.

"It is not with the fungus that I am so much interested just now, however," Kennedy began again, "but with the poison. Many years ago, scientists analyzed its poisonous alkaloids and found what they called *bulbosine*. Later it was named *muscarin*, and now is sometimes known as *amanitin*, since it is confined to the mushrooms of the *Amanita* genus.

"*Amanitin* is a wonderful and dangerous alkaloid, which is absorbed in the intestinal canal. It is extremely violent. Three to five one-thousandths of a gram, or six one-hundredths of a grain, are very dangerous. More than that, the poisoning differs from most poisons in the long time that elapses between the taking of it and the first evidences of its effects.

"*Muscarin*," Kennedy concluded, "has been chemically investigated more often than any other mushroom poison and a perfect antidote has been discovered. *Atropin*, or *belladonna*, is such a drug."

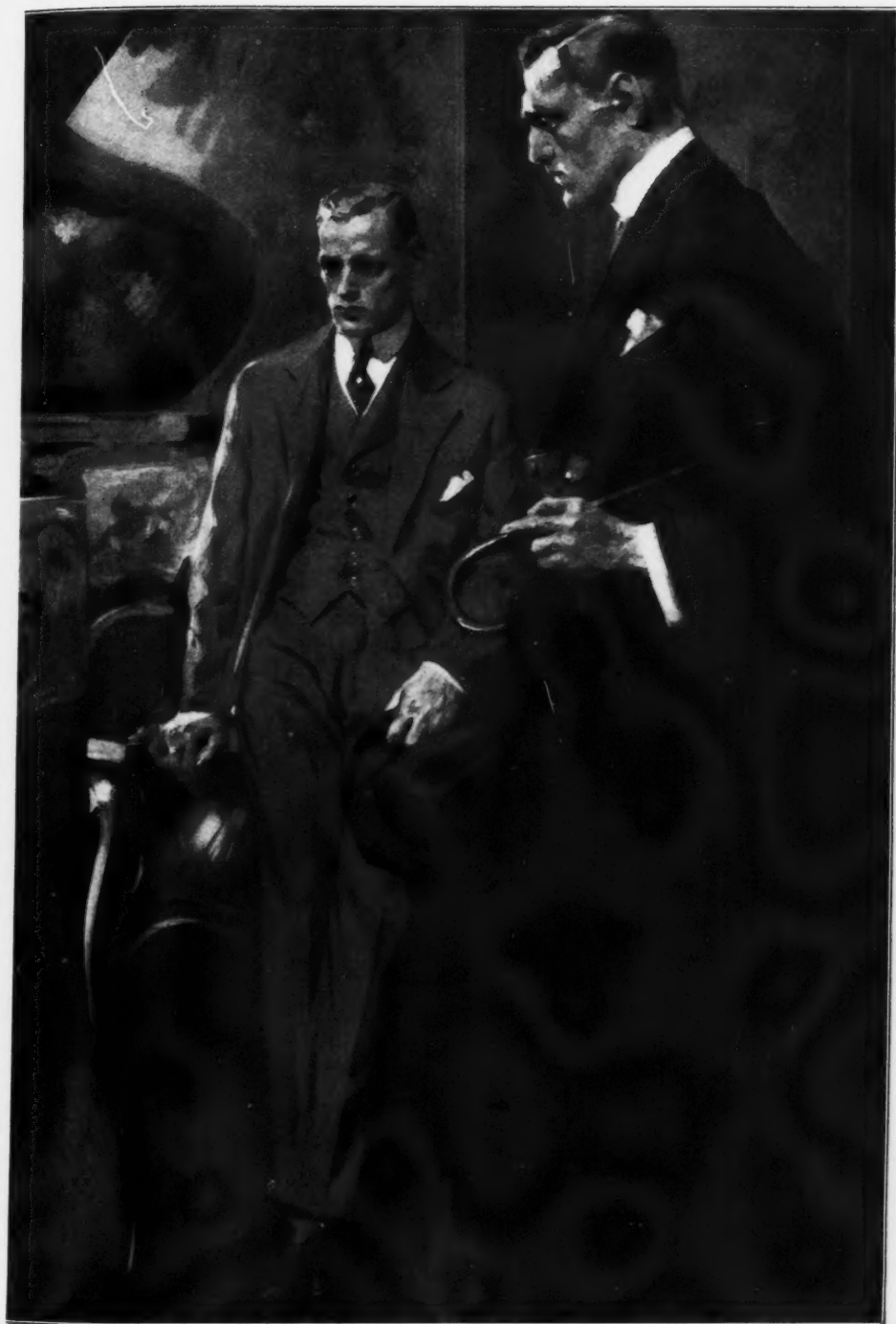
For a moment, I looked about at the others in the room. Had it been an accident, after all? Perhaps, if any of the others had been attacked, one might have suspected that it was. But they had not been affected at all, at least apparently. Yet there could be no doubt that it was the poisonous *muscarin* that had affected Mansfield.





CHARLES H. WILKINSON

"I have just heard of Mr. Mansfield's illness," she said



anxiously. "Mr. Lewis called me up and told me"

"Did you ever see anything like that?" asked Kennedy suddenly, holding up the gilt spangle which he had found on the closet floor near the wall safe.

Though no one said a word, it was evident that they all recognized it. Lewis was watching Madeline closely. But she betrayed nothing except mild surprise at seeing the spangle from her dress. Had it been deliberately placed there, it flashed over me, in order to compromise Madeline Hargrave and divert suspicion from some one else?

I turned to Mina. Behind the defiance of her dark eyes, I felt that there was something working. Kennedy must have sensed it even before I did, for he suddenly bent down over the recording needle and the ruled paper on the table.

"This," he shot out, "is a pneumograph which shows the actual intensity of the emotions by recording their effects on the heart and lungs together. The truth can literally be tapped, even where no confession can be extracted. A moment's glance at this line, traced here by each of you, can tell the expert more than words."

"Then it was a mushroom that poisoned Jack!" interrupted Lewis suddenly. "Some poisonous Amanita got mixed with the edible mushrooms?"

Kennedy answered quickly, without taking his eyes off the line the needle was tracing:

"No; this was a case of the deliberate use of the active principle itself, muscarin—with the expectation that the death, if the cause was ever discovered, could easily be blamed on such a mushroom. Somehow—there were many chances—the poison was slipped into the ramekin François was carefully preparing for Mansfield. The

method does not interest me so much as the fact——"

There was a slight noise from the other room where Mansfield lay. Instantly we were all on our feet. Before any of us could reach the door, Helen Grey had slipped through it.

"Just a second," commanded Kennedy, extending the sequin toward us to emphasize what he was about to say. "The poisoning and the robbery were the work of one hand. That sequin is the key that has unlocked the secret which my pneumograph has recorded. Some one saw that robbery committed—knew nothing of the contemplated poisoning to cover it. To save the reputation of the robber—at any cost—on the spur of the moment the ruse of placing the sequin in the closet occurred."

Madeline Hargrave turned to Mina, while I recalled Lewis's remark about Mina's stepping on the train and tearing it. The defiance in her black eyes flashed from Madeline to Kennedy.

"Yes," she cried; "I did it! I——"

As quickly the defiance had faded. Mina Leitch had fainted.

"Some water—quick!" cried Kennedy.

I sprang through the door into Mansfield's room. As I passed I caught sight of Helen Grey supporting the head of Mansfield—both oblivious to actresses, diamonds, everything that had so nearly caused a tragedy.

"No," I heard Kennedy say to Lewis as I returned; "it was not Mina. The person she shielded was wildly in love with her, insanely jealous of Mansfield for even looking at her, and in debt so hopelessly in Mansfield's ventures that only the big diamond could save him—Doctor Murray himself!"

The next **Craig Kennedy** story will be **The Soul-Analysis**.

### This Month's Cover-Picture,

painted by **Harrison Fisher**, is entitled **Sweet Enough**, and has been reissued, ready for framing, on 14 x 11-inch pebbled paper without lettering or advertising. Price, 15 cents, post-paid (25 cents for foreign countries).

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With the publication of our new catalogue, now in preparation, a number of the earlier pictures in this series will be dropped. Those who may have in mind the purchase of any of these earlier pictures would, therefore, do well to order at once, as our stock of many subjects is very low, and a number are already entirely out of print. With this in view, it will be found advisable, when ordering, to mention several alternates, in order to avoid delay in delivery and unnecessary correspondence. Lists of all pictures now available will be sent on request. Address,

**Room 117, Cosmopolitan Print Department**  
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John Drew,  
when a mem-  
ber of Daly's  
Company



# *The Life of* **CHARLES FROHMAN**

*by Daniel Frohman  
and Isaac F. Marcossou*

EDITOR'S NOTE—This instalment gives the genesis of the modern star system, the creation of Charles Frohman's brain, and launched by him when he took John Drew away from Augustin Daly. We also read how Frohman realizes another dream-project—a New York theater for his very own.

## **John Drew and the Empire Theatre**

THE year 1892 was not only to be a memorable epoch in the life of Charles Frohman but to record, through him, a significant era in the history of the American theater. It was typical of the force and achievement of the man that, from this time on, his story was to be the narrative of the larger development of the drama and its people.

With the acquisition of his first big star, John Drew, he laid the corner-stone of what is the so-called modern starring system.

Charles Frohman always attached importance and value to big names. He paid dearly for this proclivity with the Wallack Theatre Company. Undaunted, he turned to another investment in names that was to be more successful.



Augustin Daly reading a play to his company, the principal G. H. Gilbert, James Lewis, and John Drew (in left this famous quartet when he induced Mr. Drew



James Lewis, in "A Night Off"

About this time, John Drew had made his way to a unique eminence on the American stage.

A member of a distinguished Philadelphia theatrical family, he had made an instantaneous success on his first appearance at home, and had become the leading man of Augustin Daly's famous stock company. He was one of "The Big Four" of that distinguished organization, the others being Ada Rehan, Mrs.

G. H. Gilbert, and James Lewis. They were known as such in America and England. Drew was regarded as the finest type of the so-





members of which were Ada Rehan, Mrs. (foreground). Charles Frohman broke up to become a star under his management.

called modern actor interpreting the gentleman in the modern play. He shone in the drawing-room drama; he had a distinct following, and was therefore an invaluable asset. The general impression was that he was wedded to the environment that had proved so successful and was so congenial.

Charles Frohman knew Drew quite casually. Their first meeting was characteristic. It happened during the great "Shenandoah" run. Henry Miller and Drew were old friends. It was Frohman's custom, in those days, to have after-theater

suppers on Saturday nights at his rooms in the Hoffman House.

One Saturday, Miller called Frohman up and asked him if he could bring Drew down for supper.

"Certainly, with pleasure," said Frohman.

That night, after the play, Miller picked Drew up at Daly's and took him to the Hoffman House. Knowing the way to the Frohman rooms, he started for them unannounced, when he was



Ada Rehan, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"



Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, in "The School for Scandal"

## The Life of Charles Frohman



Arnold Daly, at the present day. He became "dresser" for John Drew, and before long was a successful actor.

stopped by a bell-boy who said, "Mr. Frohman is expecting you in here," opening the door and ushering the guests into a magnificent private suite that Frohman had engaged for the occasion. It was the first step in the campaign for Drew.

Although Frohman was eager to secure the popular actor, he made

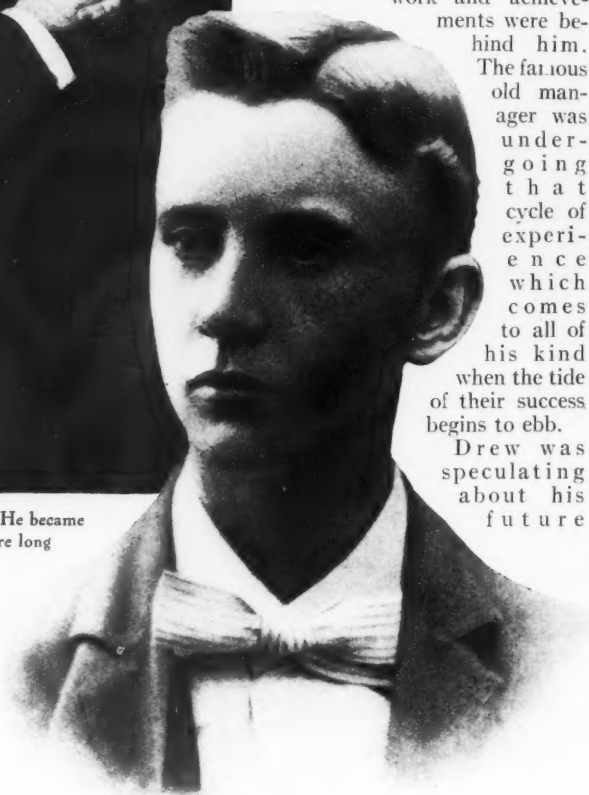
no effort to lure him away from what he believed was a very satisfactory connection.

As the friendship between the men grew, however, he discovered that Drew was becoming dissatisfied with his arrangement at Daly's. Up to that time, "The Big Four" shared in the profits of the theater. Daly canceled this arrangement, and Drew suddenly realized that what seemed to be a most attractive alliance really held out no future for him.

Drew's dissatisfaction was heightened by his realization that Augustin Daly's greatest work and achievements were behind him.

The famous old manager was undergoing that cycle of experience which comes to all of his kind when the tide of their success begins to ebb.

Drew was speculating about his future



Peter Daly, now known as Arnold Daly, when he was Charles Frohman's office-boy

when Frohman heard of his state of mind. He now felt that he would not be violating the ethics of the profession in making him an offer. He did not make a proposition direct but sent a mutual friend, Frank Bennett, once a member of the Daly Company and who was then conducting the



Clyde Fitch adapted "The Masked Ball" from the French for John Drew's first starring venture and afterward wrote many plays for Charles Frohman.

Arlington Hotel, in Washington. Through him, Frohman made a proposition to Drew to become a star; the offer was accepted, and a three-year contract was signed.

When Drew told Daly that he had signed a contract with Frohman, the then dictator of the American stage could scarcely find words to express his aston-

John Drew, at the time he became Charles Frohman's first big star

ishment. He assured Drew that he was making the mistake of his life, because he regarded Frohman as an unlicensed interloper. Yet this "interloper" was to date from the moment of the Drew contract a new career of brilliant and artistic development.

Frohman's annexation of Drew created a sensation, both among the public and the profession. It broke up "The Big Four," for Drew left a gap that could not be filled.

There was also a wide-spread feeling that, while Drew had succeeded in a congenial environment and with an actress (Miss Rehan) who was admirably suited to him, he might not duplicate this success amid new scenes. Hence arose much speculation about his leading woman.

Charles Frohman remained silent. He was keenly sensitive to the sensation he was creating, and was biding his time to launch another. It came when he announced Maude Adams as John Drew's leading woman. He had watched her development with eager and interested eye. She had made good wherever he had placed her. Now he gave her what was, up to this time, her biggest chance. The moment her name became bracketed with Drew's, there was a feeling of satisfaction over the choice. How wise Charles Frohman was in the whole Drew venture was about to be abundantly proved.

#### BEGINNING OF THE STAR SYSTEM

Charles Frohman not only made John Drew a star but the nucleus of an entire system. It was a pregnant moment for the whole American stage. Nearly all the old stars were gone or were passing into eclipse. Forrest, McCullough, Cushman, were gone; Modjeska was merging into the sere and yellow; Clara Morris was soon to be in oblivion; Lawrence Barrett and W. J. Florence were dead; Edwin Booth had retired.

Frohman realized that, with the passing of these stars, there also passed the system that had created them. He knew that the public—the new generation—wanted younger people, popular names, somebody to talk about. He realized, further, that the public adored personality and that the strongest prop that a play could get was a fascinating and magnetic human being, whether male or female. The old stars had made themselves—risen from the ranks

after years of service. Frohman saw the opportunity to accelerate this advance by swift and spectacular recognition. The new stars that were now to blaze in the firmament owed their being to the initiative and the vision of some one else. Thus, Charles Frohman became the first and the real king of the star-makers.

Frohman was now all excitement. He had the making of his first big star, and he proceeded to present him in truly magnificent fashion.

#### "THE MASKED BALL"

He wanted a play that would bring out all those qualities that had made Drew shine in the drawing-room drama. The very play itself was destined to mark an epoch in the life of a man. Through Elizabeth Marbury, who had just launched herself as play-broker in a little office on Twenty-fourth Street, his attention was called to a French farcical comedy called "The Masked Ball," by Alexandre Bisson and Albert Carré. Frohman liked the story and wanted it adapted for American production. It was the beginning of his long patronage of French plays.

"I have a brilliant young man who could do this job for you very well," said Miss Marbury.

"What's his name?" asked Frohman.

"Clyde Fitch—and I believe he is going to have a great career," was the answer.

Fitch was given the commission; he did a most successful piece of adaptation, and in this way began the long and close relationship between the author of "Beau Brummel" (his first play) and the man who, more than any other, did so much to advance his career.

Then, as always, Charles Frohman spared no expense in surrounding his stars. In addition to Maude Adams, the company included Harry Harwood, who was then coming into his own as a forceful and versatile character-actor; C. Leslie Allen, the father of Viola Allen; Annie Adams, the mother of Maude, and Frank E. Lamb.

With his usual desire to do everything in splendid fashion, Frohman arranged for Drew's debut at Palmer's Theatre, the old Lester Wallack playhouse, which was now under the management of A. M. Palmer. Thus, Drew's first stellar appearance was on a stage rich with tradition.

"The Masked Ball" opened October 3,

Maude Adams, when  
John Drew's lead-  
ing woman

tinct contrast with the character that  
she had just abandoned, that of  
Nell, the consumptive factory-  
girl, in "The Lost Paradise."  
In "The Masked Ball,"  
Miss Adams took the rôle  
of a young girl who goes  
to a ball and assumes  
tipsiness in order to  
influence her husband

1892, in  
the presence  
of a brilliant  
audience. It  
was an in-  
stantaneous  
success.

The perfor-  
mance, however,  
had a human in-  
terest apart from  
the star. Maude  
Adams, for the first  
time in her career, had  
a real Broadway oppor-  
tunity, and she made the  
most of it in such a fashion  
as to convince Frohman  
and everyone else that be-  
fore many years were past she,  
too, would come in for stellar  
honors. She played the part of  
Suzanne Blondet, a more or less  
frivolous person, and it was in dis-

An early  
portrait of  
John Drew




**PALMER'S THEATRE.**  
Sole Lessee and Manager  
Week beginning Monday Evening, October 17, 1892.  
MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.  
Mr. A. W. PALMER.  
EVENINGS AT 8.15.

**JOHN DREW,**  
IN A NEW COMEDY,  
**THE MASKED BALL,**  
By ALEXANDRE BISSON and ALBERT CARRE.  
Adapted by Clyde Fitch.  
Under the management of CHARLES FROHMAN.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS.**  
DR. PAUL BLONDET.....Mr. JOHN DREW  
JOSEPH FOULARD, his partner.....Mr. HARRY HARWOOD  
LOUIS MARTINOT.....Mr. HAROLD RUSSELL  
MONSIEUR BERGOMAT.....Mr. C. LESLIE ALLEN  
CASIMIR.....Mr. FRANK E. LAMB  
SUZANNE BLONDET.....Miss MAUDE ADAMS  
MADAME FOULARD.....Miss VIRGINIA BUCHANAN  
MADAME BERGOMAT.....Miss ANNIE ADAMS  
ROSE.....Miss LILLIAN FLORENCE

The play is produced under the Stage direction of C. W. FARRAR.  
SCENIC SYNOPSIS.  
PLACE—Grasse, France.  
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feather." This  
feature became one of



**EMPIRE THEATRE** 40th STREET and BROADWAY  
DIRECTED AND OWNED BY FRANK W. SANGER AND AL. HAYMAN.  
 CHARLES FROHMAN, JOHN A. HARRIS. ACTING MANAGER

COMMENCING WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1893.  
 NATIVE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

**CHARLES FROHMAN'S COMPANY**  
(FOURTH SEASON)

First time in New York of the American Drama.

**THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.**  
 By DAVID BELASCO and FRANKLIN FYLES.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

GENERAL KENNION commanding the military department of the Northwest. FRANK MORDAUNT. W. H. THOMPSON.  
 MAJOR HURLBURGH, the 12th U. S. Cavalry. THOMAS OBERLY.  
 LIEUT. EDGAR HAWKSWORTH, on duty at Post Kennion. NELSON WHEATCROFT.  
 LIEUT. MORTON PARLOW, also at Post Kennion. JAMES O. BARROU.  
 SERGEANT DICKS. ORRIN JOHNSON.  
 CORNELIUS NOGGLYNS. CYRIL SCOTT.  
 WATE JONES. Master WALLIE EDDINGER.  
 ARTHUR PENNICK, from Quibberville. JOSEPH ADELY.  
 K. HURLBURGH, the Major's son. THEODORE ROBERTSON.  
 JACKSON, an army scout. FRANK LAY.  
 LADRU or SCAR BROW, an educated Indian of the Sais aa or Flatfoot Tribe. ARTHUR HARRIS.  
 CANOY. Sautaka Indians. STONEY ARMSTRONG.  
 TONGUE. UNION, the General's daughter. ODETTE.  
 HAWKSWORTH, the Lieutenant's son. EDNA WHEATCROFT.  
 HAWKSWORTH, the Major's son. KATHARINE.

It brought Clyde Fitch into contact with the man who was to be his real sponsor; it made John Drew a star; it brought Maude Adams to the boundaries of the stellar realm; it gave

Charles Frohman an entirely new and distinguished place in the theater.

Frohman was quick to follow up his success. With Drew he had made his first real bid for what was known in those days

the comedy hits of the play, but, in order to achieve it, she worked for days and days to bring about the desired effect. When the curtain went down on that memorable night at Palmer's Theatre, the general impression throughout the house was,

"Maude Adams will be the next Frohman star."

The morning after the opening, Frohman went to John Drew and said:

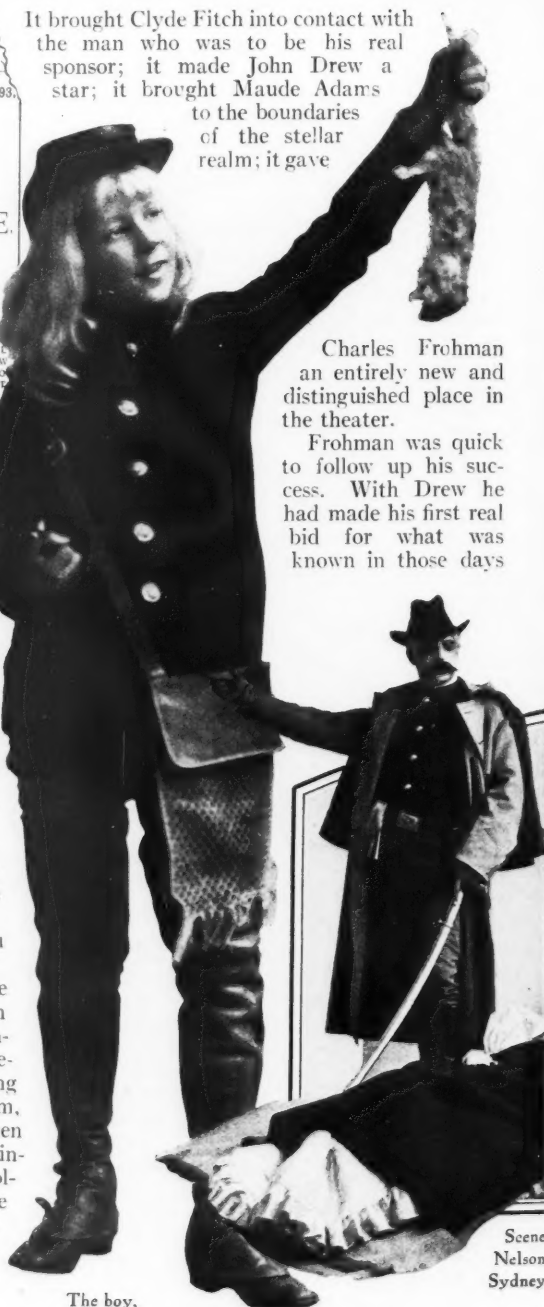
"Well, John, you don't need me any more now. You're made."

"No, Charles; I shall need you always," was the reply.

Out of this engagement came the long and intimate friendship between Drew and Frohman. The first contract, signed and sealed on that precarious day when Frohman was seeing the vision of the modern star system, was the last formal bond between them. Though their negotiations involved hundreds of thousands of dollars in the years that passed, there was never another scrap of paper between them.

Seldom in the history of the American theater has another event been so productive of far-reaching consequence as "The Masked Ball."

night  
the gen-  
throughout



The boy.  
Wallie Eddinger, in  
"The Girl I Left Behind Me"

Scene  
Nelson  
Sydney

as "the carriage trade"—that is, the patronage of the socially elect. He hastened to clinch this with another stunning production at Palmer's. It was Bronson Howard's play, "Aristocracy." He produced it in his usual lavish way, for the company included not less than half a dozen people who were then making their way toward stardom—Wilton Lackaye, Viola Allen, Blanche Walsh, William Faversham, Frederick Bond, Bruce McRae, Paul Arthur, W. H. Thompson, and J. W. Piggott.

When John Drew called on Charles Frohman for the first time at his offices at 1127 Broadway, his way was impeded by a bright-eyed, alert young office-boy who bore the unromantic name of Peter Daly. He incarnated every ill to which his occupation seems to be heir. Without waiting to find out if Mr. Frohman was in, he immediately said, after the grand fashion of theatrical office-boys,

"Mr. Frohman is out, and I don't know when he will return."

"You will have to wait," said the boy.

Drew cooled his heels outside while Frohman waited impatiently inside for him. When he emerged at lunch-time, he was surprised to find his man about to depart.

Daly was immediately discharged by Julius Cahn, who was office manager, but



William Harris, one of the lessees of the Empire Theatre, New York



from "The Girl I Left Behind Me," showing (left to right) Wheatcroft, Odette Tyler, Orrin Johnson, Armstrong, and Frank Mordaunt

"But I have an engagement with Mr. Frohman," said Drew.

was promptly reinstated the next day by Frohman, who had been greatly impressed with the boy's quick wit and intelligence.

This office-boy, it is interesting to relate, became Arnold Daly, the actor, and no experience of his life was perhaps more amusing or picturesque than the crowded year when he manned the outside door of Charles Frohman's office. Instead of attending to business, he spent most of his time writing burlesques on contemporary plays, which he solemnly submitted to Harry Rockwood, the bookkeeper.

During these days occurred a now famous episode. Daly was luxuriously reclining in the most comfortable chair in the reception-

## The Life of Charles Frohman

room one day, when Louise Closser entered and asked to see Charles Frohman.

"He is out," said Daly.

"May I wait for him?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," answered Daly, and the actress sat down.

After three hours had passed, she asked,

"Where is Mr. Frohman?"

"He's in London," was the reply.

Afterward Daly became "dresser" for John Drew; the virus of the theater got into his system, and before long he was an actor.

Epochal as had been 1892, registering the first big Frohman star and a great artistic expansion, the new year that now dawned realized another and still greater dream of Charles Frohman.

### ANOTHER DREAM REALIZED

Ever since he had been launched in the Metropolitan theatrical whirlpool, Frohman wanted a New York theater. As a boy, he had witnessed the glories of the Union Square Theatre under Palmer; as a road-manager, he had a part in the success of the Madison Square Theatre activities; in his early managerial days he had been associated distinctly with the Lester Wallack organization; he had watched the later triumphs of the Lyceum Theatre Company at home and on the road, and so, quite naturally, he came to the conviction that he was ready to operate and control a big theater of his own. The way toward its consummation was this:

One day, toward the end of the 'Eighties, William Harris came to New York to see Frohman about the booking of some attractions. He said:

"Charley, I want a theater in New York and I know that you want one. Let's combine."

"All right," said Frohman; "you can get the Union Square. The lease is on the market."

"Very well," said Harris.

On the way down-stairs he met Al Hayman, who asked him where he was going.

"I am going over to lease the Union Square Theatre," he replied.

"That's foolish," said Hayman. "Everything theatrical is going up-town."

"Well," answered Harris, "C. F. wants a theater, and I am determined that he shall have it; so I am going over and get the Union Square."

"If you and Frohman want a theater that badly, I will build one for you," Hayman responded.

"Where?" asked Harris.

"I've got some lots at Fortieth and Broadway, and it's a good site, even if it is away up-town."

### HOW THE EMPIRE WAS BUILT

They went back to Frohman's office, and here was hatched the plan for the Empire Theatre.

"I can't go ahead on this matter without Rich," said Harris.

"All right," said Frohman; "wire Rich."

Rich came down next day, and the final details were concluded for the building of the Empire. Frank Sanger came in as a partner. Thus, the builders were Al Hayman, Frank Sanger, and William Harris. Without the formality of a contract, they turned it over to Charles Frohman.

Frohman was like a child during the building of the theater. Every moment that he could spare from his desk he would walk up the street and watch the demolition of the old houses that were to make way for this structure.

Frohman turned to Belasco for the play to open the Empire. His old friend was then at work on "The Heart of Maryland" for Mrs. Carter, who had become his protégée. He explained the situation to Frohman. As soon as Mrs. Carter heard of it, she went to Frohman and told him that she would waive her appearance and that Belasco must go ahead on the Empire play, which he did.

Just what kind of play to produce was the problem. Frohman still clung to the mascot of war. The blue coat and brass buttons had turned the tide for him with "Shenandoah," and he was superstitious in wanting another stirring and martial piece. Belasco had become interested in Indians, but he also wanted to introduce the evening-clothes feature. Hence came the inspiration of a ball at an army post in the Far West during the Indian-fighting days. This episode proved to be the big dramatic situation of the new piece.

Then came the night when Belasco read the play to Frohman, who walked up and down the floor. When the author finished, Frohman rushed up to him.

"David," he cried, "you've done the whole business! You've got pepper and

salt, soup, entrée, roast, salad, dessert, coffee: it's a real play, and I know it will be a success."

Having finished the work, which Belasco wrote in collaboration with Franklin Fyles, then dramatic editor of the *New York Sun*, they needed a striking name. So they sent the manuscript to brother Daniel down at the Lyceum, who had always been happy in the selection of play-titles. Back came the manuscript with D. F.'s approval of the work, and with the title, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." This they both eagerly adopted.

Long before "The Girl I Left Behind Me" left Belasco's hands, Frohman was assembling his company. Instead of having a star, he decided to have an all-round stock company. The success of this kind of institution had been amply proved at Daly's, Wallack's, the Madison Square, and

John Drew, in a Daly comedy. (Above) Mr. Drew (1915) clean shaven for his revival of "Rosemary"



John Drew, at the beginning of his theatrical career

the Lyceum; hence the Charles Frohman Stock Company, which had scored so heavily with "Men and Women" and "The Lost Paradise" at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre, now became the famous Empire Theatre Stock Company, and incidentally the greatest of all star-factories.

William Morris was retained as the first leading man, and the company included Orrin Johnson, Cyril Scott, W. H. Thompson, Theodore Roberts, Sydney Armstrong, Odette Tyler, and Edna Wallace. The child in the play was a precocious youngster



William Morris,  
first leading man at the Empire Theatre

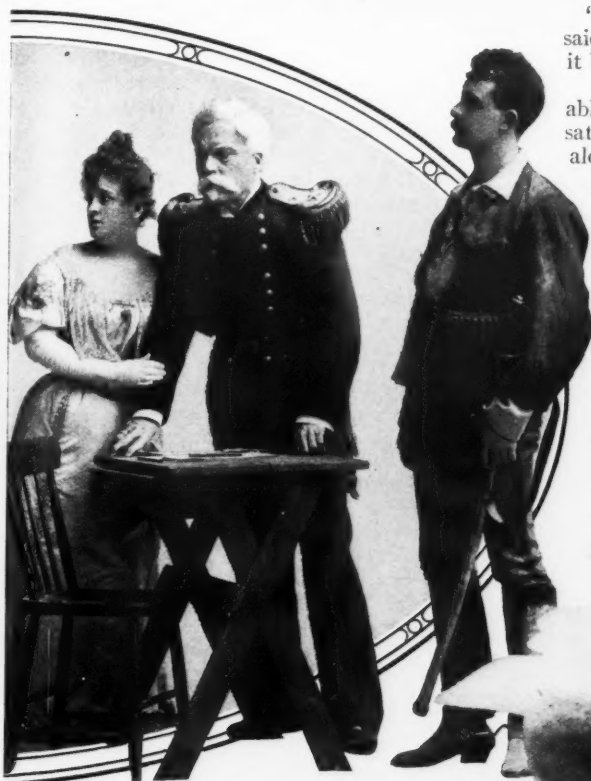
Scene from "The  
with which Charles  
Theatre, New York.

called Wallie Eddinger, who is the familiar Wallace Eddinger of the present-day stage.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" was tried out for a week in Washington. The company

arrived there late on a Sunday afternoon, but was unable to get the stage until





Girl I Left Behind Me."  
Frohman opened the Empire  
January 25, 1893

midnight, because Robert Ingersoll was delivering a lecture. At the outset of this rehearsal,

Belasco became ill and had to retire to his bed, and Frohman took up the direction of this final rehearsal and worked with the company until long after dawn.

The week in Washington rounded out the play thoroughly, and the company returned to New York on the morning of January 25, 1893. Now came a characteristic example of Frohman's resource. At noon it was discovered that the new electric-light installation was not yet complete. Added to this was the disconcerting fact that the paint on the chairs was scarcely dry. Sanger, Harris, and Rich urged Frohman to postpone the opening.

"It will be useless to open under these conditions," they said.

"The Empire must open to-night," said Frohman, "if we have to open it by candle-light."

That January night was a memorable one in the life of Frohman. He sat on a low chair in the wings, and alongside of him sat Belasco. His face beamed, yet he was very nervous, as he always was on openings. At the end of the third act, when the audience made insistent calls for speeches, Belasco tried to drag Frohman out, but he would not go.

"You go, David," he said. And Belasco went out and made a speech.

Twenty-two years later, when Frohman and Belasco had become reconciled after a twelve years' difference, they sat in the same place in the



Edna Wallace, afterward Mrs. De Wolfe Hopper, when a member of the Empire Theatre Company

## The Life of Charles Frohman

wings of the Empire Theatre at their revival of "A Celebrated Case." Once more there were tumultuous calls for the authors; once more David tried to induce Charles to go out, but he said:

"No; you go, David, and speak for me. Stand where you did twenty-two years ago."

Again Belasco went out and stood where he had stood on the night of the opening of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and voiced Frohman's thanks and his own.

### AN IMMENSE SUCCESS

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" was an immense success, and played two hundred and eighty-eight consecutive performances.

The opening of the Empire Theatre strengthened Charles Frohman's position immensely. More than this, it established a whole new theatrical district in New York. When it was opened, there was only one up-town theater, the Broadway. Within a few years, other playhouses followed the example of the Empire and located in its vicinity. Again Charles Frohman was a pioneer.

The Empire Theatre now became the nerve-center of the Charles Frohman interests. He established his offices on the third floor, and there they remained. He occupied practically the whole building, for his booking-interests, which had now grown to great proportions, and which were in charge of Julius Cahn, occupied a whole suite of offices.

When the Empire Company began its second season in the August of 1893, in R. C. Carton's play, "Liberty Hall," Charles Frohman was able to keep the promise he had made to Henry Miller back in the 'Eighties in San Francisco. That handsome and dashing young actor now succeeded William Morris as leading man of the company; Viola Allen became leading woman, and May Robson also joined the organization. "Liberty Hall" ran until the end of October, when David Belasco's play, "The Younger Son," was put on. This added William Faversham to the ranks, and thus another star-possibility came under the sway of the star-maker.

The Empire became the apple of Charles Frohman's eye and remained so until his death. No star and no play were too good for it. On it he lavished wealth and genuine affection. As was the case with Daniel

Frohman's Lyceum organization, to appear with the Empire Stock Company was to be decorated with the Order of Theatrical Merit. To it, in turn, came Robert Edeson, Ethel Barrymore, Elita Proctor Otis, Jameson Lee Finney, Elsie De Wolfe, W. J. Ferguson, Ferdinand Gottschalk, J. E. Dodson, J. Henry Benrimo, Ida Conquest, and Arthur Byron.

### A THEATRICAL INSTITUTION

The Empire Company became an accredited institution. A new play by it was a distinct event; its annual tour to the larger cities an occasion that was eagerly awaited. To have a play produced by it was the eagerly sought goal of the ambitious playwright, both here and abroad.

At the Empire, Frohman introduced Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," to America, and he developed such playwrights as Henry Arthur Jones, Haddon Chambers, Sydney Grundy, Louis Parker, Madeline Lucette Ryley, Henry Guy Carleton, Clyde Fitch, Jerome K. Jerome, and Arthur Wing Pinero.

Having firmly established the Empire Theatre, Charles Frohman now turned to a myriad of enterprises. He acquired the lease of the Standard Theatre (afterward the Manhattan) and began there a series of productions.

In September, 1893, he presented a comedy called "Fanny," by George R. Sims, of London, in which W. J. Ferguson, Frank Burbeck, and Johnstone Bennett appeared. It was a very dismal failure, but it produced one of the famous Frohman epigrams. Sims sent Frohman the following telegram a few days after the opening:

How is Fanny going?

Whereupon, Frohman sent this laconic reply:

Gone.


Now came another historic episode in Frohman's career. He had begun to make annual visits to London, and on one of these he captured one of his rarest prizes.

Just about that time, Brandon Thomas's farce, "Charley's Aunt," had been played at the Globe Theatre as a Christmas attraction and was staggering along in great uncertainty. W. S. Penley, who owned the rights, played the leading part.

Suddenly it became a terrific success, and the "managerial Yankee birds," as they called the American theatrical magnates, began to roost in London. All had their claws set for "Charley's Aunt."

Frohman had established an office in London at 4 Henrietta Street, in the vicinity of Covent Garden. His friendship with W. Lestocq, the author of "Jane," developed. Lestocq, who was the son of a publisher, and who had graduated from a clever ama-

Étienne Girardot, in his famous rôle of Lord Fancourt Babberley (Charley's Aunt)



**Standard Theatre.**

For Week Ending Oct. 21.  
Saturday Matinee.  
Evenings at 8.30.

**3d Week**  
Saturday Matinee.  
Every Evening at 8.30.

**First Production in America**  
A THREE-ACT FARCIAL COMEDY, ENTITLED  
**Charley's Aunt**  
BY  
BRANDON THOMAS.  
UNDER DIRECTION OF CHARLES FROHMAN.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:  
Stephen Spettigue, (Solicitor, Oxford).....  
Col. Sir Francis Chesney, (Late Indian Service).....  
Jack Chesney.....  
First Appearance in America.....  
Charley Wykeham.....  
First Appearance in America.....  
Lord Fancourt Babberley.....  
First Appearance in America.....  
Brussett, College Scout.....  
Undergraduate.....  
St. O.....  
Col.....  
O.....  
Undergraduate.....  
St. O.....  
Col.....  
O.....

teur actor into a professional, conceived a great liking for Frohman. While all the American managers were striving for "Charley's Aunt," he went to Penley, who was his friend, and said,


"Frohman has done so well with 'Jane' in America; he is the man to do 'Charley's Aunt.'"

Penley agreed to hold up all his negotiations for the play until Frohman

## The Life of Charles Frohman

of purpose and a devotion of interest that was characteristic of the men who knew and worked with him.

Frohman now returned to America to produce "Charley's Aunt." In spite of the success of the Empire, Frohman had "plunged" in various ways and had reached one of the numerous financial crises in his life. He looked upon "Charley's Aunt" as the agency that was to again redeem him. For the American production he imported Étienne Girardot, who had played the leading rôle in the English production. He surrounded Girardot with an admirable cast, including W. J. Ferguson,



Viola Allen became leading woman of the Empire Theatre Company with the production of "Liberty Hall."

arrived. A conference was held, and through the instrumentality of Lestocq Frohman secured the American rights to "Charley's Aunt." At the end of this meeting, Lestocq said, in jest,

"What do I get out of this?"

"I'll show you," said Frohman; "you shall represent me in London hereafter."

Out of this conference came one of Charles Frohman's longest and most loyal associations, because from that hour until the day of his death Lestocq represented Charles Frohman in England with a fidelity



Scene from "Liberty Hall," with which the Empire

Frank Burbeck, Henry Woodruff, Nanette Comstock, and Jessie Busley.

Frohman personally rehearsed "Charley's Aunt." He tried it out first at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where the reception was not particularly cordial. He returned to New York in a great state of apprehension, although his good spirits were never dampened. On October 2, 1893, he produced that play at the Standard, and it was an immediate success. As the curtain went down on the first night's performance, he assembled the company on the stage and made a short speech, thanking them for their co-operation. It was the first time in his career that he had done this, and it showed how keenly concerned he was. It was another "Shenandoah," because it recouped his purse, depleted from numerous outside ventures, inspired him with a fresh zeal, and enabled him to proceed with fresh enterprises. It ran for two hundred nights, and then duplicated its New York success on the road.

While gunning for "Charley's Aunt," Charles Frohman made his first London production with "The Lost Paradise." He put it on in partnership with the Gattis, at the Adelphi Theatre in the



Theatre Company began its second season, August, 1893



Henry Miller succeeded William Morris as leading man of the Empire Theatre Company.

Strand. It was a failure, however, and it discouraged him from English productions for some little time.

These were the years when Froh-



## The Life of Charles Frohman

man was making the few intimate friendships that would mean so much to him until the closing hours of his life. The case of Charles Dillingham is typical.

Dillingham had been a newspaper man in Chicago at a time when George Ade, Peter Dunne, and Frank Vanderlip (now president of the National City Bank) were his coworkers. He became secretary to Senator Squire, and at Washington wrote a play called "Twelve P. M." A manager named Frank Williams produced it in the Bijou Theatre, New York, just about the time that Charles Frohman was presenting John Drew across the street in "The Masked Ball." "Twelve P. M." was a dismal failure as a play, but it brought two interesting men together who became bosom friends, and in this extraordinary way:

During the second (and last) week of the engagement at the

Bijou, Dillingham, who came every night to see the play, noticed a short, stout, but important-looking man pass into the playhouse. "Who is that man?" he asked.

He was told it was Charles Frohman.

A few days later he received a



Charles B. Dillingham entered the theatrical business under Charles Frohman.



Blanche Walsh had early training under Charles Frohman.

letter from Frohman, which said:

Your play lacks all form and construction, but I like the lines very much. Would you like to adapt a French farce for me?

Dillingham accepted this commission and met Frohman for the first time. Dillingham was then dramatic editor of the *New York Evening Sun*. One day he called on Frohman and asked him to send him out with a show.

"When do you want to go?"  
"Right away."

"Very well," said Frohman, who would always have his little joke; "you can go to-morrow. I would like to get you off that paper, anyhow. You write too many bad notices of my plays."

#### THE LINK WITH DILLINGHAM

Dillingham first went out ahead of the Empire Stock Company and afterward in advance of John Drew, in "That Imprudent Young Couple." He left the job, however, and soon returned to Frohman seeking work.

"What would you like to do?" asked Frohman.

"Take my yacht and go to England," said Dillingham facetiously.

"All right," said Frohman; "we sail Saturday."

Whereupon, he handed him fifty thousand dollars in stage money that happened to be lying on his desk. Dillingham thought at first he was joking, but found out in very short time that he was not.

They sailed on the St. Paul. Frohman had just established his first offices in Henrietta Street. There was not much business to transact, and they spent most of their time seeing plays. Dillingham acted as a sort of secretary to Frohman.

One day, a haughty Englishman came up and asked him to take in his card to the American manager.

"I have no time," said Dillingham, whose sense of humor is proverbial.

"What have you to do?" asked the astonished caller.

"I've got to wash the office windows first," was the reply.

The Englishman became enraged, strode in to Frohman, and told him what Dillingham had said. Frohman laughed so heartily that he almost rolled out of his chair. After the Englishman left, he went out and congratulated Dillingham on his jest. From that day dated a Damon and Pythias friendship between the two men—they were almost inseparable companions.

The time was at hand for another big star to twinkle in the Frohman heaven. During all these years William Gillette had developed in prestige and authority as actor and

playwright. The quiet, thoughtful, scholarly-looking young actor who had knocked at the doors of the Madison Square Theatre with the manuscript of "The Professor," where it was produced after "Hazel Kirke," and whose road-tours had been booked by Charles Frohman in his early days as route-maker, now came into his own, and, curiously enough, with the little fat man whom he came to know in his early New York days.

#### THE SECOND STAR

Frohman, who had booked and produced Gillette's play, "Held by the Enemy," now regarded him as theatrical material of the first rank. Combined with his admiration for Gillette as artist was a strong personal friendship.

Gillette now wrote a play called "Too Much Johnson," which Frohman produced with the author as star. In connection with this opening was a characteristic Frohman incident.

The play was first put on at Waltham, Massachusetts. The house was small and the notices bad.

Frohman joined the company next day at Springfield. Gillette was terribly depressed and said:

"Frohman, this is terrible, isn't it? I'm afraid the play is a failure."

"Nonsense," said Frohman. "I have booked it for New York and for a long tour afterward."

"Why?" asked Gillette, in astonishment.

"I saw your performance," was the manager's reply.

Frohman's confidence was vindicated, for when the play was put on at the Standard Theatre, New York, in November, 1894, it went with a bang, and put another rivet in Gillette's reputation.

Frohman now had two big stars, John Drew and William Gillette. A half-dozen others were in the making; chief among them was the wistful-eyed little Maude Adams, who was now approaching the point in her career where she was to establish a new tradition for the American stage and give Charles Frohman, creator of the modern star system, a unique distinction.

The next instalment of *The Life of Charles Frohman* tells the story of Maude Adams' development as star, beginning with her appearance in "The Little Minister" and carrying her through a number of successes, including "Quality Street" and "Peter Pan." Into this narrative now comes James M. Barrie and the beginning of his remarkable friendship with Charles Frohman.



JAMES HORTON & CO. N.Y.C.

DRAWN BY JAMES HORTON & CO. N.Y.C.

"Oh, my dear, learn from my mistake! You can save Henry Borrold.  
Save him, even from himself!"

# The Twin Sisters

A PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

By Justus Miles Forman

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

THE parents of Diana and Alice Wayne were separated when they were mere children, twelve years before the opening of the story, which is the summer of 1913. Diana was brought up by her father, Charters Wayne, with the assistance of an old family friend, Vera Morris, Marchesa del Monte Bruno, Vera is the widow of an Italian nobleman and a woman of sterling worth and character. Consequently, Diana has turned out to be a frank, straightforward girl, energetic, fond of sports, and perhaps a little unconventional—in short, a typical American girl of the period. Alice was taken abroad by her mother, who calls herself Mrs. Martin-Wayne, and has lived chiefly in Italy ever since. She shows the effects of the restraint put upon girlhood by Continental custom and tradition. She will, on occasion, use the time-honored weapons of the weaker sex and can be both untruthful and deceitful.

The family meets accidentally on the Lake of Como, and it is arranged that Alice shall return with her father and sister to New York in the fall, to spend the winter. Alice is engaged to Lord Henry Borrold, a younger but middle-aged son of the Duke of Cheswick who had known the Waynes in America before the separation. Diana has an ardent admirer, an Italian, Count Gianlodovico Pola, who, when she refuses to marry him, tries to abduct her in a motor-boat, and she escapes from him with difficulty.

The early autumn finds Wayne and the two girls in New York, and Lord Henry Borrold arrives. Alice makes the most of her first opportunity to enjoy the social life of a great city. She develops a great fondness for masculine attention and does not behave any too discreetly. On one occasion, she visits the flat of Count Pola, who has come to New York. Her father happens to be near the house as she is leaving, but in the dark of the winter afternoon is not sure which of his daughters it is. Diana, to protect her sister, declares that it was she who was the count's visitor. To Diana's chagrin, Alice remarks slurringly upon the position of Vera Monte Bruno in the household, saying that she thinks the *marchesa* is on rather odd terms of intimacy with their father, considering that he is a married man. The fact is that Wayne and Vera have long been in love with each other, and it is the tragedy of their lives that they did not marry. But Wayne plans to get a divorce from his wife on the grounds of desertion as soon as his daughters are married, and hopes that the *marchesa* will then become his wife. Alice, fearing that the divorce would injure her social position in England, cables her mother to return at once to America.

Diana has an admirer in one Quintus P. Brown, a self-made Westerner only thirty-four, who has already been in Congress. He wants her to give up the frivolity of social life and go West with him as his wife. Diana is hesitating about accepting him when his sister turns up in New York and gives her a most unattractive picture of the brother's domineering nature. So she dismisses him.

Meanwhile, she sees more and more of Lord Henry, who does not share Alice's passion for constant gaiety. He tells her that he must go to London on account of some serious family trouble, the nature of which he will not divulge, even to Alice. Diana is trustful and sympathetic, Alice quite the reverse, and presently Lord Henry realizes that it is Diana he loves and that she loves him. Immediately after Mrs. Martin-Wayne's arrival in New York, the storm breaks over Lord Henry's head. A story is printed that he was married to a chorus girl in London. Alice, supported by her mother, breaks the engagement, but Diana feels certain that the story is not true, that Lord Henry is shielding some one, and tells him so as they leave Mrs. Martin-Wayne's hotel after a violent scene.

DIANA had given the taxi-cab chauffeur her home address when she started from the Lorraine, but after they had gone a short distance she put her head out of the window and told the man to stop *en route* at the nearest telegraph-office. The despatch she composed, sitting in the noisy little enclosure, seemed to require a great deal of consideration, for

she took a long time over it and made many erasures. But in the end she nodded as if she were satisfied that it would convey exactly the required meaning, and addressed it to a certain pleasant, middle-aged gentleman in London who was an old friend of hers, and whose harmless ambition it was to know everything about everybody and never to tell what he knew.

After that, she went straight home,

## The Twin Sisters

lunched alone, telephoned to Vera Monte Bruno to ask if that lady's arrangements would permit of a *tête-à-tête* dinner, and slept for three hours.

She was very curious to know if Alice, after her frank speech at the Lorraine, would have the courage ("cheek" was the word she really used to herself) to continue her residence in Sixty-sixth Street, and was much relieved to hear from her maid, as she was being dressed for dinner, that her sister's effects had been removed during the afternoon.

She sent a message to her father, asking if she might have a moment's conversation presently, but he returned word that he was just leaving the house for an early meal with a committee at his club.

And almost at the same moment there arrived the answer to her cablegram. It was very brief, but it seemed to be satisfactory, for Diana first laughed over it with a kind of exultant glee, then wept a little, then bathed her eyes, and laughed again.

After that, she sat quite still thinking, for a rather long time—so long that her maid ventured at last to remind her for the second time that her brougham was waiting. So she slipped the cablegram inside her dress, took a final hasty look into the long glass, and went down.

She sang a little song on her way south in the brougham.

That period of abstraction had made her late, so that dinner was announced almost immediately after her arrival, and, during the meal, there was, of course, no opportunity for confidential talk. So she and her hostess discussed a hundred matters of very small moment, and were bored and impatient with them.

That is to say, Diana was. Vera Monte Bruno had the air of one to whom all talk, serious or trivial, might seem a rather foolish and meaningless succession of sounds. She had the air of one in spirit very far away from her bodily surroundings. She asked and answered questions, but her dark face remained extraordinarily immobile, and her eyes, which had circles of fatigue or ill-health under them, seemed to be fixed upon something beyond the confines of the handsome room.

Diana knew that no small distraction could alter her old friend like that, and she was alarmed and worried, but she felt instinctively that the *marchesa* didn't want,

just then, to be exclaimed over or questioned, and she held her tongue.

They finished dinner without much lingering over it, and went up-stairs to the comfortable corner room where a fire was crackling, and the coffee was set out for them, and the door closed. Diana would have liked then to ask what the matter was, but Vera Monte Bruno didn't give her a chance. She made herself comfortable on her *chaise longue*, and said:

"Now tell me about it. It's Alice and Lord Henry Borrold—I know that much. What has happened to them?"

Diana told her the whole story, keeping back nothing at all, not even her own feelings or the little scene between herself and Lord Henry in the entrance-hall of the Lorraine. And she took the cablegram from London out of the *décolletage* of her dress and gave it over to be read.

"So, you see," she said, "it's all right—all right about Henry. He has been behaving in exactly the Victorian and quixotic and absurd fashion you might expect—just about as I told him this morning I suspected. This message sets him right with me, but, of course, it doesn't necessarily mean that those other people will let him tell what he knows. It doesn't mean that he can set himself right before the world. It's no more than a secret reassurance to me, if I needed one. Now, we've got to wait and see what the people in London will do. They can free him with a single word if they're decent enough, or they can go on letting him be a scapegoat if they're not." She put down her coffee-cup and leaned forward. "Somehow, you know, I'm pretty sure they will set him free. I can't believe that, among them, there isn't one with honor and decency enough to insist upon the blame for all this resting where it ought to rest. Well, what's going to happen then?"

"How do you mean, 'What's going to happen then?'" Vera Monte Bruno asked.

"What is going to become of Henry Borrold?"

"In other words, what are *you* to do?"

Diana nodded slowly.

"Yes; that's what it comes to, for I suppose there is no doubt of what course Henry would take if he were left to himself. He's almost incorrigibly Victorian. All the old fetishes of 'honor' and the 'word of a gentleman' and the 'sanctity of the engage-



ment-bond' are still gods to him. He'd rather like not to be Victorian; he'd like to be straightforward and sensible and anti-twaddle, and, with somebody like me about to bully him, he'd learn to despise all those old shams and to laugh at them, but, meanwhile and unsupported, he's still haunted by the past. He'd still rather make two people frantically unhappy for life (only—it's always three or four, and not two, isn't it?) by fulfilling a mistaken engagement than clear the air and introduce a little common sense by speaking the truth. He doesn't love Alice, and he knows she wants to marry him out of sheer social ambition but he'd go on with it just because he had given his word, instead of saying that he had found they were unsuited and couldn't possibly be happy together. It's almost incredible, and it makes one very impatient, but Henry is like that, and, for some horrid reason, one rather admires him for it. Of course, the thing he fails to see is that he's doing it regardless of other people's suffering, too. He's making a kind of god of his personal honor.

"I could bully him out of it, I think. I could say just that to him—that he was putting his private, personal honor above my happiness and Alice's, that he was sacrificing everybody for the sake of keeping himself fantastically pure. That might fetch him. I might do it, but the point is: Should I? Have I the right to force him out of his natural groove? I know quite well that it would be better for him in the end, that he would be happier and more useful to his country if he were married to me than if he were married to Alice. I know that she would smother his ambitions and make him wretched, and I know that I could give him—well, things she has never even heard of. But have I the right?"

"Yes!" said Vera Monte Bruno, with great emphasis. She sat up on the *chaise longue*, and her eyes flashed and a strong color came into her pale cheeks. "Yes! Yes! I wish I could say it so solemnly that you would never forget it as long as you live. I know you, and I know Alice and Lord Henry Borrold. I know how she would ruin him, and I know how you would make him happy and useful. Don't hold back for any traditional scruple. There can be no wrong in saving life and happiness. Lord Henry is Victorian, as you say. He is still thinking back in an unbroken train

to the times when betrothals among people of consequence were regarded as solemnly as marriages, because they were the first steps in important state or family contracts. The happiness or misery of the two individuals didn't very much matter; they were pawns in a big chess-game. But that sort of thing doesn't exist to-day—except in the case of royalties. Certainly it doesn't exist between Lord Henry and Alice. Their marriage was to be quite simply a means to make two private people happy, and that it couldn't possibly have done. You can stop it now, if you choose. Alice and her mother have already broken the engagement. They've turned him off. Don't let them whistle him back again. Don't permit all that misery to come into the world when you can stop it. Don't do what I did twenty years ago."

She got up abruptly and Diana watched her move with restless steps across the room and back. She stood over the girl and laid her hands on Diana's shoulders.

"I gave your father up when I could have held him. I let him fulfil his promise, a promise he was half tricked into, to another woman—who, I knew quite well, would never make him happy—because I was proud and because I thought promises ought never to be broken in any circumstances, and because I believed no one had a right to interfere in the conduct of another's life. I might have saved him, but I held off and let him go. So his life and mine were spoiled, and your mother got what she wanted, and found it was no good to her." The *marchesa* took the girl's head between her hands and looked down into her face. "Oh, my dear, learn from my mistake! You can save Henry Borrold. Save him, even from himself! If you truly love him, save him and make him happy."

Diana drew a little sigh and nodded.

"Yes, I will—at least, I'll try. Perhaps his traditions are stronger than I think—stronger than I am. But I won't give him up without a fight. I'll save him if I can."

She sat considering that, bent over her knees, with her hands out before her. But at last she looked up, saw that her hostess was standing across the room before the fire, and went to her. She slipped an arm about Vera Monte Bruno's shoulders, and they stood a little while together, silent, with the firelight on their faces.

"There's poor father," Diana said pres-



He was a bit low over Lord Henry Borrold's conduct. Men got caught in those nets, of course, but if they were

ently. "Can you save him, Vera?" And the *marchesa* made a sound like a sob.

"It's too late, my dear—too late. That is why I spoke to you so seriously just now. I wanted you to make sure of your happiness and Lord Henry's while there was time—before the harm had been done. Your father and I had our chance and, between

us, we threw it away. Chances seldom present themselves twice. He had some idea, a short time ago, of trying to free himself and of our marrying. I was willing to do it if it could be done without harming you and Alice, because I thought it might make the latter half of his life happier than the other half had been. I have no preju-



the right sort, they made very sure they were well clear before they talked about marriage with some one else

dice against divorce. There is to me nothing sacred or good about a marriage unless the two people's hearts and souls are bound together as well as their bodies. There is nothing in the world more hideous or more harmful than two antipathetic and unwilling people tied together for the whole of their lives. And to say that such

a union is made and blessed by God seems to me the most shocking blasphemy that can possibly be uttered.

"So, I was willing to have your father free himself, if, as I say, it could be done without harming innocent lives. But your mother's arrival spoiled that. She was very much opposed, and talked him over.

She was always stronger in will than he was. She began on him at once, as I knew she would do, and when she had made him uncertain and uneasy, she played her strongest card. She offered to come back to him."

Diana didn't understand.

"Offered to come back to him? How was that a strong card?"

"You see, she had deserted him. That, though he had condoned it for a long time, gave him the right to divorce her. Now she removes that right. She offers to return."

"How horrible! How perfectly vile!" The girl was quite scarlet with vicarious shame. "She doesn't want to live with him. She hates the thought of it. And yet, just to hold him, she'll—do that! It's incredible, Vera. People don't do such things."

"I'm afraid they do, my dear," the *marchesa* said, and turned away and stood alone a little while. "He won't be quite as miserable as you might expect," she said, after a bit. "Your mother is clever. She'll make him comfortable. She'll make him think it was what he really wanted. He may have his dreams, now and then—even at five-and-forty one can dream—but they'll be dim ones. He won't be unhappy."

Diana was still overcome by the thought of what her mother proposed doing.

"If she wanted to! If she loved him and really wanted to come to him! But she doesn't. She's merely determined that no one else shall have him. That seems to me so dreadful that it is scarcely to be believed. And when I think that she is my own mother—" She looked up with a kind of terror in her face. "Is there nothing, just nothing at all in close human relationship? Nothing that instinctively draws people together? There are my mother and Alice—my own mother and my twin sister! When I first met them, after so many years, last summer at Cadenabbia, I was very much moved. It seemed to me a rather tremendous thing. I felt that it must alter my whole life. But it didn't. I tried to take Alice into my heart and into my life. I tried to think of her as a kind of part of me—my other half. It was simple sentimentality. She wasn't the other half of me at all. She was just another girl who resembled me in face and figure, a strange girl with instincts and thoughts and motives and ways utterly foreign to my nature. And as for my mother, though I got very senti-

mental over her, too, there was no real and essential bond between us. She had brought me into the world, but, beyond that rather mechanical fact, she was nothing to me. She was a strange woman, also, with a nature entirely foreign to my nature. It frightens me, Vera. There is something cold and terrible and isolating and lonely about it. I know quantities of daughters—and sons, too—who seem to be what I call 'parts' of their parents—so close in character and sympathy and all that you see at once how they really and literally belong to each other. Is that mere association—environment—habit of intercourse? Is there nothing at all in heredity beyond the inheritance of certain traits and certain pretty dubious mental tendencies? My father is really my father to me. I feel close to him. I know him. I know what he will feel or think or say about a given thing. Is that merely because I have lived in a house with him for twenty years? Has the fact that he is my father nothing to do with it? You're neither my mother nor my sister, but I feel infinitely closer to you and more intimately related than I do to those strangers at the Lorraine."

Vera Monte Bruno could make no answer to those rather terrific questions. Indeed, she was rather appalled by them, as Diana was. She said something rather feeble about how the essential thing was, after all, liking and sympathy and not blood, but even Diana, who was accustomed to think her a fount of wisdom, was dissatisfied still, and shook her head.

"Will you stay on in New York," she asked, after a time, "or go away, if my mother comes to live in Sixty-sixth Street?"

"Oh, I shall stay on," the *marchesa* said. "If I ran away immediately afterward, it might make talk. But I think your father and mother will go abroad, at least for some months. She doesn't like it here." She came close to the girl and put her arms about her with a kind of violence. "This—new state of affairs shan't separate you and me, anyhow—whatever else may happen. They shan't take you from me! You'll marry, of course, one day. But Agatha Wayne shan't turn you from me, however hard she may try."

And Diana said,

"No one in all the world could do that, you may be sure." And, after a moment, Vera Monte Bruno laughed, and



they sat down again and began to talk of other things.

## XX

DIANA neither saw nor heard from Henry Borrold the next day. She was impatient by nature and hated waiting, even more than most people do, but, in this instance, she was almost glad of the delay, for it gave her the chance for a little quiet thought. It enabled her, as she put it to herself, to "catch up" with the rapid stride of recent events—to become used to the idea that Quintus Brown had disappeared forever out of her life, leaving, as it were, no traces behind, save in her mind an occasional moment of puzzled wonder over his ever having been there; that she loved Henry Borrold, and that, by some astonishing and heavenly miracle, he loved her back. She had opportunity, also, for considering just what was to be done in case he was unable to free himself from scandal; for, in that event, Alice, of course, wouldn't want him, and so, in one sense, he would be free. Whether he would think it possible for him to marry anybody at all was another question, for his life would have to be, for some years at least, very retired from his normal world; but Diana swore a great oath that she would marry him and share his shame and exile, even if she had to get him to the altar at the point of a pistol.

Indeed, she became, upon reflection, quite enamored of the possibilities of this outcome. She thought of warm and beautiful places to which the two of them could retreat and live hidden from the world. She imagined their life there, a lazy, healthy life lived out of doors in the sunshine, with flowers about them—a great tangle of Italian garden with rocks and a blue sea, or mountains and a blue lake. She imagined having him all to herself for weeks and months—perhaps for years. She saw herself filling his being with love and faith and tenderness, folding him, as it were, close, in a mantle of contentment, making the world without seem to him a faint and very far-away din of toil and combat.

It wasn't, of course, this attractive picture, her highest ideal for Henry Borrold. What she really wanted for him was a place in the forefront of the battle, for she was, in a vicarious fashion, immensely ambitious and a born warrior. But if a power stronger

than he or she should deny him that, she was ready with a substitute whose joys and sheltered serenities made her quite shiver with prospective delight.

So she thought and laid plans, and saw his face when he had looked at her in the entrance-hall of the Lorraine and told her he loved her, and recalled all she could of the things he had said and done in the many hours they had spent together, *tête-à-tête*, during the winter past. And the long day wore on.

She saw her father for a few minutes in the morning, and they talked of Alice and of what had occurred the day before, but Wayne, for some unknown reason, said nothing of his wife's offer to return to him.

He was a bit low over Lord Henry Borrold's conduct. Men got caught in those nets, of course, but if they were the right sort, they made very sure they were well clear before they talked about marriage with some one else. He was surprised at Borrold. He wouldn't have thought it of him. It was, by Jove, pretty near to the behavior of a blackguard! At the very best, it was—well, criminal negligence.

Diana laughed, and said she would tell him a great secret that he wasn't to let out to a living soul. She had got it, not from Henry but from another source. Henry wasn't a villain at all, but was incredibly noble and the victim of unscrupulous people who were simply trading on his fine sense of honor. At that, Wayne got quite crimson with relief and delight, and wanted to run off at once and wring the young maniac's hand, but, of course, Diana wouldn't let him.

"I'll just tell you one thing," he said, with great emphasis: "If that chap ever gets out of this scrape, I hope he gets out quite clean and free. I hope he doesn't have to carry Alice with him. She has rattled, as you might know she would, at the first sign of trouble, but if she sees the trouble is over, she'll come back—you mark my words! I hope Borrold will have the good sense to shut the door in her face—yes, by Jove, even if she is my own daughter!"

Diana said she thought so, too, and her father started to leave the room but returned, with a sudden thought.

"Look here: That beastly paper said some odd things about Alice that I didn't quite understand. Who's the young Italian





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"Wait? If I waited ten minutes, I should cut my throat. For heaven's sake, don't



hold me back now! I'm a man with his eyes open for the first time. Come!"

nobleman and all that? Is there such a person, and is it possible that she has been driving round the park with him in taxicabs?"

"It is Gian'vico Pola," Diana said reluctantly. "Conte Pola, you know, the one I had such an unpleasant time with at Cadenabbia last summer."

Her father so far forgot himself as to use violent language.

"That—that filthy little blackguard! Has he had the cheek to come to New York and to speak to a member of my family? I'll have him—by George, I'll have him driven out of the place! I'll go to his lodgings and beat him black and blue with my stick. I'll—I'll—" He was becoming quite apoplectic, but Diana laughed at him.

"Don't get up all that rage over poor Gian'vico Pola. He's not worth it. He behaved pretty badly last summer, of course, but there's no real harm in him. He wrote to ask my permission to come to New York, and I gave it. He has kept well out of my way. I don't know just how he and Alice happened to begin seeing so much of each other, and I don't know how true the taxi-cab story was; but I know that she likes him. He's impetuous, and always talks a great deal about killing himself for love of you. I suppose she likes that kind of thing. Most women do. It used to amuse even me."

Her father growled a bit more, and called Alice a number of unflattering names, but took himself off at last, shaking his head as he went.

Very much against her inclination, but because she wanted to do the decent thing, Diana had her maid try to get one of the Martin-Wayne ladies on the telephone, but Mrs. Martin-Wayne, it appeared, was out, and Miss Alice was indisposed. So that duty was done without any bothersome consequences, and Diana dressed to dine out with a clear conscience.

The next morning there was still no word from Lord Henry, and she went out about her usual activities. But when she returned from her drive, shortly before five o'clock, he was at the house, waiting. He met her with the solemn face of one bearing bad news, and Diana was frightened.

"Oh, dear Henry! You look very down. What is it?"

He held out a sheet of paper to her.

"They've done it. They've come out

with the truth—that is to say, my brother Arthur has. So I'm cleared."

Diana, holding the folded sheet of paper in her hand, stared at him.

"But why so mournful?" she demanded. "Why don't you run about and shout? Why don't you dance and sing?" And Lord Henry sighed.

"You'll understand when you think it over. It means, you see, that they—that Alice will want me back. At least, I suppose it does." He pointed to the document she held. "I've been, this morning, to see the editor of the beastly little weekly paper that printed the story here. He has written out a kind of retraction, or correction, or whatever you choose to call it, which he will print next week. The paper in London—a rag of the same character—that first published the thing will do the same. You might just look the paragraph over."

Diana opened the typewritten sheet.

It seems that the not very pretty story I felt compelled to relate in last week's issue, touching the life of an Englishman now visiting New York, was mistaken in certain very important particulars. The mistake was a quite honest one on my part, as the story was received from a supposedly reliable source. The tale, as printed in London and cabled to me, erred in the matter of names, and should have been appended to the visiting Englishman's younger brother, Lord A—, who has come out with a most manly and admirable confession of his own guilt and a complete exculpation of his innocent brother. So our visitor's hostesses may calm their nerves, and the vivacious maiden who dwells not so very far from the middle Sixties may dry her tears and begin again to think of trousseaux and honeymoons and the like.

I add my personal apologies for any passing discomfort my circulation of this unfortunate affair may have caused our noble guest—and so to bed, mighty glad the cruel war is over.

"You see," Lord Henry said, scowling at his boots, "I knew about Arthur's marriage long ago—immediately after it happened, in fact. I knew the girl and liked her. She's a good little soul when she's not prodded and harried and put in a temper. It was—I don't quite like to say it, but I must—it was Denforth who began making trouble. I never knew just how he found out, for Arthur tried to keep it very quiet and made me swear I'd hold my tongue forever, but find out he did and went to my father, and there was the devil to pay. Arthur has always been his mother's favorite—I suppose youngest sons often are—and the great thing was to dispose of

the affair, get Arthur free without her knowing about it. She's a very nervous woman and a kind of invalid, and they were afraid it would kill her. So Denforth and my father got at Arthur, who is not the strongest or most determined chap in the world, and after a time they won him over—a filthy bit of work, I call it—and then began, through the family solicitors, trying to buy a divorce from the poor girl. In fact, the story as printed was pretty fairly true, with the substitution of Arthur's name for mine."

"I don't quite see why you felt bound to wreck your whole life for your brother, Henry," Diana said.

"Well—hang it, he's a good little chap, Arthur! I'm fond of him, you know. And he's only a boy. I wanted to give him a chance if I could. And then there was my mother. She seems, by what I hear, to have behaved rather well in the end; but nobody would have expected it. She pretty nearly worshiped Arthur, and I actually thought the truth might kill her. She wouldn't have minded about me—not so much, anyhow, because we never got on very well. She was down on me for my Liberal political views a few years ago. She's a tremendous Bourbon. And then, too, I'd given my word. I'd sworn never to speak about the marriage, never to give it away in any fashion. And a fellow can't go back on his word, can he? One doesn't."

"You were sacrificing Alice," she pointed out rather cruelly, "as well as yourself." And that seemed to have been a sore point, for it obviously hurt. He looked up at her in some misery.

"I know. That was the worst. But—oh, I can't make it sound very well, but I felt that my first duty was to my own blood, my own people—to my mother and to Arthur. Don't think it was easy. You mustn't do me that injustice. It was infernally hard. I had the very devil of a time over it. But I could see no other way than to ask Alice to trust me and wait. I felt pretty sure Arthur would let me tell her the truth, even if he didn't quite manage to come up to the mark publicly. Thank God, the lad did the straight and decent thing! I'm very pleased with him."

"You might be pleased with yourself, too, Henry," she suggested, but he shook his head.

"It leaves me just where I was before. At least, I suppose it does."

Diana tossed the sheet of paper on a table, and came and stood before him.

"Look at me, Henry!" He raised his eyes sadly. "Do you love me?" she asked.

And he said:

"I am all love of you. I love you so much that it is very hard for me to see or think of anything else in the world. But I have given my word of honor to Alice. You don't want me without honor, do you?" Diana raised her arms a little way and dropped them again.

"I can't do it!" she said, as if she were speaking to herself. And when she met his questioning gaze she explained. "I was to have made a kind of scene with you when we got to this point—when you had been cleared of scandal and were free and felt yourself called upon to go back to Alice. I talked about it to Vera Monte Bruno. I told her that you and I loved each other, and asked her if I had a right to take you away from Alice, to save you from yourself, to bully you into marrying me and being happy and living an active, useful life. She said I had the right. She was very solemn about it, because a situation more or less like ours came before her long ago, and she held her tongue and let a certain man go on his way, and three lives were made miserable. So she urged me all she could not to make the mistake she had made, but to stop you from offering yourself again to Alice—to point out to you that you were making a kind of god of your word of honor and sacrificing not only yourself but other people before it."

"I said I would. I said I'd save you, but I find now I can't do it. I can't bluster at you and bully you. Perhaps I love you too much—I don't know. I am very sure that I should make you happier than Alice could, but, after all, I may be wrong. It may be that you would be happier in following out the course you believe to be right than in turning away from it. I can't decide for you. You've got to decide for yourself. Only"—she put out one hand toward him—"be frank with Alice if you feel that you've got to go back. Tell her the truth, and get all the truth you can out of her."

"Oh," she cried passionately, "if people would only tell the truth—if they would only speak out! It's holding one's tongue, keeping still about things, extracting prom-

ises from other people not to speak, giving promises—it's this horrible conspiracy for silence that makes so much suffering and misunderstanding and wretchedness in the world! Quite half of all this word-of-honor tradition that you worship so has been simply a conspiracy to smother the truth. If everybody was frank and decent and aboveboard, there would be no need of a 'word of honor.' But as soon as something has to be concealed, then people begin to extract promises of silence, and the silence leads to misunderstanding, and the misunderstanding wrecks a lot of innocent lives. I wish we might have done with the whole miserable system! I wish we might live our lives out in the decent, open sunlight, with no pretensions and no concealment and no lies! I'm fed up with 'honor,' Henry. I want some honesty in its place."

Lord Henry stared at her with a kind of astonishment, and he seemed to straighten his back a little and to rear his head.

"By God," said he, in a tone so sudden and so earnest that there was almost an effect of ferocity in it, "by God, Diana, so do I!" He caught her by the arm, and his face was flushed and eager. "Will you come with me now to that Lorraine, or whatever its name is? Will you come with me and stand beside me, while a little truth is exchanged with Alice Wayne?"

She was very much excited, but a little terrified, too.

"Are you quite sure you want to, Henry? Haven't I bullied you into it? Hadn't you better wait a bit and—well, think it over?"

He gave a kind of bellow.

"Wait? If I waited ten minutes, I should cut my throat. For heaven's sake, don't hold me back now! I'm a man with his eyes open for the first time. Come!"

They found a taxi-cab at the corner, and drove the short distance down Fifth Avenue in silence, except that Lord Henry seemed to be talking to himself, half aloud and with a kind of suppressed fury, for he made strange explosive, volcanic noises that Diana took to be unarticulated words.

Mrs. Martin-Wayne's servant, looking nervous and perturbed, said she was not sure whether her mistress could see anyone or not, but admitted them to the little drawing-room, where they waited for some minutes. Diana thought that her mother,

when she appeared, at last, in the doorway, looked like a woman who had taken some stupefying drug. She was very white, with reddened eyes and a strange air of bewilderment. She held an unsealed envelop in her hand. Diana went forward.

"I hope Alice is here. Lord Henry and I want to see you and Alice both, if it is possible. Lord Henry has something very important to say."

Mrs. Martin-Wayne looked from one to the other of the young people, still with that extraordinary air of bewilderment. It was as if she were trying to remember where and when she had seen them before. But at last she made an effort, and said,

"Alice is not here." She held out the unsealed envelop. Diana took it, saw her own name in Alice's hand on the outside, and unfolded the sheet of note-paper. The communication was abrupt and brief.

I have bolted with Gian'vico Pola. I won't have the people who read that filthy story sneering and sniggering at me behind their hands. You'll be glad of it, for you always hated me. You'd better marry Henry Borrold yourself, if he ever gets out of his mess, which I doubt. You seemed to like being with him. He bored me so that I nearly screamed in his face.

Diana passed the sheet of note-paper over to Lord Henry, and went and put her arms about her mother.

"I'm so sorry! I'm so frightfully sorry! It must have almost killed you."

Mrs. Martin-Wayne allowed herself to be kissed on one cold cheek, and withdrew gently from her daughter's embrace.

"I think," she said, in her expressionless voice, "I must ask to be excused. I have a severe headache. This—this has been a blow to me."

She glanced once more toward Lord Henry Borrold, a chill and bleak glance, turned abruptly, and went out of the room.

Down in the street, Diana and the Englishman looked into each other's faces with the half-convinced astonishment of two people who have had the same preposterous dream.

"I suppose it's true?" he ventured. And Diana nodded rather feebly.

"I suppose it is. Oh, yes; it must be true. Good heavens! Gian'vico Pola! She must have been insane. Though, of course, she did like him."

"It was true, then, I dare say, about those





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She moved nearer to him, pressing up against his shoulder in the sheltering gloom of the closed cab. "But now that the cruel war is over, as that paper said, now that I've captured my prey, I feel very, very like an old-fashioned woman in the presence of her lord. I think you're very big and handsome and wise, and I feel a worm beside you—the worm that has no turning. In short, my dear, I love you. That's what I meant to say at the beginning"

taxi-cab drives round the park?" Lord Henry asked. And she nodded.

"Yes; no doubt. It was Pola you saw her coming out of that house in Thirty-seventh Street with, not Tommy Ainley. He had Tommy's flat for a month or two." She became aware that Lord Henry was staring at her, and suddenly turned crimson. "Oh dear me; now I've given it away! I didn't mean to, Henry. I'd quite forgotten. I'm no good at keeping things dark—I'm not used to it."

And Lord Henry said, with some emphasis:

"No, thank God! So it was Alice, and not you? Who's Victorian now?"

She laughed shamefacedly.

"I am. I mean, I was. I hated myself for it. It was the only big lie I ever told in my life, and I hope never to have to tell another. I *hated* it, Henry. Well, it's untold now." She turned toward him eagerly. "Let's take a taxi and drive round the park, like Alice and Conte Pola." He laughed, signaled with his stick, and a cab drew up before them.

"I suppose," Diana said, at Fifty-ninth Street, "now that Alice is disposed of, you'll almost feel it your duty, as a man of honor, to ask me to marry you." And he grinned at her, shaking his head.

"I hope never to hear that terrible word again, but as a man—just a plain man—I am down on my knees, begging you to marry me, and if you refuse, I shall shoot myself. Let's be married in the spring! I dare say you wouldn't make it earlier, would you?" His face turned grave. "It may have to be a very quiet sort of wedding, on account of poor Denforth. They can't operate on him, it seems. He has a weakness of the heart."

"Does that mean—" she started to ask. And he nodded.

"The poor chap can't last long, I'm afraid. I shall have to sail at the end of this week. I must see Denforth and have some long talks with my father. Denforth's state makes, of course, a great difference in my position. And my father is an old man—seventy-three." He looked round at her, smiling. "I'm afraid you'll be a duchess before many years."

She seemed to be somewhat appalled by that prospect. But it wouldn't have been

Diana if she had not found some humor in it.

"Oh, Henry!, A Liberal duke! What fun! What tremendous fun! I say—shan't we make them sit up, though!"

"Between us," he said, "I think we may hope to." But as he met her eyes, the smile died away slowly from his face, and he turned a little pale. "I can't think very long or very seriously about that kind of thing. To tell the truth, I can't think at all. I can only realize that, after all these months and all this groping about and looking in the wrong direction, I've at last found *you*!"

Diana, with her head laid back against the cushions, looked out with unseeing eyes at the naked trees and rocks of the park, at the hurrying people and the swift motor-cars. The dusk was coming on, and she might have seen the yellow lights burst into flower in the tall buildings to the west.

"We've both groped, Henry," she said, "and looked in the wrong direction. Thank heaven, we've found each other before it was too late!"

She shook with a sudden fit of laughter.

"Two men have tried to capture me—one by physical force, the other by bullying and domineering. And I've defeated them both and turned about and captured you, in spite of all your efforts to escape. There's modern life for you, Henry—the female of the species hunting down the male! What a training for the future Liberal duke and duchess!"

She moved nearer to him, pressing up against his shoulder in the sheltering gloom of the closed cab.

"But now that the cruel war is over, as that paper said, now that I've captured my prey, I feel very, very like an old-fashioned woman in the presence of her lord. I think you're very big and handsome and wise, and I feel a worm beside you—the worm that has no turning. In short, my dear, I love you. That's what I meant to say at the beginning."

She met his eyes and found it quite impossible to look away again, and Lord Henry captured her hand and held it, and the chauffeur of the taxi-cab, having completed one circle of the park and hesitated a moment, nodded his head with great satisfaction and set merrily out upon another one.

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